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Scotish
Elegiac Verses.
M.DCXXIX—M.DCXXIX.



PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

I.

THE VISIONS OF TUNDALE, together with
Moralizations and Fragments of Ancient Poetry,
from a MS. of the 15th Century, in the Advocates
Library, Edinburgh.

II.

PRIVATE DIARY OF SIR DAVID HUME
of Crossrigg, one of the Senators of the College of
Justice, from 1697 to 1707.

III.

MONASTICON SCOTIÆ MINUS,

BY

A DELVER IN ANTIQUITY.

IV.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A SENATOR
OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE, 1718.

SCOTISH ELEGIAC VERSES.

M.DC.XXIX.—M.DCC.XXIX.

WITH NOTES

AND

AN APPENDIX OF ILLUSTRATIVE PAPERS.



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PREFATORY NOTICE.

THE funereal poems collected in this volume, although deficient in poetical merit, deserve preservation, as adding some, by no means unimportant, additions to our store of historical and biographical information. They have been printed from copies, many of which are unique, preserved either in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, or obligingly communicated by private individuals.

Old Robert Mylne, the indefatigable collector of the last century, had amassed a most extraordinary collection of single leaves, usually denominated broadsides, principally of a poetical description, and very rich in Epithalamia and Funeral Verses. These, after the dispersion of his valuable library, fell into the hands of George Paton, and at his sale were bought by the late Mr. William Blackwood, in whose book catalogue for 1812, they were offered for sale, but without any price being affixed. The well known bookseller and publisher, Mr. Archibald Constable, became the purchaser, and doubtless the price given

was in due proportion to the rarity of the article sold. Subsequently Mr. David Constable acquired the entire collection, when he catalogued each broadside separately, and offered them to the public in the catalogue of tracts* published by him for that purpose. As the sale by private bargain did not answer the expectation formed, the unsold portion of the catalogue was disposed of in lots by Mr. John Carfrae, and the collection of poetical broadsides broken up. The Elegies and Epithalamia were bought by C. K. Sharpe, Esq., who has kindly given the Editor access to them, and the rest, consisting of ballads, laudatory verses, &c. &c. were acquired by the Editor and David Laing, Esq., Librarian to the Society of Writers to the Signet. It is a subject of regret that so singular a collection should have been divided, and it affords one proof, amongst many, of the inexcusable neglect of those who at the time had charge of the interests of the Advocates' Library, as the entire mass, many articles of which were unique, might have been deposited in that national establishment at the expenditure of a few pounds.

A few elegies and funeral verses of a more recent date, but not on that account the less interesting, were obligingly furnished by Mr. David Haig of the Advocates' Library. The originals, for the most part, are in a very fragile state, owing to their having been exposed to damp previous to their coming into his possession. They have all been included in this volume. The Editor is also indebted to Mr.

* Printed for John Stevenson, Edinburgh, 1827, 8vo.

Laing for access to such elegies as were in his collection.

The Scotish muse never excelled in elegiac strains, and those persons who have written verses of this description are for the most part lamentably prosaic. A brief notice of productions of this kind, after 1600 until the commencement of this collection, may not be unacceptable. Alexander Gardyne, the author of a “Garden of Godlie and Gothic Flowers, Sonets, Elegies, and Epitaphs,” which he tells the reader was “planted, polished, and perfected,” by him, has several elegies chiefly on persons connected with Aberdeen. The rarity of the volume may be an excuse for giving a specimen.*

UPON THE VERTEOUS AND WORTHIE VIRGIN
HELEN CHEIN.

Injurious death, thy rage is but regard,
No reason reuls where once thou gets a rest :
With reprobats the right reaps like rewarde,
The godles, good, the mean, and mightiest,
Thy dart to dust does reddie bring the best ;

* Only one copy is known to exist. It was printed at Edinburgh by Thomas Finlason 1609. Garden or Gardyne, was the author of a Poem entitled the *Theatre of the Scotish Kings*, which, after remaining long in manuscript, was published by Watson in 1709. The following advertisement, relative to its publication, appears in the *Scots Postman*, No. 223.—“This day (June 30th) is publish'd, the *Theatre of Scotish Kings*; giving the just character of each of these Princes: written in an old, but very significant dialect, in the year 1625, by Alexander Garden, P. P. at Aberdeen. Done from the original manuscript, and never before published. Printed by James Watson, and sold at his shop, next door to the Red Lyon, opposite to the Luckenbooths. Price one shilling.”

And ay, thou wretch, the worthiest inwyes,
 As on this *maid* thou hes made manifest,
 That here inter'd into this temple lyes,
 The wisest wight that nature could devyse,
 Whose fame thy force and furie shall confound.
 When from each pen her praise proceid thou spies,
 Then death to all shall to thy disgrace dedound,
 And where she rests shall be enrolld thy rage,
 For marring her in morning of her age.

In another rare volume, entitled, “The Poetical Recreations of Mr. Alexander Craig of Rosecraig,”* there is the following Epitaph, “To his dear friend Mr. Al. Dickson, Master of the Art of Memorie, who dyed at Winchester in England.”

That *Thracian* forme at birth of friends to weepe,
 And to be glad when as againe they dye :
 My sigh-swolne heart can not consent to keepe,
 Since I deare friend must sigh and murne for thee.
 Now have I los'd my second selfe I see,
 To whom shall I (since thou art dead) bemone :
 Most rich of all (the *Scythians* say) is hee,
 That hath true friends, now I, alas, have none.
 No other death of ould the *Hircans* choos'd,
 But to be kild by these same dogs they fed :
 Displeasure so to be ingratlie vs'd,
 Hath broght brave *Dickson* to his cognat bed.
 Thou taught the art of memorie to those
 That seem'd thy friends, yet prou'd in end thy foes.

If the fame of William Drummond rested upon his elegiac poems, it would not stand very high: his

* At Edinburgh, Printed by Thomas Finlason, 1609, with Licence, Small 4to. Dedicated to George Earl Dunbar. The editor is in possession of a copy; but there is not one in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. His other poems the Editor has not seen.

tears on the death of Prince Henry have but little to recommend them, and his elegy on Sir Anthony Alexander is common place. Neither do his minor elegiac verses possess much vigour or originality.*

In 1622, John Lyon published his "Teares" upon the death of the Earl of Dumfermline, and but for the extremely beautiful lines at the end, upon the uncertainty of life, he could never have been mistaken for a poet.

The following verses in Scotch and Latin on "M. Johne. Skene.† of. his. guid. Renowne," are now for the first time printed from the original MS.

Ane godlie man he was heir intill the wrold,
His run, his race, heirefter surlie will be tauld,
Trew, faithfull, honest, he was heir in all degrie,
Helpit the pure intill thair grit neid and povertie,
His name is callit among Cristeans Maister John Skene,
His Saveour sueit did him meit, he saw him with his eine,
The bell did knell, lamenting was sair for his deid,
The Holie Gost he hes not lost to be for to suplie his neid
Ane milk quhyt dow did allow his saull to be gloreouslie,
For Chryst his resin in fyne stopes to hevin for him to testifie
Thrie in degrie now perfytlie had him rin out his race,
Faith, love, and hope, to hevin to lope to his duelling place,
His name and fame I have endit with his good renowne
For Chryst his saveour hes crownit him wt ane glorious crowne.

* See Elegy on the death of John Earl of Lauderdale,—Verses on the death of a Young Lady, &c. Drummond's Poems, Maitland Club Edition.

† He was Clerk Register in 1593, and was designed Sir John Skeen of Curriehill, was President of the Session in 1626, and died 15th October 1633, "betwixt 5 and 6 in the afternoon, at his lodging beside the gramer school of Edinr." (Book of Sederunt.)

Sguan nem Christi habet sic me placet cum angelis in sempiterna
Alba columba Signum est sub mea umbra ut regnat in celo.

Comparator composuit.

R. D.

In excessum Clarissimi viri Domini
Joannis Skinæi, Regi quondam
dum per aetatem licuit,
et lubuit, ab Archi-
vis et Consiliis.

Non sibi sed regi genitus, patriæque, et amicis,
Arcanæ Themidie cui patuere fores.
Skinæus florente ævo, venerabile nomen
Promeritus, Regi profuit, et patriæ.
Regis enim Daniam jussus paronymphus adviret
Sedula legati munia gnarus obit.
Scita dedit patriæ, corpus coalescere in unum
Quæ sparsa innummeris ante voluminibus
Et modo supremi fuerat pars magna Senatus
Cui cura Archivis invigilasse fuit.
Nunc cathedras liquit et pulpita pragmaticorum
Muniaque undantis irrerequeta togæ.
Invidia Nemesis vivo dstraxerat, hoc sed
Post obitum triplici foenore reddet Honos.

Jo. Ray.

The death of Patrick Forbes, Bishop of Aberdeen, and Baron of Corse and O'Neil,* called forth

* Patrick Forbes, 5th laird of Corse, was elected Bishop of Aberdeen in 1618, and died in 1635. His son, Dr. John Forbes of Corse, a man of great learning and abilities, filled the Chair of Divinity at King's College, Aberdeen, till he was expelled by the Covenanters. Of three younger brothers of the Bishop, one, having acquired a large fortune at Dantzig, purchased the lands of Craigievar and Fintray, and was ancestor of the present Sir William Forbes of Craigievar; another died minister of Delft in Holland, and was father

various funeral poems both in Latin and English.* The most curious, and not the least poetical in the list, are the verses termed “ Rabans Regrate,” which being the production of Edward Raban, “ Master Printer, the first in Aberdene,” are worthy of insertion here.

Behold ! Alace ! Here lyeth one
 Who on this earth compare hath none ;
 A learned patron, wyse and grave,
 A consull good. What would you have ?
 Chiefe Orator of Scotland's north.
 The world cannot afford his worth.
 A Prelate and a Pastor good,
 Who in due time, gae heavenlie food,
 At morne, at noone, and evening tyde,
 Unto his flocke, sweet J^{es}us bryde,
 The poore, with meat, hee fed also
 None hungrie from his house did goe,
 A crosse into his badge hee bore,
 And follow'd CHRIST, who went before
 But halfe a day, for to prepare
 For Corse with HIM, an heavenlie share.
 Then death ! where is thy sting ? let see.
 And grave ? where is thy victory ?
 Your honour in the dust is spred,
 PATRICK now reyngnes with CHRIST his head.
 Deaths best a passage to convoy
 Such Sayncts unto their Master's joy.
 The Lord prepare us, lesse and more,
 To follow him, hee's gone before,

of Patrick Forbes, Bishop of Aberdeen ; and a third, having made a considerable fortune in Ireland, was progenitor of the Earls of Granard, in that kingdom.

* “ Funerals of a Right Reverend Father in God, Patrick Forbes of Corse.” Aberdene, 1635. Copies of this work, with the portrait of the Bishop, are rare.

Good Sirs I am behind the rest
I doe confess for want of skill ;
But not a whit behind the best
To shew th' affection of good will.

Edward Raban, Master Printer, the
first in Aberdene.

Henry Adamson's *Muses Threnodie*, or mirthfull mournings on the death of Walter Gall,* cannot properly be designated as a funeral poem. It is a dialogue between the Author and Mr. James Gall, in which a very interesting account of many remarkable antiquities of Scotland, and especially of the city of Perth is introduced. The Poet Drummond, whose recommendatory letter is prefixed, very justly says:— “ These papers of your mournings on Master Gall appeare unto me as *Alcibiadis Sileni*, which ridiculously look, with the faces of Sphinxes, Chimerae, Centaures on their outsides, but invarablie containe rare artifice, and rich jewels of al sorts, for the delights and well of Man.”

About this period the verses which have been included in this volume commence. Probably other elegies, at least between this time and the Restoration, have escaped the editor's notice. Indeed the great rarity of early Scotish poetry of every description, makes extreme accuracy almost impossible, as now and then some new volume turns up, the existence of which was previously unknown. Besides, when circulated in the humble guise of broadsides,

* Printed at Edinburgh, in King James College, by George Anderson, 1638.

verses of every description usually experience the fate attendant upon such ephemeral productions.

After the Restoration, a monopoly of funeral elegies seems to have existed amongst a set of rhymers, who traded on their very small stock of poetical talent. From an entry in the very minute and curious notebooks of Sir John Fowlis of Ravelston, Bart., it is instructed that he paid "Mungo Murray," some of whose lucubrations are in the present volume, the sum of four pounds sixteen shillings Scots, for an elegy on his son Primrose,* who had died, and was buried abroad. The class of writers was then different: In the olden days the eulogists were men of superior cast, both as regarded status and fortune; whereas, towards the end of the seventeenth century, the votaries of Apollo were, for the most part, of an inferior grade, who earned a miserable livelihood, by putting together lines on such private events as might induce a reasonable belief of remuneration.

The death of any person of the least reputation naturally presented itself as an admirable occasion for extracting a trifle from the pockets of the surviving relatives; and as a funeral was, in ordinary circumstances, never overlooked, as affording a fitting opportunity of display, the poetaster was proverbially considered a person almost as necessary as the undertaker.

The Scots had—perhaps still have—a violent passion for ostentatious exhibition. This was in olden

* He took the name of Primrose for the estate of Dunipace.

times displayed on such occasions as offered, and especially at marriages, baptisms, and funerals ; the expenses incurred at all of which became so burdensome, that the Legislature interfered, and an Act was passed, in the third Parliament of Charles the II, (Sept. 13, 1681), cap. 14, for “ restraining the exorbitant expense of marriages, baptisms, and burials.”

It is strange that Parliament should have been compelled to meddle with such domestic matters ; a better proof of the extent of the evil can hardly be conceived.

The provisions of the act relative to burials are curious ; it is enacted, “ That there shall not be invited to burials any greater number of persons then these following, viz. to the burial of Noblemen and Bishops and their wives, not above one hundred Noblemen and Gentlemen : To the burial of a Baron of quality not above sixty ; and other landed gentlemen not above thirty. And that the mourners at the burials of Noblemen and Bishops, and their ladies, doe not exceed thirty, and at the burials of Privy-Counsellors, Lords of Session, Barons, Provosts of Burghs, and their wives, the number of mourners do not exceed twenty-four, and to the burials of all other landed Gentlemen and Citizens within Burghs, they doe not exceed the number of twelve : and prohibits and dischargis the using or carrying of any pensils, banners, and other penouns, at burials, except only the eight branches to be upon the pall ; or upon the coffin, where there is no pall.” The use of mourning cloaks was also prohibited.

In the ensuing reign, the attention of Parliament

was directed to the mode of interment, and it was enacted that, (1, James VII, Sess. 2, Cap. 35 V), all persons were to be buried in plain Scots linen, noblemen under the penalty of £300 Scots, and other individuals under a penalty of £200 Scots, half of which was to go to the informer, and half to the poor. The minister of the parish was ordered to keep a register of burials within his parish, and that one or more of the near relations of the deceased, or some other credible persons, (tenants in the county and cottars being excepted), should, within eight days after such interment, bring a certificate, on oath, in writing, witnessed by two "famous" witnesses, declaring that the body of the defunct had been "wound and wrapt" in the linen, as required by the act; which certificate was to be recorded gratuitously by the clergyman. The penalty for failing to comply with this injunction was forfeiture of the goods of the defunct, or of his parents, with whom he might have resided *in familia*, for payment of the fine.

If the clergyman should prove negligent in obeying the order of the act, he was to be made personally liable for the fine, one half of which was to be given to the first informer against him, and the other to the poor of the parish. The mode of enforcing the statute was before "any judge competent," which meant, it is presumed, the judge-ordinary or sheriff of the bounds. Having thus settled the costume of the deceased, Parliament next proceeded to fix the price of the coffin, which, whatever might be the rank of the party, was not to ex-

ceed a hundred merks Scots as the highest rate, to be proportionally less for persons of meaner quality, under penalty of the like sum of a hundred merks.

In the reign of William and Mary, 1st Par. Sess. 3, Cap. 35, the attention of Parliament was still directed to the subject of interment, and an act passed, which limited the price of the Scots linen to be used to twenty shillings Scots per ell, and which required, to prevent any evasion of the preceding statute, the presence of the nearest elder or deacon of the parish, with one neighbour, or two, as required, when the corpse was placed in the coffin, who were to sign the certificate, &c. No person was to be allowed to make new "dead linen," contrary to the act, under the pain of forfeiting "forty merks to his *ties* for the use of the poor."

Inconvenient as these regulations may have been, and inquisitorial as they may now appear, there cannot be much doubt that at the period of their enactment, they were both expedient and justifiable; still repeated statutes were insufficient to repress the indomitable pride of the Scots, and gradually the old abuses were renewed, and the ancient profuse expenditure resumed.*

* "The burials," says Miss Mure, in her interesting View of the Changes of Manners in Scotland, were "always on foot. The Magistrates and Town-Council were always invited to that of every person of any consideration. 1500 burial-letters were wrote, says Mr. Barclay, at my father's death: the General Assembly was sitting at the time, and all the Clergy were asked, and so great was this crowd, that the Magistrates were at the grave in the Greyfriars Church-yard before the corpse was taken out of the house in the foot of the Advocates

It is odd that when the Scots Parliament was legislating on this subject, that no regulation was made as to the extent of treating the visitors, or any limitation of the consumption of viands and drink, which from all accounts appear to have been very profuse, and must have been a sad tax upon the unfortunate heir. In the New Scots Magazine for December 1818, there is a curious document, giving an account of the expenditure of one Alexander M—— of L—— during his attendance on the obsequies of the late Sir John — of — “twixt himself and company.” Why the names are concealed is difficult to conceive, as no sufficient reason can at the present period be assigned for such suppression. It is prefaced by the ensuing memorandum :—

[The following account of funeral expences in the year 1722, will form a suitable accompaniment to the “Accompt of Mrs. Smyth’s Wedding Cloaths,” printed in our Magazine for October 1817, (Vol. I. p. 224.) We have carefully copied it from the original, obligingly transmitted to us by the lineal descendant of the knightly personage to whose last earthly concerns it relates. For the sake of our southern readers, we have added a supple-

Close. A few years before this it had ceased to be the fashion for ladies to walk behind the corpse in full dress, with coloured clothes; but formerly the chesting was at the same time, and all the females asked, which made part of the procession.” The Advocates’ Close is one of those long narrow passages running down from the Lawnmarket on the north, and was then inhabited by the very first classes of society in Edinburgh—so that as the procession probably took its route by the West Bow, the number of those attending must have been immense.

mentary column, in which the several sums are reduced into Sterling money. It is somewhat odd, that, in one item, guineas should be mentioned, while the whole is stated in Scots money, as the receipt bears.]

Account of Contingencies in Alexr. Baillie's house in _____. Alexr. M____ of L_____, dureing his stay and attendance upon the obsequies of the late Sir John _____ of _____, 'twixt himself and Company.

	Scots.	Sterling.
<i>Munday's Night, 5th March 1722.</i>		
Incident spendings then, two chappens sack,		
two drams brandy, one bottle of ale att		
supper,	£2 3 6	£0 3 7½
<i>Tuesday Morning.</i>		
Two drams brandy, and two bottles of ale,	0 9 0	0 0 9
To furnisht to the square wright, half hunder		
double plensine nails, 6s. as many single,		
4s. as many door nails, 2s. 6d.	0 12 6	0 1 0½
Att dinner, four battles ale, and on dram,	0 9 0	0 0 9
More in company, sex bottles ale, and a mutch-		
kin brandy,	1 1 0	0 1 9
Att night, ten chappens claret,	7 10 0	0 12 6
Att supper, two drams, and on bottle ale,	0 7 6	0 0 7½
Ordered to ladds one gallon ale,	0 16 0	0 1 4
To ordered more to runners and others, nine		
bottles ale, and other incidents,	0 15 6	0 1 3½
To 1 quire and half paper,	0 10 6	0 0 10½
<i>Wednesday Morning.</i>		
To two drams, and on bottle ale,	0 7 6	0 0 7½
To att dinner, three drams, and eleven bottles		
ale,	1 5 6	0 2 1½
<i>Afternoon.</i>		
To nine bottles ale, two drams brandy, and one		
chappens wine,	1 14 6	0 2 10½
<i>At Night.</i>		
To ladds, two bottles ale,	0 3 0	0 0 3

<i>Thursday Morning.—The Burial Day.</i>	Scots.	Sterling.
Three bottles ale, two bottles wine, one bottle and half mutchkin brandy,	3 4 6	0 5 4½
To the cook, one mutchkin vinegar,	0 4 0	0 0 4
To sent to your chamber of stores, fourteen bottles ale,	1 1 0	0 1 9
To twenty-four bottles claret,	18 0 0	1 10 0
To twelve bottles sack,	10 16 0	0 18 0
To three pints brandy,	7 4 0	0 12 0
To sent to the house of entertainment at R—— twelve bottles ale,	0 18 0	0 1 6
To sex bottles sack,	5 8 0	0 9 0
<i>At Night.</i>		
To twenty-four bottles claret,	18 0 0	1 10 0
To sex bottles ale,	0 9 0	0 0 9
To 9 bottles ale,	0 13 6	0 1 1½
To deterioration of new napry, attendance, dyet, and lodgeling, two guineas,	25 4 0	2 2 0
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£109 7 0	£9 2 3

Returned of the within liquids unconsumed.

Thirteen bottles sack at the rate within charged,	£11 14 0	£0 19 6
Thirteen of claret,	9 15 0	0 16 3
Two pints of brandy,	4 16 0	0 8 0
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Summ of rebateables,	£26 5 0	£2 3 9
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Remains ballance,	£83 2 0	£6 18 6

Nynth of March M. vijc & twenty-two.—The above ballance, ex-
tending to eighty-three pounds, two shillings, Scots money, payed by
Alex. M——— of L——— to, and discharged by

ALEX. BAILLIE.

The amount of liquid consumed upon the melan-
choly occasion, which called for the presence of Mr.
Alexander, was truly considerable, and must have
made him and his friends very comfortable. The

morning commenced with a dram ; while ale, sack, and claret, with the occasional adjunct of brandy, mellowed them during the remainder of the day. It is singular, that there is no entry of the provision of whisky ; an omission which seems to imply that the national liquor was not then deemed worthy of being put in competition with *Cogniac*.

After this digression as to the passion of the Scots for funeral expense, it may be proper to give some particulars relative to two of the principal contributors to this Volume.

Of the individuals whose rhymes are here preserved, the best known, are the Reverend Ninian Paterson and Alexander Pennicuik. In point of poetical talent the former is infinitely inferior to the latter : for while Pennicuik possesses a considerable fund of humour, although not of the most refined description, his fellow-rhymster has no pretensions of the kind ; as even his Latin Epigrams, out of which his claims to distinction chiefly arise, are, at least in the humble opinion of the writer, miserably deficient in point. His English poem entitled “ The Fanatick Indulgence,”* which is dedicated to James VII, is coarse without even the qualification of wit. As a specimen, the following passage selected at random may suffice.

“ Muse burn thy bayes, gold and the laurel now
Is only given to the thick brained crew.
Empiricks let alone, your market falls,
The revenues of close-stools and urinals.
We need no potions to our pencil and purse,
Traitors indulg’d, will *gratis* murder us,” &c. &c.

* Edinburgh, 1683, small 4to.

As the reverend author was not inclined to spare the Presbyterians, as little were they disposed to spare him; and in the answer to the Scottish Presbyterian Eloquence,* are certain anecdotes of Mr. Ninian, which infer any thing but purity of morals. But the statements are too improbable to merit belief, as it is impossible to suppose that the Episcopal Church would have permitted herself to be disgraced by the services of a man whose habits and practices were so openly profligate and abandoned. George Redpath was the author of the work alluded to—a circumstance not adding to its authenticity: in truth, the virulence and malicious nature of the charges are sufficiently indicative of their falsity.† Had Mr. Redpath imitated the author of the book he intended to answer, by extracts from the works of his opponents, and quotations from their discourses, some credence might be attached to his assertions.‡

Alexander Pennecuik was nephew of Dr. Alexander Pennecuik of Newhall and Romanno,§ an

* London, 1693. See pages 64-65.

† Perhaps we may be entitled to admit the verity of two of Redpath's averments, 1st, That Ninian Paterson was a *little* man; and, 2dly, That he had been married. There appears no sufficient reason to tell an untruth on these two points, as the falsity of what must have been matter of notoriety, would have thrown discredit on the calumnious stories to which he was anxious to give currency.

‡ Redpath, from the recent publication of the Jerviswood Papers, the contribution of the Earl of Minto to the Bannatyne Club, is proved to have been a paid agent of the Squadron.

§ See the verses addressed to “*my Honoured Uncle, Alexander Pennecuik of Romanno, M.D.*,” upon the publication of his *Miscel-*

author of considerable merit. We are told in the Memoir prefixed to the recent edition of the Doctor's works,* that he had a brother, James Pennecuik, a "practising lawyer" in Edinburgh; but whether he was the father of Alexander Pennecuik the younger, is uncertain. As the uncle left two daughters, to whom he respectively devised his two estates, it is probable that the nephew inherited nothing from him. Indeed he lived in straitened circumstances all his life, and was no doubt very glad when an opportunity was afforded him of earning a little money by a funeral elegy.

In the year 1713, Pennecuik published "Britannia Triumphans," in Four Parts. Part I. Pan, a Pastoral: Part II. Magnalia: Part III. Panegyrick on the Royal Family: Part IV. Genethliacons; or the Saphick Muse. Edin. 1718. 8vo. This production is exceedingly rare.

Streams from Helicon, or Poems on various subjects, in Three Parts, appeared in 1720. Some of the pieces in this volume were probably separately printed. Pennecuik did not confine his pen to verse, for, in 1720, he printed in 12mo. "An Historical Account of the Blue Blanket, or Craftsmen Banner; containing the fundamental principles of the Good Town, with the Powers and Prerogatives of the Crafts of Edinburgh." It has been twice reprinted.

The ensuing year appeared "Cochran and Coch-

lany Poems," in the second of the MS. collection of Pennicuik's Works, in the Faculty Library, (Vol. II.)

* Leith, 1815, 8vo. The Doctor died in 1727. P. 30.

rania, a Pastoral on the Nuptials of the High and Potent Prince, His Grace James Duke of Hamilton, Chatelherault, and Brandon, &c. with the Lady Anne Cochran, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. John Earl of Dundonald, &c. Solemnized February 14, 1723." Edin. Printed by William Adams, jun. 1723. Price 2d.

Pennecuik, in 1726, commenced his "Entertainments for the Curious," of which six numbers appeared. This is probably the work referred to in the note.* A copy of this exceedingly rare work was in Blackwood's Catalogue for 1812, and was subsequently purchased at Mr. Blackwood's sale by Mr. John Stevenson for Sir Walter Scott.

The Editor has previously alluded to a MS. volume belonging to the Faculty of Advocates, forming the second volume of Pennecuik's works: when it was acquired, or what was the fate of the first volume, has not been ascertained. It commences at page 215 with the complimentary verses to

* "List of the persons who are furnished with my Weekly Papers.
9th June 1726:—

1 Mr. Smith, in King's Park.	9 James Reoch.
2 Mr. Noble, vintner, for a gentleman in Newcastle.	10 George Gibb.
3 Baillie Thomson.	11 Mr. Greg.
4 Clerk Grierson.	12 Mr. Fullerton, vintner.
5 Lodowick Black.	13 Mr. Stewart, vintner.
6 Mr. Baillie.	14 Mr. Campbell, plumber.
7 David M'Millen.	15 Capt. Williamson.
8 Mr. Sim, painter.	16 Baillie Lyle.
—MS. Advocates Library.	
17 James Murray."	

his uncle, which are printed in the Streams from Helicon,* but in place of uncle, as the MS. has it, he is designed, “ honour’d Friend.” The MS. copy has some notes which are omitted in the printed one. The next article is the “ Character of a Gaudger,” opposite to which is placed, “ Edin: July 2d, 1759.”†

Then follows this “ Description of the Cave of Hathornden,” where the famous “ poet poured forth his lucubrations,” which has some merit,—

Here mighty Damon often sat,
Whilst he in heavenly numbers wrote,
The place was pointed out by fate
For such a muse so vastly great.

The cypress grove and easy poems shew
What shades like these and souls like his could do ;
But Damon’s gone, whose Muse did often grace
The murmuring Esk. May Roses shade the place !

A somewhat long poem comes next, entitled “ The Mock Magistrates, a Dutch tale, written originally in High Dutch by the exquisite pen of Hermanus Van Huff, now faithfully rendered into English.” It is a clever satire directed against “ Robert Wightman, Dean of Guild, John Wightman, Provost,” “ George Drummond, senior, Provost,” and “ James Nimmo, Thesaurer,” of Edinburgh.

Various additions to the MS. have been made in a different hand, on separate sheets, which have been

* P. 41.

† This is inserted, with variations not for the better, in “ a collection of Scots Poems on several occasions by the late Mr. Alexander Pennicuik, Gent. and others.” Glasgow 1787.

stitched in. The last article is in prose, and is entitled "A Publict and Secret History of the Malt Tax, with the conduct of the Brewers of Edinburgh." At the end are notes apparently of poems by Pennicuik, prefixed to which is the following memorandum : "A. P.'s poems on the great quarrel that begun with the Tryalls of the Scots Peers at Liverpool and London, in great gray paper."

In the MS. is the following "Satyre on Sir William Bennet of Grubbet, who after long attendance, told Mr. Pennicuik that he should speak to him at another tyme."

The man whome all men love, I must rebuke
For rudeness to our poet Pennecuik,
Who's unmatcht modesty all men admyre,
Altho' his pen is brimston dipt in fyre,
Humbly to you he made his first address
To patronize his works rype for the press.
Cold was your salutation on the street,
As if he'd been the dust beneth your feet:
It's true ye've gott on hyer ground,—what then?
The Prince of Poets to the Prince of men,
He shall record it to your lasting shame;
May never poet eternize your name.
Quhen you invoke Appollo to your ryme,
His answer be like yours,—" Another tyme."

The following has too much pith in it to be omitted, it is entitled "A curse on the Clan M'Phersone, occasioned by the news of Glenbucket his being murdered by them."

" May that curs'd clan up by the roots be plucked
Who's impious hands have kill'd the good Glenbucket ;

Villainy far worse than Infidel or Turk,
 To hack his body with your bloody durk,
 A fatal way to make his phisick work.
 Rob Roy* and you fight 'gainst the noblest names,
 The generous Gordons and the gallant Grahames.
 Perpetual clouds thro' your black clan shall ring ;
 Traitors 'gainst God, and Rebels 'gainst your King,
 Until you feel the law's severest rigour,
 And be extinguished like the base M'Gregor.

Pennicuik was also the Author of the “Mournfull Shepherds, a Pastoral sacred to the memory of Sir Francis Grant of Cullen, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, who died 23d March 1726.” In this, which is written in broad Scotch, three speakers, Gibby, Archie, and Willie, are introduced. Willie and Gibby are proceeding home from tending their flock, anticipating some dire result from the gloominess around them, when they hear a shout, and Archie enters and announces the death of “Francie.” This, of course, is the subject of general lament.†

Probably many of the articles in the MS. appeared in the “Entertainment for the Curious;” but as no copy of this weekly collection can be procured, the Editor has been unable to ascertain how the fact really stands.

When Pennicuik died is not known. In 1787, a collection of Scots poems, “by the late Mr. Alex-

* Rob Roy at this period seems to have been somewhat quiet. He is in the list of Subscribers to Keith's Church History. Strange that a Highland cateran should commence studying Church history in his old age.

† The only copy of the Pastoral that the writer has seen, is one purchased by him in 1837 from the publisher of this volume.

ander Pennicuik, Gent. and others," was published at Glasgow, from which it might be inferred that he had not then been dead a very long time, and if the character of a Gauger was only written, or finally corrected in "July 2d 1759,"* he must have survived for many years after the date of his printed works.

An elegy occurs at p. 178, on the Marquis of Tullibardine, with the initials R. S. These are intended, the Editor has subsequently ascertained, to indicate Robert Smith, Schoolmaster at Glenshee, who printed, in 1714, 12mo. a volume entitled "Smith's poems of controversy betwixt Episcopacy and Presbytery, being the substance of what passed 'twixt him and several other poets; as also several poems and merry songs on other subjects, with some funeral Elegies on several noblemen and gentlemen; in two parts." It is a very odd Miscellany, in which one or two poems of no inconsiderable merit may be found. His description of the Highlanders at Braemar is humorous.

" Behold and see their prettie feet
Adorn'd with upland shoes,
Yet he is never a man compleat
Till he get tartan trews :
With a bullet bag upon his belt
To hing upon his thigh,
With a rusty dirk and iron bilt
To come beneath his knee.
O happy's he who can command
A horn for his powder,

* See No. 2 of the second volume of his works.

With a sooty gun into his hand
 Or else upon his shoulder ;
 There on the Kirk he's fit to go
 For to hear a preachment ;
 But he must have a sword also,
 For its a great impeachment.
 Upon his honour who hath not
 A measure for his powder,
 That he aright may measure his shot,
 And it hings over his shoulder, &c. &c.

All of them doth robbery know
 Since JAMES the Seventh's reign,
 But they have suffer'd meikle woe
 Since ANN became their Queen.
 Here honesty was much cry'd doun,
 Even in the days of old,
 But law hath forc'd every clown
 To take him to some hold.
 Sore is their hearts that they must gain
 Their bread by sweat of brows ;
 If't had remain'd as it began
 They'd liv'd on stoll'n cows.

POSTSCRIPT.

With slashing and souching
 Each one his cutty seeks,
 They care not, nor spare not,
 The cold, for want of breeks.*

The Elegy on Tullibardine is reprinted in the volume† in which also are funeral verses to the memory of Mr. Alexander Campbell, sometime a preacher, of Patrick Lord Glammis, who died in 1709, of Lachlan M'Pherson, who died in 1708, of Alexander Ferguson or Farquharson of Bruchderger,

* Page 82.

† Page 106.

who departed this life the 15th of February 1710, of James Hog of Remore, of Mr. Harry Forbes, son of Mr. John Forbes, Parson of Kincardine-O'Neil, and of Margaret Rattray Lady of Bleaton, who died on the 7th of January 1710.

As to the other individuals who figure as Authors in the ensuing pages, such information as has been obtained is generally added in a note to the elegy, or embodied in the introductory notice.*

As a few Latin verses have been inserted, the general title of “Scotish Elegiac Verses” may admit of cavil; yet as they are written by Scotchmen on Scotchmen, it is, perhaps, not so inappropriate as at first sight it might appear to be.

It remains for the Editor only to mention that the Impression is limited to NINETY copies on Small, TWENTY-FOUR on Large Paper, and ONE ON VELLUM.

3. 

3, LONDON STREET,
December 1842.

* In the first part of the third volume of the *Miscellany of the Maitland Club*, just circulated among the Members, there is a curious list of pensions and fees in Scotland, commencing with Charles II, and ending with William III. In that for the year 1667, there is an entry of £200, whether Scots or Sterling, is not mentioned, but probably the former, as paid to “Mungo Moray, Lieutenant of the Guard.” Was this the poetaster? The name does not appear in the subsequent lists.

CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX.

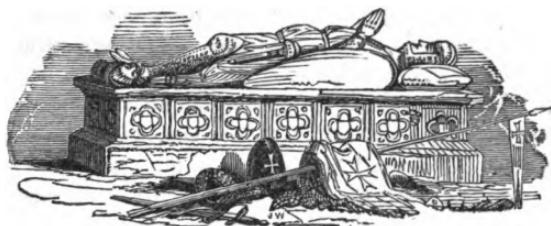
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SCOTISH ELEGIAC VERSES.

I.

*Viri Nobilis Joannis Crasordii,
D. Kilburnii, æternæ memorie
sacrabit hoc Epicedium
Ninianus Campbellus.*

This and the three following Latin Funeral Poems are appended to the Sermon preached by Ninian Campbell at the funeral of John Crawford of Kilbirny and his Lady, of which an imperfect copy occurs in a volume of Pamphlets collected by the well-known Robert Mylne, now in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, and marked DDD. 6-26. Ninian Campbell, in his Preface, commences thus,— “ Ye are all here conveened this day to performe the last Christian duties to a respected and worthy Baron, with his honourable Lady, who both have lived amongst you in this land, and whose embalmed corps, both yee now honour, and your mourning presence and happy farewell to their grave.” The Sermon itself, which is really, as the head title runs, “ a Treatise upon Death,” gives very little information relative to the persons upon whose demise it was preached. We are told, however, “ that Honourable Baron, whose corps lyeth there in the flower of his yeares,—in the strength of his youth,—in

A

the prime of his desinges,—even when young men use to take up themselves, is fallen, and mowne downe from amongst us, like a May flower in a green meadow."

" His vertuous lady, who having languished a little after him, howbeit tender in body, yet strong in minde, and full of courage, took her dear husband's death in so good part, that shee did not give the least token of hopelesse and helpless sorrow. Yet wearyng to stay after her love, she posted after him, and slept peaceably in the Lord, as her husband before her."

" This noblemen, gentlemen, and men of account amongst us, have assured mee. So then, as neither the husband's ancient house, nor his honourable birth,—nor his noble allye,—nor his able and strong body,—nor his kinde, stout, liberall minde,—nor the rest of the ornaments which were in him alive,—and which recommend brave gentlemen to the view of this gasing world, could keepe him from a preceding death. So neither the spouse's noble race of generous and religious progenitours, nor a wise carriage in a well led life, nor the rest of her womanish perfections, could free her from a subsequent death, both due to them and us for our sins."

John Crawford married Lady Mary Cunningham, a daughter of the Earl of Glencairn, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. The husband and wife died in 1629.

SICCINE Kilburni, florentis stamina vitæ,
 Ante diem rupit Parca severa tuse?
 Attamen exultas, quoniam mens insacia fati,
 Præpetibus pennis cælica, templa subit.
 Haurit ubi puros latices, et nectaris uvas,
 Cœlestis diu vivit et Ambrosia.
 Ponite lactificos gestamina tristia cultus,
 Ponite funereas vos pia turba faces.
 Vivit quem fletis, votum super omne vigetque
 Despectant oculis inferiora suis.
 Non est mortalis, (quantum mutatur ab illo?)
 Qui colit ætherei culmina celsa poli:
 Atque Dei vitam degit felicibus ausis,
 Humano major nomine, voce, vice.

**IDEHOCNATI, PATRIS, ET MATERIS; QUI UNO EODEMQUE
MENSE OBIERANT, EPITAPHIUM.**

Post natum Genitor, post hunc dulcissima Mater,
Hoc quadent tumulo corpora trina simul.
Natus præcessit Genitorem, funera Mater;
Tertia subsequitur, Mensis et unus erat.
Felices anime! quibus his excedere terris,
Sic datur, et vita jam potiore frui.

II.

**In Obitum viri colendissimi Jacobi
Legii, Glasguensis archiepiscopi,
et ecclesia subdem
meritissimi.**

James Law, the son of a small feuar in Fifeshire, by Agnes Strang, who is said by Keith (Bishops, 268, 8vo. ed.) to be descended of the house of Balcasky, was Minister of Kirkliston 1582—Bishop of Orkney 1610—and Archbishop of Glasgow 1615; which See he held until his death in November 1632. He was twice married:—1st, to a daughter of Dundas of Newliston; and 2d, to Marion Boyle, a daughter of Boyle of Kelburn, who survived him, and erected a monument to his memory in the High Church of Glasgow, the Latin inscription on which will be found in Monteith's Theatre of Mortality, part 2d. Edin. 1713. P. 184,) with a translation.

The Archbishop, according to Wood, (Life of John Law of Lauriston, p. 2.) was the immediate ancestor of the celebrated financier, and of the late Marquis de Lauriston, Marshal of France.

Ad civitatem Glascuensem.

Alma quid incedis funesto Glascua cultu,
 Et fædata modis tristibus ora geris?
 An quod vester amor vita jactatus acerba,
 Præsul post longæ tædia dura moræ
 Suspiret potiore frui? qui gaudia læta
 Carpat, et innocuis concelebrata jocis.
 Sentiat ac purum divini numinis haustum,
 Atque nova multum luce trumphet ovans,
 Non quæ sublimis transcendit culmina mundi
 Celsa triumphatrix mens modo plena deo
 Tangitur immodico luctu. Quid inania vota
 Fundis? divino vivitur arbitrio.
 Illum flere nefas, cujus pars optima vitæ
 Nil aliud docuit quam didicisse mori.
 Si mors dicenda est, per quam prope numen amicum
 Inque serenati degitur arce poli.

III.

Ad Academiam Glascuensem, et
 doctos qui ad funus exornan-
 dum eo confluxerant.

Ah prima cœli cura, virtutum parens,
 Lumen juventæ vividum,
 Phœbi suppellex, dia nutrix artium
 Sedes honorum splendida,
 Quid nunc jaces afflita curis acribus
 Et mersa patris funere,
 Præluxit olim qui tibi? nunc additus
 Cælo jubar fulget novum.

Lugesne ademptum cœtibus mortalium,
 Qui gaudet aula cœlica ?
 Nec non beatus, totus et plenus Deo,
 Portum salutis appulit ?
 Ast heu miselli volvimus nos fluctibus,
 A patria nostra procul.
 Non hic querelis mollibus, non planctibus
 Vrgendus heros amplius
 Tradux olympi nam soluta ergastulo,
 Mens fessa terræ ponderis,
 Miscetur albo cœlitum, qui concinunt
 Laudes dicatas numini.
 Quod gloria luce perfusi vident,
 Mirantur, et fixi stupent.
 Non est quod ergo prosequaics Nenia,
 Manes quietos præsulis,
 O turba vatum, quæ pia in fletum fluis,
 Mœrente lessu personans.
 Cunctis terrenda est hæc semel lethi via,
 Nos proximi fato sumus :
 Quos continenter distractabunt mœror, pavor,
 Et mortis atræ vulnera,
 Donec peracta, fata quam cernent, vice
 Clemens Deus nos uniat ;
 Qui gestiamus libero et vero bono,
 Per tota læti secula.

Anno 1632. Nonas Novembris.



IV.

**In Obitum Viri Integerrimi Ebelmi
Blari, Pastoris biglantissimi
adissimique apud Britan-
nodunenses.**

William Blair, Minister of the Gospel at Dumbarton, was the son of John Blair, a merchant adventurer at sea, and grandson of Alexander Blair of Windyedge, a cadet of the family of Blair of Blair. His mother was Beatrix Muir, of the ancient family of Rowallan. He had three brothers, John, James, and Robert. The latter is well known as an eminent champion of the kirk. Memoirs of his life, the first part written by himself, and a second part by Mr. William Row, Minister of the Gospel at Ceres, were printed by Andrew Stevenson, at Edinburgh, 1754, 12mo. The Reverend Robert Blair was the grandfather of the Author of the Grave, and great-grandfather of the late Lord President Blair, and of Hugh Blair, D.D.

Postquam pastores divos tot lumina mundi,
Condidit obscuro mors inimica peplo,
Tune etiam, pie Blare, jaces eruptus amicis,
Et comitem tantis nox dedit atra viris ?
Heu rerum ingenium, probitas, doctrina, pudorque ;
Vnius hac plaga funeris icta cadunt.
Nec non pullato squalens ecclesia cultu
Luget, et hoc feretro triste levavit onus,
En nos, quos sophiae junxit tibi sacra cupido
Cœlestis, lessu tangimur usque tuo.
Sed desiderium, lachrymæ, gemitusque dolorque
Nil prosunt, nusquam conspiciendus abes.
Hinc nos deflendi non tu, qui læta capessis
Gaudia, justitiae sole nitente micant.
Nam certe in tenebris vitæ, vitique stupore
Degimus hoc ævi turba misella hominum.

V.

Tayis Teares.

**Ane Elegie on the Death of the Right Honourable George Earl of Kinnoul,
the late Lord Chancellor.**

Printed from a MS. Volume of Sir Robert Sibbald, entitled "Elogia et Judicia Doctorum de Scotis, qui ab anno Christi 1500, claruerunt scriptis aut gestis suis."—Advocates' Library. George Hay was the second son of Peter Hay of Megginch, in the county of Perth, and finding favour in the eyes of "King Jamie the sapient and Sext," was enabled to emerge from a comparatively obscure station. He became one of the Gentlemen of the Bed-Chamber, and obtained a grant of the Priory of the Charter-House of Perth. In 1616, he obtained the situation of Lord Clerk-Register, and in 1622, upon the death of the Earl of Dunfermling, he was raised to the dignity of Lord Chancellor. On the 4th of May 1627, he was created Viscount Dupplin, and Lord Hay of Kinfawns, and on 25th May 1633, was advanced, on occasion of the Coronation of Charles I, to the Earldom of Kinnoul. He died at London on the 16th December 1634. His body was conveyed to Scotland on the 19th of August 1634,—and interred in the Church of Kinnoul. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir James Halyburton of Pitcur, who died on the 4th April 1633, and was buried at Kianoul 7th May following. Of this marriage there were two sons, Peter, who pre-deceased his father in 1611, and George, who became second Earl of Kinnoul.

According to Crawford, (Officers of State, p. 160,) Johnston was the author of the following Poem. An anecdote has been preserved by the historiographer, which, as extremely characteristic, may not be out of place here. On the morning of the Coronation, the King sent the Lord Lyon, Sir James Balfour, with a message to the Lord Chancellor, intimating that his Majesty wished the Archbishop of St. Andrews should precede the Chancellor on that occasion. His

Lordship was by no means pleased with this communication, and he answered,—“ that since his Majesty had been pleased to continue him in that office, which, by his means, his worthy father, of happy memory, had conferred on him, he was ready, in all humility, to lay it at his Majesty's feet. But since it was his royal will he should enjoy it with the known privileges pertaining to the office, never a St——d priest in Scotland should set a foot before him as long as his blood was hot.” The answer was received by Charles with more temper than could be expected, as he good naturally remarked,—“ Well, then, Lyon, let us go to business. I will meddle no farther with that old cankered goutish man, at whose hands there is nothing to be gained but soure words.”

The present Earl of Kinnoul is not descended from this spirited old nobleman. William, the fifth Earl, having resigned the honours in the hands of Queen Anne, he obtained a new charter 29th February 1704, and the destination was extended to the heir-male of the body of Peter, the Chancellor's younger brother, who consequently succeeded to the title in 1709.

Whence come those murmuring cryis, those sable feares,
 This sudden change, which on my banks appears?
 What noysome noise is this my Nayades make?
 And why is fairest Pertha all in blacke?
 Hei me! it is because of this sad day,
 Which blastes the glorie, cloudes the pompe of Tay.
 Gone is the wise Lycurgus of oure tyme,
 The great and grave dictator of our clyme;
 To whose desert the sacred sisters owe
 Als much as e'er of old they did bestow
 Of their Pirean treasure, to give fame
 To painful Curius or grave Cato's name.
 Had thou, brave judge, lived in such golden dayes,
 Thy head had long e're now been crown'd with bayes;
 But wisdome now is richly pryzed of none,
 Nor vertue guerdon finds, till she be gone.
 Five hundred yeeres agoe, how happie I

That day when thy brave ancestors did dye
My face with Danish blood, and did bequeath
Lyfe to their country, at the dores of death.
Yett this brave act was clos'd with one fair day,
But thow did still for many yeers display
The ensigns of thy virtue, and fierce jarrs,
Intestine broills, wors then the worst of wars,
Did fell combustions quell, keep safe frome harme
Chast pietie, and rageing wrathe disarme.
I sie a tyme fast comming, which appeares
Charactred in the volume of the spheres,
When to this lower world thow shalt againe
Returne, and on fame's golden wings remaine,
Shall sie the smoaking alters of thy praise,
Which wronged justice to thy name shall raise.
Shall hero the orphane weip, the widow plaine,
The oppressed pierce with cryis, the Christaline,
Who when their stormie winters they beholde,
Shall count thy tyme to have been the age of gold.
That rapine hes of late began to roam,
That the poor swain is doubtfull of his home,
That Tramontane wolfes infest the way,
That vultures on the harmlesse dove doe prey,
That burned robries seeme againe to breath ;
Are blazing comets which presag'd thy death.
Scarce was thow gone, when Thames our sister kind,—
Thames in whose armes thou dyed, seem'd all confyn'd
Within her dampish bowers ; and as cold feares
Surprised her heavie tread, grief billowing teares
Congeild upon her cheiks, her armes, her head,
Turn'd all in ice, and she lookt pale and dead.
The gray hoard Grampians hard these sad, sad newes,
And hie his hoarie head with tears bedewes,

Which as they tumbling to his foot do fall,
 Augment our mourning on my face devall,
 The word itself, me thinks, must suffer change ;
 Such alterations round about me range.
 With suoord and scales gone is the virgin judge.
 And each is threatned with a new deluge.

VI.

**On the Death and horrid Murder of the
 Most Reverend Father in God,
 James, Archbishop of Saint
 Andrews, Lord Primate
 of Scotland.**

Taken from the Original Broadside in the Advocates' Library.

The murder of James Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrew, on the 3d of May 1679, on Magus, or Magask Muir, is one of those atrocious acts of which the history of the Kirk of Scotland furnishes, unhappily, so many instances. This victim of religious fanaticism has been described as a saint or a sinner, according to the political creed of the writer; and there are few persons who make any figure in the pages of Scottish history, of whose real character we know less.

That the Presbyterians should mortally detest a deserter from their ranks—one especially whose talent would make his loss the more deeply felt—is not at all to be wondered at: hence the abuse, which has been lavished on Sharpe, is just what might be expected; and as “enormous lying” was one of the most ordinary, as well as effective weapons of the political party opposed to him, the greater proportion of the charges brought against him may be dismissed as unworthy of notice.

The only one that has the appearance of relevancy, is his abandonment of the form of religion he had previously professed, at the exact

time he did so, and the instant promotion that followed this change. Had he not accepted the primacy, his alteration of opinion would not have exposed him to the suspicion of corrupt motive, and it is a pity, that the reward should have instantly followed the conversion. It is but justice to Sharpe to state, that anterior to the Restoration, he had been long intimate with the works of the Episcopalian divines; and Wodrow, in his gossiping *Analecta*, tells a story of his losing a rich wife during his residence at Crail as Presbyterian Clergyman, in consequence of her discovering not only the sermons of an eminent English Divine in his library, but that he had actually preached one of the discourses a Sunday or two before. If therefore—and what better testimony can there be than the admission of an enemy—at a time when the return of the Stewarts was so little anticipated, the Archbishop had become familiar with the able productions of the Episcopilians, his subsequent repudiation of Calvinism ought not to occasion much surprise.

"Tis none but bleeding sacred tears that are
Admitted in our sorrows to have share,
On learn'd Saint Andrew's urne, none must have place,
But from Divines, right consecrate with grace ;
The Primate, and the High-Priest, of our land,
Murther'd and martyr'd by Hell's cruel band ;
Assassinate, kill'd, in such horrid way,
As may move Heavn's in Night to turn our Day ;
The like, Martyrologick wits, knew ne're,
Turks, Pagans, Heths, Jews, sham'd such act to hear,
With pitty makes rocks weep, and earth to shake,
Fearing of dooms-daye's earthquake to partake,
Bad omen, that God's latter judgement shall,
To Albion's sphere, before full time befall.
Her infamy, disgrace, and endless staine,
So nigh the temple, Aron should be slane.
Grave Patriarch, true Prophet, and grave Father,
Apostle just, martyr'd in one together.

The breast-plate, who of righteousness did bear,
Ag'd, reverend, the badge of peace did wear.
Methinks it sad, thy snowy head did not,
Those villains stop from butchering swords and shot ;
Inhumane fact, prodigious ! 'bove all deeds,
Can be compar'd to none but regicids ;
From whose profession, (if that I were one),
That act would bring me, had I heart of stone.
A Jesuitick trick, no church maintains,
Save Independant Presbyterians.
Who has with Romes, this year, wrong'd Britons more
By plots and murders, than ere heretofore.
Oh ! brave Saint Andrew's, massacred, thus dies,
For others sins becomes a sacrifice.
Great Charles' grief, to him such loss should be,
In church and state prop'd his authoritie.
At Restoration, was chief instrument,
Restor'd Religion to her government,
From Babel's tongues, divinity has fred,
A verdant garland has the mitre bred.
Philosophy, Theology, in whom
And all their virtues strove betimes for room ;
Humble, most courtly, ne'er deny'd address,
To orphans, widows, and the fatherless,
The mirror of all piety and good,
In a grand churchman, ever understood,
Was with sage council, justice, mercy load,
Obeyed king, lov'd country, feared God.
Thy guiltless blood, shed by hell's fiends most strange,
As Abel's did, calls from the Heaven's, revenge ;
Undoubtedly, if in their pow'r it were,
Heaven's Heirarchie would likeway massacre :

In soul, a seraphim,* plac'd there as due
'Mongst martyrs, whiles God's wrath do them pursue.

The first Protestant Bishop, heard or read
In Scotland, for Religion murdered !

M[UNGO] M[Urray].

VII.

**Upon the Arrival of the Corps of
Sir Alexander Fraser of Doores,
Baronet, Chief Physician
in Ordinary to the
King's Majesty.**

This and the following Poem are appended to a sermon preached at the funeral “ of Sir Alexander Fraser of Doors, Knight and Baronet, Principal Physician to the King of Great Britain, &c. who died at Whitehall, April 28, 1661, in the seventyeth and fifth year of his age, and was solemnly interr'd among his ancestors at Doores, the 20th of July following. By John Menzies, Professor of Divinity in Aberdene.” Edin. 1661, 4to.

In Evelyn and Pepys a few notices occur relative to this eminent Physician. Lord Clarendon gives testimony to his professional talents, but seems otherwise to have thought slightly of him ; for he says, “ no doubt he is good at his business, otherwise the maddest fool alive.” State Papers, III, p. 119. The funeral sermon derives his decent from the “ great Thane of Cowy and Doors,” and informs us, that his lady was of the honourable name of Cary in England. The biographical portion of the discourse, which is exceedingly interesting, will be found in the Appendix.

The celebrated Earl of Peterborough married Cary, Sir Alexander's daughter, and through her, on the extinction of the Doctor's male

* *James Sharp*—Anagram—*A Seraphim.*

issue, the Barony of Doors came into that family. By the marriage of their daughter, Lady Henrietta Mordaunt, to the Duke of Gordon, the estate ultimately devolved on their descendant, the last Duke, who, by an act of Parliament, was enabled to sell Doors or Durris, and to invest the price in the purchase of lands contiguous to the Ducal estates.

John Menzies, besides this funeral sermon, published at Aberdene, 1660, “ *Britannia Rediviva*,” a discourse upon the restoration of Charles the II. He was the author of a book entitled “ *Papismus Luciferus, or a copy of the papers betwixt him and Dempster, a Jesuit.* ” Aberdeen, 1668, 4to. and another in 8vo. London, 1657, in defence of it. See Charters’ Catalogue of Scottish Writers, p. 45, 8vo. Edin. Stevenson, 1833. He died about the year 1685.

The initials J. B. probably indicates John Barclay, Parson of the Church of Cruden, in the Lordship of Slains, who was for several years one of the Ushers of the Grammar School in Aberdeen, and the author of a dull Anti-Catholic poem, entitled “ *A Description of the Roman Catholick Church.* ” 1689. 4to.

Whats wafted over in this Royal Yaucht ?
 A Lifeless Loading, and a Ghostly fraught :
 How soon we view the burthen which it bears,
 It damps our comfort, and provokes our tears.

Since nought but sp'riteless bones are hither come,
 And breathless dust, to grace thy native home :
 To say thou'rt come, some comfort doth afford,
 But that thou'rt dead, this is the grating word.

Thou should'st have welcom'd been, with joyful cries ;
 And not with grievous looks and watery eyes ;
 But such sad welcome from thy friends who live,
 Best suits the visits which thou now do'st give :

Yet since we're of thy better part bereft,
 And all is here, which now on earth is left,

Thy grateful Country-men do here combine,
To welcome home this dust, because it's thine.

This dust, which once a brave soul did inspire,
A soul all vigour and all noble fire.
Our earth shall hug this relique, and thy name
Shall live with us, and thy praise be our Theme.

Thy birth, above the vulgar dregs thee set,
To thee, thy worth more honour did beget,
Which though from fate it could not set thee free,
Yet serves to eternize thy memory.

What could be cur'd of malady or ill,
By mortals hand, did not exceed thy skill ;
Nor unto bodies was thine art confin'd,
Thy converse was good Physick for the mind.

Substantious learning in thine head did rest,
Thine heart was with substantious love possest,
Whate'r is base, thou generously didst hate,
The rules of friendship kept inviolate.

Thou wast unstained in thy Loyalty,
Dear to thy Country, and it dear to thee,
And as the last pledge of thy love, at death
To it thou didst this dust, these bones bequeath.

All this, is short of what thou wast ; for he
Who knows how much thy Sovereign loved thee,
May be assured that thy real worth
Was more than some blur'd lines can e'r set forth.

No flatteries, his princelie eyes could blind,
 No painted virtues fascinate his mind,
 He's as an Angel wise, and can discern
 On whom to smile, and on whom to look stern.

No Subject more could of his favour boast,
 No favour he bestow'd on thee was lost,
 And as his favour thou alive didst have,
 So doth his kindness waft thee to thy grave.

I. B.

VIII.

To the Memory of Sir Alexander
 Fraser of Doores, Baronet, Chies
 Physician in Ordinary to the
 King's Majesty.

Let other Nations boast of Golden Mines,
 Of Fragrant Spices, and of Noble Vines,
 Of Flowry Meadows, and of Silver Springs,
 Of Fields, and Folds, and all delightful things,
 We look not on them with envious eyes,
 Since *Caledon*, in *Men*, them all outvies.

Let them with barren Mountains us upbraid,
 And say, our Summer heats require no Shade,
 And that the Sun with us makes little stay,
 Views us afar, and hastens soon away :
 They tell us things we cannot help, but then
 We tell them, we for other things, have Men :

Men fam'd for virtue, and for noble hearts,
 Who have adorn'd the fields, and polish't arts,
 Who have travers'd the earth, and then have come
 Fraught with its learning, skill, and breeding, home :
 These are the products of our Northern Soil,
 These are the gains, which best requite our toil.

We do not value all the Indian fruits,
 Nor care to ruffle in the Asian suites,
 Nor sport with African baboons and apes,
 Nor yet to press French and Canary grapes :
 Our Countrey in its Heroes doth delight,
 Who are its fame abroad, at home its light.

Is that a barren Country, which affords
 Men glorious by their pen, and by their swords,
 Where Cicero's matched in his golden tongue,
 And Poets sing, as sweet as Virgil sung
 And such brave souls have therein had abodes,
 As duller Ancients would have called gods.

Lo one of them to us doth here return,
 But ah ! he's wafted hither in his Urne,
 Yet even his dust doth kind acceptance claim,
 Our hearts are elevated by his name,
 Two Princes darling (yea, and Heaven's that's more)
 Aboard this Vessel comes unto our Shore.

I know it's not great matter, of what kind
 A man is come, if of a generous mind ;
 Yet since the world makes some reck'ning here,
 They cannot for a mean birth at him jeer ;

An Horauld may, unblushing, say aloud,
He's come of ancient honourable blood.

These lands, which he by industry hath won,
And which he hath bequeathed to his Son,
His Ancestors, (once rank'd among the best)
Hundred's of years, (entit'led Thanes) possest :
Though they were as struck trees, yet from their race
Heaven watered this branch to fill their place.

Oftimes, to virtue, riches are a clog,
Necessity, some, sprightly souls doth jog,
So was't with him, he had no other tools
To make his fortune, but what came from schools ;
With these he wrought, and in's capacious mind,
The treasures of all learning seem'd confin'd.

His skill acquir'd in Physick, first did tend
To best of Princes him to recommend :
No man e'r serv'd a Prince more true and just,
No Prince, e'r did a truer servant trust.
In peace, and war, he did his master serve,
No hope, no fear, could ever make him swerve.

When 'gainst our selves we did our hands employ,
And British swords, poor Britain did destroy,
Britain which never fear'd a forreign power,
Which no teeth but its own could e'r devour,
When Britain lost its King, and lost its glory,
And all its actions were a tragick story :

With the succeeding Prince, this Heroe went
Into a willing, glorious Banishment :

Like as to clasp, the kindly Ivie's seen
About the tree when withered as when green,
So did this loyal soul, most firmly cling
Unto his native, though exiled, King.

And as into his troubles he did share,
So Heaven to see his comforts did him spare,
Britains sad dayes he saw o'rpast and gone,
Its King he saw establisht on his Throne,
He heard those acclamations, which did shew
What thanks to heaven was for that favour due.

When others, at the highest price might be,
Did rate their sufferings and their loyalty,
Claim'd great rewards, thought, all they could desire
Was for their service but too mean a hire :
He who both did and suffer'd more than many,
Was yet as modest in his suits as any.

To him it was enough, when he did see
His King and Country happy both to be,
It pleased him much more than any wealth
To see his Princes face, and tend his health,
This comfort he enjoyed, and providence
Did unsought riches unto him dispense.

He was not thirsty for a big Estate,
Nor yet too fond to make his children great,
He would not gather where he did not straw,
By rough oppression, or smooth tricks of law,
He knew that fortunes purchas'd at this rate,
Are too dear bought, and have an hasty fate.

All usefull Learning he did deeply taste,
That food, his vigorous mind did well digest,
What it conceived, did find an easy vent,
Ev'n nature taught him to be eloquent :
These lovely gifts he had, caus'd him to be
By Forreign Nations priz'd exceedingly.

From his Religion, he no step declin'd,
No forreign airs could thus enchant his mind,
As he set forth, so did he keep his path,
So he return'd, unbrangled in his faith :
Whate'r he was at home, he was abroad,
Unto his King, his Country, and his God.

His Countries glorious fame he did not blot,
His Countries dearest name he ne'r forgot,
His Country, which did birth to him impart,
Its name seem'd written on his very heart,
Nothing did on his patience so incroach,
As when his Countrey suffered reproach.

Thus did he act his part upon the stage,
In youth industrious, un-craz'd in old age,
His body with no tedious sickness pin'd,
Undull'd in senses, and of active mind ;
He dy'd belov'd of all, with none at strife,
Out lived not the comforts of his life.

His children, he as lovely plants did see,
To hopes and honours growen up to be,
They have the comfort to hear all bemoan,
And praise their Father now when he is gone :
To seas his body he will'd to betrust,
To be convey'd and joyn'd to's Countrie's dust.

'Mongst his Ancestors tombs, his tomb's prepar'd,
 They shined in him, he nought for them impair'd :
 These Worthies reliques, in their lowly Cell
 Do at the foot of Grampian Mountains dwell :
 They while they liv'd, oft serv'd their Princes there,
 He who comes last, his Prince serv'd every-where.

Descend ye famous hills and levelled be,
 And borrow tears now from your neighbouring Dee,
 Or heave you upward, and draw from the clouds,
 And then his grave bedew with brinish flouds ;
 This is but just, for now his dust is here,
 Who was to Heaven, his Prince, and Countrey dear.

I. B.

IX.

**On the Death of the Illustrious David,
 Earle of Wemyss, one of the most
 Honourable Lords of his
 Majestie's Privy
 Council.**

David Second Earl of Wemyss, according to Wood, (Vol. II, p. 622), died in June 1679. His daughter Margaret became Countess in her own right, and married Sir James Wemyss, created for life Lord Burntisland, and who died 15th December 1682.* They had one son, who afterwards became Earl of Wemyss, from whom the present noble Lord is lineally descended. The Countess Margaret having thought proper, after the death of Lord Burntisland, to bestow her hand on the old Earl of Cromarty, be-

* Fountainhall's Historical Observes, Bannatyne Club Edition, p. 85.

came the subject of no little scandal. For a very severe satire on her Ladyship, see *Banquet of Dainties*, 18mo.

The Countess died in 1705. Her body was, on the 30th of May, "carried from the house of Roystoun (where she had lain in state "for some days), by water, to the town of Burntisland, being at- "tended by a great many noblemen and gentlemen in several boats, at "12 o'clock at night, with a great many flambeaus, and all the time "firing guns; and being laid in the church of Burntisland, was on "Friday last carried to her burial place at Easter Weems, and in- "terr'd very splendidly."—Edin. Courant.

As great men do their vassals charge and call,
Them to attend another's funeral ;
Neptune bids Triton warn each christal spring,
A flood of tears into Forth's Firth to bring,
To wait his murmuring tydes upon Wemyss shore,
That Noble Earles death still to deplore,
Whose hollow rockie caves, with echoes may
Teach swans to weep, in an unwonted way,
And rampant-lyons, hence to roar with grief,
Their lord and master is bereav'd of life :
Each Navigator sails Fife's pleasant coast,
To moan the Anchor of their hopes is lost ;
For whom built peer and harbour safe and sure,
No raging storm can shipping there injure.
But all this nothing to those sorrows, that
Of which this Kingdom must participat ;
King, Nobles, Gentry, Clergy, most concern'd,
A braver subject Monarch ne'er govern'd ;
Wish'd that his Soveraign's Crowns in concord flourish,
And Heaven's good success all his projects cherish,
Whose, and the publique's safety did desire,
Free from all plots rebellion can conspire ;
Straight loyal rule to statesmen of the land,
How to obey, and likewise to command :

From passion free, unto sound council prone,
Rich'd with the wisdom of a Solomon :
Promotion and seditious wayes did hate,
Endeavour'd rather to be good than great ;
Court parasitick flatterers did scorn,
By whom truth and integrity were born :
To law and gospel zealous constant friend,
Religious worship in the Church maintain'd ;
Faith justify'd with unfeign'd charity,
The luckie hand to liberality.
In virtuous actions all the age excell'd,
At work a thousand souls daily upheld ;
Gave Colleges, Schools, Artists, and each Muse
Incouragement their genius to use ;
Augustian Spirit, yet of meek humble mind,
The world's best breeding by thee was refin'd ;
Renowned fame of whom can well report,
More hospitable ne'er kept princely court,
Fraughted with courage and mag'nimity,
Honour'd all Orders of Nobility ;
In converse, mirthful, jovial, and sweet,
With clemency made mercy justice meet ;
With coal and salt, enrich'd thy countrey more,
Than all the Traffiquers for Indian ore :
As Boas did, his family o'resee,
The beasts were fatned by the Master's eye :
In whose affairs were nothing wrong that went,
Whom Tenants, Servants, ever may lament.
Brag'd not of blood, as many now-a-days,
Though from Macduff (Fife's Thane) thine did arise.
In matching, and alliance did digress
Ne're from the splendour of his worthiness :

Sad pryzless loss to name, (it's ancient chief,) Thereto shew friendship beyond all belief ; As Scripture tells, Joseph of husbands best, And Isaac the most loving do attest, Of noble Wemyss, may future times record, The best of husbands, and most loving lord : Thy deathless praise spread through the Univers, (As is thy merit) can no pen express ; Full sixty-nine years lustre lent this clyme, In all whose days, most peaceful, free of cryme ; Hence call'd to Heav'n, to have eternal rule, Now where thou reigns, *safe, wise, admired soul !**

M[UNGO] M[URRAY].

X.

On the Death of the most sadly, ever to
be deplored, Most Illustrious, Right
Honourable, James Lord Mar-
quess of Montrose, &c.

James Graham, 3d Marquis of Montrose, was the grandson of the illustrious Marquis, and father of the first Duke of Montrose. He married Lady Christian, daughter of the Duke of Rothes, and died at Edinburgh, " to the regate of all good men,"† in the prime of life, in the end of the month of April 1684. He was "buried at " their buriall place of Aberuthven, a chapell in Perthshire : he " had much of his grandfather and father's good parts."‡

* David Earl of Wemyss.—Anagram.—Safe, wise, admired soul.

† Fountainhall, Ban. Club Edit. 122. ‡ Fountainhall, *ib.*

Mungo Murray, author of this funeral elegy, as he terms it, did not confine his muse to mournful subjects, as there are in the Advocates' Library laudatory addresses, bearing his initials, to the great men of his day. Thus he offers "The Congratulory Welcome of an obliged "Quill," to James Earl of Perth, Lord High Chancellor.

My Lord, when dieving in your soaring praise,
 Sees you the dazzling glory of our skies ;
 Truth telling of your welcome, all may say
 'Tis as sun is, to an eclipsed day :
 This you may judge, in grandour for to see
 Your convoy and reception so to be
 Comfort and bliss, will prove unto this sphere,
 Of which you'll have sure a paternal care.

Another poetical lucubration is addressed "to the most illustrious "John Earle of Lauderdale, &c. his Maiesties High Commissioner "for the Kingdom of Scotland," (1670). It is really wretched stuff, containing more than an ordinary dozé of adulation.

Behold ! behold, comes th' Atlas of our Crown,
 Its good, and Kingdom's shield—foes to pull doun :
 His Prince's thoughts, wishes, desires, exprest,
 Seal'd's in a loyal Secretaries brest ;
 Nay, more, his Royal heart *He* doth present
 To signify *his* love to Parliament, &c.

In the note book of Sir Foulis Foulis of Ravelston, there is the following entry of a payment to Murray for a funeral elegy on his son Archibald Primrose :—

1684, 22 June. To Mungo Murray for lynes on my son's death,
 5 : 14 (Scots money.)

Although five pounds fourteen shillings Scots seem no very liberal remuneration, yet, judging from the other productions of the Poet, it was probably greatly more than the elegy was worth.

Together Rendevouz, you Watery Clouds,
 Distill yourselves into Tears bitter Flouds ;

A new Deluge, whereby you may compose
To weep the Death of th' Marquess of Montrose :
 Death, Death, I'll not dyve in Thy Origine,
Let Divines judge, how Thou at first came in :
Vagrant, Ubiquiter, through th'world does roam ;
Yet in each House, still present is at Home :
Though Uncreated, Lifeless, yet to Thee,
The Lord of Life, on Cross did yielder be ;
Though Thou the Wages be of Sin, 'tis strange
On the innocent Thy Wrath should bear revenge ;
In Sickness-Bed, has stoll'n upon that Heart,
In field with Sword could have out-dar'd Thy Dart :
The Mount has Levell'd, where the hose did grow,
From Foes Wound-wrinkles kept old Albions Brow,
Which brings all Flow'rs within our Paradise
Into a mourning withered sad disguise ;
A dismal loss unto the Age does bring
Long before Summer, plucked in the Spring ;
The Royal-Thistle causing to be sad
To see His Darling Rose so soon to fade,
Whose fragrancy did please the Lyons Scent,
His Guardian, for whom life would have spent ;
For whom our lower Ranks of Subjects Groans,
The highers ears fills with unwonted Moans ;
Princes and Peers together seem to strive
For Thee, the deepest sorrow to contrive :
A general grief does all the Land ov'rspread,
It's Love and Joy, with Death's dark Vail is clade,
By Albany ought never be forgot,
Crowns-Loyal-Line endeavour'd to promote :
When that in War ingaged was 'gainst France,
In England did a Scottish-Troop advance :

Most quick Ingine, with Arms and Arts acquaint,
To Camp and Colledge was an Ornament ;
In Van led Royal-Guard with such a Grace,
Rais'd Courage in each Guarders Breast and Face ;
In Cathredal desir'd the Mitre shine
As well as Wars, observ'd Church-Discipline :
Natures choice Jewel of Nobilitie,
Enliv'd, and honour'd Magnanimitie.

On State-Stage early flourishing aspir'd,
Young Matchivilian, by the old admir'd,
In Council known, a perfect sober Wit,
Betimes call'd thereto, CHARLES thought requisite :
Keep'd secrecie as Clam-shells Closs Entire.
Councils designs to know, defied the Air :
Both Prudence and true Gallantrie maintain'd,
The ways of Emulation much disdain'd,
Th' Elixar of all high-born Eminence,
Fraught with both Heaven and Earths Intelligence,
In either, no thing is but Thou did know ;
The Centre of all Worthiness did show,
This in a quiet way, did make appear ;
Scorn'd of a victims Sacrifice to hear.
On Self-opinators could not look,
Resolv'd with Reason what Thou undertook.
For Countreys publick Safety, ever stood ;
Did before Greatness, study to be Good :
Plots and Conspiracies abhorred so,
Was to Rebellion a most severe Foe.

As thy Grandsire this Character did Merit,
A Loyal-subject of Caesarean Spirit :
His Valour had, that razed Adrians Wall,
Broke Abercorns, Severns Pride made fall.

Chief of Grames Name, who always have been great,
 Has seventy-one Kings Serv'd in War and State ;
 Has Thirteen hundred twenty-seven years stood ;
 With whom King Fergus-Second, Match'd in Blood :
 To Royaltie may say, Truth to discover,
 To King Eugenius-Second Bred Queen-Mother.
 Thy Jovial House, turns now the House of Woe,
 No heart of Stone unbroke, can therein go :
 Alace to see thy Lady Marquess state,
 Heartless become, by this sad Stroke of Fate,
 With her young Marquess sits, whose doleful crys,
 With Her to Joyn, moves all our Sphears and Skies ;
 Bereav'd of Her dear Lord, t'wixt whom was Love,
 That Imitate Heavens Hierarchie above.
 Ah ! ah ! young Marquess in Thy Bud, to see
 Of Thy Paternal-root, Robed to be ;
 By which Thy Name and House Enervat are,
 Of Chief and Master, of both who had Care.
 Chronologizers Theam t'Enlarge long Story,
 The Soul of Virtue now is gone to Glory.

M[UNGO] M[Urray].

XI.

On the Death of his Grace John Duke of Rothes, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, &c.

Of the first and last Duke of Rothes, Kirkton gives the following character :—“ Rothes is now Governour of Scotland, a man of “ mylder Temper than Middleton, never so cruel as in the High “ Commission. Hade his morals been as pure as his addresse was

rude, his character had been more perfect; but his infamous converse with Lady Ann Gordon highly disparaged his reputation, and, as it was confidently reported, touched his own conscience so much, that one day being under the dint of his own conviction, and reflecting upon his misbehaviour toward his worthy Lady (whom he could not but admire), he threw all the wretched tokens his Miss had given him into the fire, upon suspicion and fear he was detained her captive by the power of witchcraft, as very many said he was." P. 212.

His Grace died on the 27th July 1681, and having no issue-male, the dukedom became extinct. By his Lady, Anne, daughter of John Lindsay, 14th Earl of Crawford, he had Margaret, who became Countess of Rothes, and married Charles, 4th of Haddington; and Christian, who married James, 3d Marquis of Montrose.

Israel for Moses fourty days did mourn,
 Our joy to grief, twice fourty days may turn ;
 Scotland's conductor, **ROTHES**, wise and brave,
 Ah ! now himself conducted is to grave :

ROTHES did rule over helm in storms, and grace
 The halcyon calmness of our ocean's peace :
 Dread comet, ah ! too dreadful not in vain.
 Fatal to Albion's pole, and Charles his train ;
 Judicious **DUKE**, able to quench all jarrs,
 On which may rise uncivil, civil warrs ;
 Most prudent statesman, sage to reconceal,
 Knowing thy King's will, was the kingdom well,
 In court, in camp, in city, field, or town ;
 Worthy to bear a batton or a gown.

No fate could make thy royalty relent :
 Nor bondage of thy long imprisonment ;
 Give thou then griev'd, it was that then the while
 Thou could not serve thy master in exyle ;
 Yet there thy thoughts, and correspondence too,
 Acted the most a prisoner could do ;

Yet never winter made of summer, more
 Joyful to thee, when heavens did him restore,
 And made thyself after a long restraint :
 A vig'rous, and most active instrument,
 For which, thou didst thy Monarch's love inherit,
 The due reward of thy desert and merit ;
 A love most firm, and great, to be admir'd,
 But chang'd to sorrow, since thy breath expyr'd.

Great DUKE, Lord Chancellour, Gen'ral, Thesaurer,
 His Majestie's most high Commissioner.
 What greatness could thou want, thy King could give,
 Who only in thy destiny did grieve
 He could not also give thee long to live.

Yet since Heaven's doom, no flesh from death reprises ;
 Thou'rt mourned by Scotland's Representatives :
 Thy death makes York, our high Commissioner sad :
 He, even more high, than e'er our nation had.

To pen thy praise, exceeds all poets skill :
 And does require Appollo's choicest quill ;
 Sure then thy name great honour does obtain,
 To whom the highest praises are but mean.
 Then blest are you celestial minds that move,
 Unceasantly the spacious orbs above ;
 For if your toyl prove irksome, you may rest,
 And trust your work to this new heavenly guest.

M[UNGO] M[Urray].



XII.

On the Deplorable Death of the most accomplished, vertuous, and obliging Gentleman, Sir James Anstruther of Airdrie, Rt. Advocat, and Clerk to the Bills.

From a broadside in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, printed at Edinburgh by John Van Solingen, 1682. Sir James Anstruther was the second son of Sir Philip Anstruther of that ilk, Baronet. For Philip was the brother of Sir Robert Anstruther of Balcaskie, Baronet, of Sir Philip Anstruther of Spencesfield, Knight, and of Sir Alexander, also a Knight, who married Jean, styling herself Baroness of Newark, and was the father of William titular Lord Newark. The assumption of this peerage was rather a bold step, as the patent of creation limited the title to heirs-male.

Sir James married a daughter of Skene of Hallyards, in the county of Fife, and by her had a son, who betaking himself to a military life, rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General. Dying unmarried, he bequeathed his fortune, which was considerable, to his cousin Sir John Anstruther of that ilk.

Is Anster dead? then farewell Courtesie,
Sobrietie, and Wit, and Modestie.
I never hope to see them all in one
So joyn'd, but at the Resurrection,
In him the learned Plato's wish we saw
Imbodied vertue, mortal breath to draw.
He from his latest gasp, unto his birth,
Was fitted more for Heaven than for earth.
Of him the world, the age, his friends may vaunt,
Here lyes a lawyer: liv'd, and died a saint.

I'le say no more, lest I the times offend ;
We'el meet again in Heaven, and ther's an end.

Mors Portus est, ad quem in his mundi calamitatibus
Miseri navigamus omnes : Ad quem quo citius perveneri-
mus, eo celerius liberabimur. IDIOTA de contemplatione
mortis.

'Οὐ γέρε φίλος θεος ἀποθνήσκει Νίος.

MENANDER.

Pange toros, pete vina, rosas cape, tingere Nardo,
Ipse jubet mortis te meminisse Deus.
Sæpe bonis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus,
Quicquid Amas, Cupias non placuisse nimis.

MARTIAL.

XIII.

On the much lamented Death of valiant
Major William Cockburn, who
died at Stonie-flet, 6 June,
1683.

From an original broadside in the Library of the Faculty of Advo-
cates Of this hero, who united the courage of Hector with the
wisdom of Ulysses,—and who, “ to the pale beholder's wonder, durst
encounter “ the amazing thunder,” we have been unable to afford
any other information than has been given by his panegyrist, Mr.
Ninian Paterson, the epigrammatist. From that useful work, the
Abridgment of the Retours, it appears, that on the 7th January 1692,
William Cockburn of Standanflatt was served heir of his father,
Lieutenant-Colonel William Cockburn, in four oxgates of the land

of Milnerig of Dolphingtoun, Lanarkshire, and in the lands of Standanfatt and Peilflat, with an acre of land pertaining thereto, within the parish of Newbottle, and regality of Dalkeith. When the Cockburns acquired the lands of Standanfatt does not appear; but it must have been subsequent to 1636, as upon the 10th of June that year, Mr. Thomas Bannatyne, Minister of the Gospel at Douglas, was served heir to his nephew, James Bannatyne, in these lands. Standanflet is evidently Stonie-flet.

This world's a boyling gulph of greefs and fears,
The Rendezvous of anxious sighs and tears
This worm of five feet long, this moving span,
Compos'd of sin, and dirt, we call a man,
Is the tost passenger; what tho' the gale
Be strong, or weak, the ship is still a sail;
Whither the passengers do stand, or lie,
She keeps a straight course to eternitie.
And who so can the longest passage boast,
At last th' eternal haven salute he must.
A pregnant, (tho' a pensive), prooфе is here
To make this truth, as with sunbeams appear.
Here the undantoun'd COCKBURN full of years
That ne'er gave place to ignominious fears,
Who like the Roman Scevola had stood
Bathing in flamm's his hands, his feet in blood,
Who in the storms of warr, by day and night,
Could never flee from any thing but flight,
(Till now unconquer'd) yet at last he must
Lay down his valour in a bed of dust:
But with a deathless and renowned name,
Happy in Fortune, Familie, and Fame:
He was no carking dunghill miser, yet
God blest him with a plentifull estate;

From which, as from an overflowing store,
He blest the backes and bellies of the poor,
And with an active, and sagacious care,
He knew both when to spend, and when to spare,
By prayer, and praise, at morning and at even
With pious fervancie addressd to heaven.
His house a sacred temple did become :
He souldier in the camp, a priest at home.
So one may, be (tho' rare) as Scriptures note,
At once a Centurion, and devote.
A souldier and devote, with loyalty,
Conformist too, and each in high degree,
Will in this age, when its consider'd well,
Appear at least next to a miracle.
A father, and an husband past compare,
Non knew, which greatest was his love or care.
Only as I hear'd friends and strangers tell
His spouse and children made the parallel :
Of whom he has left five unspotted plants,
To fill the nation with such blessed saints,
The pledges of his fruitful love, and bed ;
Happy be he that might such darlings wed.
To him that brings not an unworthy flamm ;
Kind may they be, as heaven has been to them,
In them he lives, to them he did bequeath
His vertues as a legacie at death.
And every one but some fantastick snake
Will love the off-spring for their father's sake.

HIS EPITAPH.

Here lies an honest heart, a valiant hand,
Knew both how to obey, and to command,

A loving father, and an husband kind,
A souldier both in body and in mind ;
So stout, that to the pale beholder's wonder,
He durst encounter the amazing thunder.
And did the honour of the Scots advance ;
By Prowess both through Germany and France ;
His valour and his loyalty was seen,
Against the rebels at the Rullzion Green.
He Hector and Ulysses both in one,
Knew to match valour with discretion.
In point of honour when his spleen did rise,
He quell'd his foes by lightning from his eyes.
His martial frown it could at once controul,
And cure the lethargie of a coward's soul.
Nor did his worth alone consist in warrs,
In him Minerva joyned was with Mars,
He owed a breast to which it did appeare,
Valour and Vertue native tenants were ;
Yea vertue sway'd her sceptre there, for both
He fear, and baseness equally did loath.
And in his heart, which was a sign of grace,
God, and the Church, and King, had chiefest place.
As King and Church did gratefully regard him ;
So God hath call'd him home now to reward him.
Therefore let's modestly bewail our crosse
Heaven's gain, and his can never be our losse.

Optima quæque dies, miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit ; subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus
Et labor, et duræ rapit inclemensia mortis.

VIRGIL.

MR. N. PATERSON.

XIV.

On that Devout, and Industrious Gentleman, George Monteith, Merchant in Edinburgh, who departed this life the 2d day of June 1685.

From the Retours it appears that "this devout and industrious gentleman" had a son also named George, who upon the 12th of October 1685, was served heir to his father.

"Monteith of Kerse," observes Nisbet (413), "carried quarterly first and fourth Or, a Bend Checqué, sable and argent; second and third Azure, three buckles Or."

"The first of the family was Sir John Monteith, third son to Sir Andrew Monteith of Ruskie, in the Stewartry of Monteith, descended of the ancient Earls of Monteith of the same surname, who carried only the bend checqué. Sir John married Marion Stirling, daughter and co-heir to Sir John Stirling of Calder in Cliddisdale, and with her got the lands of Kerse and Alva, for which the family carried the buckles for the name of Stirling, and flourished for many years."

"George Monteith merchant in Edinburgh, by the Lyon Register is said to be the representer of the family, who carried the above arms; he left behind him a son, George."

The assertion of the "Lyon" does not appear altogether satisfactory to Nisbet, and the investing an Edinburgh shopkeeper with the male representation of the old Earls of Monteith, may have startled the genealogist. Probably any opinion emanating from the Lyon Court in 1722 was as valueless then, as competent judges conceive it to be now.*

The "Lyons" are certainly very liberal in their certificates of descent, for "John Hooke Campbell of Bangeston, Lion King of Arms, certifies and declares," that Sir Robert Dalzell of Binns, Bart. is "the heir-male and representative of the families of Monteith of

* See Mr. Riddell's valuable remarks on the Lyon office.

Auldcahy, Milhall, Kerse, Rusky, and of the ancient family of Menteith, Earls of Monteith." Thus by the exceeding liberality of the King of Heralds, the Earls of Monteith have the singular good fortune of having two heirs-male and representatives.

Devout and precious soul should I in verse,
Attempt thy glorious virtues to reherse,
It were a contradiction to expresse,
And bring to numbers what is numberless :
Verses must loss their feet, and Elegies
Give up their running to our melting eyes ;
Yet reason sayes, that it can be no crime
What we may speak in prose to writ in rime.
Witness the Sacrid Scriptures, its no wrong
To vent a lamentation in a song.
So rational a grief who utters it,
At once both show's his sorrow, and his witt.
I'l not employ my muse to chide stern death,
That with blood thirsty haste did cut thy breath,
When thou thyself did chide the fates delay,
Gasping from those sad times to be away.
Nor with fantistick flights implore the sphears,
To bath thy memory with us in tears.
While we believe that new Jerusalem
Where now thou art, surmounts both us and them.
Thou now art infranchised, and at large,
And from our warrs death seals thee a discharge.
Where clad in robes of immortality
Thou'st levi'd with the glorious Hierarchy.
For here below thou wer't in each estate
Humble, active, prudent, just, and temperat,
And with both actions and thy thoughts expence,
Did keep thy conscience still without offence,

Who knew thy vertues well, they understood
 Thou wert an angel cloath'd with flesh and blood.
 Thy birth above the common levell was,
 Thy nuptial tyes in honour did surpassee.
 Thou was not troubled with mad Midas itch,
 Yet God did bliss thy store, and made thee rich.
 Thou was a man of business, and yet,
 To serve thy maker was thy chief delight.
 Wherefore God takes thee home, where now thou sings
 Grave, wher's thy conquest? Death where are thy stings.
 Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

N. PATERSON.

XV.

On the Death of his Excellence General
 Dalziel of Binns, one of the Mem-
 bers of his Majestie's Most
 Honourable Privy
 Council.

General Thomas Dalyell of Binns died in the year 1685, somewhere about Michaelmas, according to Chambers. Of one whose history must be familiar to every person conversant with Scotish History it seems unnecessary to offer any account. He wore, as is well known, his beard, which is described as "white and curly," and reaching down to his girdle.—See Creighton's Memoirs by Swift. This beard was never shaved after the decapitation of King Charles the First. Mr. Chambers informs his readers, that his comb is still preserved at Binns,—it is twelve inches broad, while the teeth are at least six inches deep. It must be a very striking and wonderful production of art, as it gives "a vast idea of the extent of the beard, and of the majestic character of Dalyell!!!"—(P. 59.)

Fountainhall* mentions, that the General died very suddenly, and that he " got a very splendid buriall, after the military forme, being attended by the standing forces, horse and foot, present at Edinburgh, and six peices of canon drawen before his herse, with his led horse and generall's batton, &c. Some ware observing that few of our generall persons in Scotland had come to their grave without some tach or note of disgrace, which Dalzell had not incurred, and instanced in Lesly Earle of Leven, Lesly Lord Newark, Generall Hamilton, Houburne, Montgomerie, Monro, Monmouth," &c.

The General left a son, named Thomas, who was created a baronet, with remainder to his heirs-male and of tailzie. By his wife, Catherine, daughter of Sir William Drummond of Riccarton, he had a son, who became the second baronet, and two daughters, Magdal'en, who married in 1688, James Monteith of Auldcathly, and Janet, married to Colonel Walter Sharp, a son of Sharp of Houston.

Upon the death of the second baronet, unmarried, and without issue, the estate of Binns devolved on James Monteith, the eldest son of the marriage between Magdal'en Dalyell and his father, and from him, the present learned Vice-President of the Society of Scotish Antiquaries is directly descended.

Thou child of sin and fate, who only can
Measure the true dimensions of a man.
Who with impartial and triumphant wings
O'ertakes the poor man's flight as well as kings,
And with thy martial all controuling drum,
Beats a cold march to the eternal home,
Tyrant o'er tyrants, who, with fatal force,
Betwixt the soul and body makes divorce.
No more thy trophies boast, thou here must yield,
Here's one thou could not conquer in the field,
Who, spite of all the forces him withstood,
Has div'd for honour in a sea of blood.
Who, wheresoever he fought, or seige did lay,
Honour and conquest did their wings display.

Whose heart by night nor day did ever feel
A cowards damp, oft sleep in sheets of steel.
That soul of chivalrie, which no delight
Could weaken, or the face of death affright,
The great DALZIEL who with undazled eyes,
Affronted all the flames from steel could rise.
Just like the generous eagle dare oppose,
The proudest light that ever in heaven arose.
His actions all were generous, and free,
And did no interest own, but loyaltie.
He lov'd not wars for wars, nor strife for strife,
Not prodigal, nor niggard of his life,
He did not softly spare himself, but then
He did exact the like of other men.
For of his generous, and martial heart,
Courage and judgement had their equal part,
He was the genius of the camp, yet knew,
When to retire, and when his foes pursue,
He knew all order of tumultuous war,
Ranks, files, march, countermarch, to make a square,
And form a square, to raise a diamond,
And all Battalias ever yet were found.
How to encamp, entrench, and any part
Where nature fails, to fortifie by art :
How to defend, or to assault a town,
And comtings, bulwarks, plat-forms to beat down.
He knew no treacherous arts, nor cheating charms,
But masculin courage, and the laws of arms,
With these he made his souldiers well train'd men,
With these he brought them on, and off again.
It was by those, he to his latest breath,
In every war, conquest, propound, or death.
Like a majestick general, by those,
He sold his souldiers lives dear to his foes.

By his example every minor band
Did take new force from his heroick hand ;
Souldier inspired souldier ; foot, the horse ;
But he them both, so great's a general's force—
Who by his valour, made it understood,
An ounce of honour's worth a pound of blood,
His never daunted courage undervalu't
The iron salutation of a bullet.
Therefore some grovling coward's low pitcht eye
That could not reach triumphant honours skie,
What their affrighted sense could not behold,
Without being dazled, yet to carp were bold.
But he at home, abroad, and in all parts,
His blade imbruied in rivers sprung from hearts.
Yet with such moderation that he made
It clear ; war was for physick, not for trade.
In Ireland, and at Musco, and at home,
Like Hercules he monsters overcome.
In all which enterprizes we might see
His counsel, courage, generositie.
He knew when to be harsh, when to be mild,
And did esteem each souldier as his child.
And train'd them so, which care was not in vain,
They as their father reverenc'd him again,
And with the Prophet did him thus bewail,
Horse-men and chariots of our Israel.
But now being enfranchised, and at large
From all our wars, death seals him a discharge.
He with the souls above and Hierarchie,
Has valour turned into extasie,
Where till the earth and all its trophies lie
A scattered heap, and time itself shall die,
He shall live unallarm'd with the blast
Of any other trumpet but the last.

INVICTISSIMI DUCIS THOMÆ DALZELLI
EPITAPHIUM.

Non potes exiguo claude Dalzelle sepulchro,
Tam brevis ingentem non capit urna virum.
Te Duce Monstra jacent patria teterrima, cum nil
Restaret, superi scandis in astra poli.

N. P.

NINIANI PATERSONI AD AMICOS PARÆNENSIS.

Ille ego lugentem expertus solatur, acerbis
Heu premor ipse malis ! luctu ! atque labore ! ruina !
Omnibus exhaustus jam casibus, omnium egenus
Deficio ; Medicasque manus fomentaque quæro
Vulneribus (sed summa) meis. Nunc tempus amici
Reddere opem, immeritis vatemque exolvere curis.

XVI.

On the Death of Sir David Falconer of
Newton, Lord President of the
Counsel and Session.

Sir David Falconer was the second son of one of the Commissioners of Edinburgh. He entered advocate 3d July 1661,—was appointed a Lord of Session 24th May 1676, and having undergone the usual trials, took his seat 22d June following. He was admitted a Justiciary Judge 2d March 1678, and appointed Lord President 5th June 1682. His Lordship died at Edinburgh after four days illness, 15th December 1685. He was succeeded by Sir George Lockhart, who was afterwards murdered by Chiesly of Dalry. On the 28d of February 1693, his son David was served heir to his father in the Barony of Newton, in the shires of Forfar and Kincardine.

Not to disparage other hero's praise,
Whose temples have been wreathed with Thamis bayes :
In this our age we truly may aver,
None lived more loved then worthy Falconer.
The Barr declar'd him learn'd and eloquent,
The Bench a grave judicious President.
His parents, children, and good lady, prove
His great obedience, piety, and love :
His life, (ah short), was from his tender youth,
Al diligence, integrity, and truth :
Nothing could him from equity withdraw ;
Law's a dumb Judge, he was a speaking law,
And could no more from that just rule decline,
Than Sol can stray from the ecliptick line.

R. D.

XVII.

Obsequies to the Memorie of that
Reverend, Learned, and Devout Prelate,
Alexander, late Lord Bishop of
Rosse.

Alexander Young, Bishop of Edinburgh, was translated to the See of Ross 29th March 1679. He had this Bishoprick till his death, which took place in 1683 in France, where he had gone to be cut for the stone. The operation he only survived about a week.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY LORD MARQUESS OF
QUEENSBERRY, LORD HIGH THESAURER OF
SCOTLAND.

Oaths of alledgeance and supremacie
 Show that our Church, and State, in one agree.
 Then who dare blame me, if I dedicate,
 The Churches Pearle, to a Peer of the State ?
 May heavens protect the noble Douglas blood,
 Than which no race was ever *al so good.**

Man's life's a flying vapour, which doth rise
 Like a small spot, 'twixt two eternities :
 An empty shadow of a lying dream,
 Where we delusions, for delights esteem ;
 Which in our best and prosperous state doth show
 Like drops of frailty plung'd in seas of wo.
 Behold this Reverend Prelate, who to save
 His life, did only travel for a grave,
 Not disregarded, tho' abroad, and from
 Both family and friends, *God takes him home.*
 One, to this earth, of purpose sent by fate,
 This age might have a saint to imitate,
 And that deservedly ; he is a theam,
 Will naked truth make masqued flattery seem.
 For in the Firmament of Fame, he'll shine
 To all posterity, a grand Divine,
 A Prelate wise, devout in words and deeds,
 An ornament to all the mitred heads.
 The draught, and mirrour, of a spotless life :
 The Preacher's wonder, and the hearer's strife.
 Crown'd with wisdom's rayes ; he bore a mind
 From earth, and ignorance alike refin'd.

* An old Anagram of the name of Douglas.

Dowglas.

Al so gwd.

No name, no race, no pedigree, no blood,
 In Albion's Isle, were ever all so good.

Depths of all mysteries he thoroughly knew,
While trees for men, and men for trees we view.
No interest in this world's affairs requir'd,
From pomp, and gain, he cheerfully retir'd.
This house a Bethlehem was, an house of bread,
The poor and needy to supply, and feed.
That gospel-spirit of true charity,
His hand, and heart made always open ly
To all his neighbour's wants : To all a friend
Delighting to do good, and to be kind.
All that afflicted were, he cur'd their care,
With prudent counsels, and with holy prayer.
Our pressours to relieve, our wants supply,
These were his riches, this his luxury.
This almes to all, no ostentation staines,
But Godly poor men were his Benjamins.
Narcissus to the thing for which he pined,
Was not more like, than he in heart and mind
Was to the harmless dove, almost in all
But chiefly herein that he wanted gall.
He was another Moses, in whose breast,
Passion (if entred) never found a rest.
His calm and heavenly soul, it could not be
Ruffl'd, nor ranckl'd with an injury.
Nor scorn, nor spite of his worst foes could move.
Him to restrain his service, or his love.
Whose tongues with gall, and hearts with envy swel'd,
He with compassion, or neglect beheld :
For he who doth to immortal glory post,
Is not with vain and empty trifles crost.
He was no temporizer, who did run
Or ever dance to present fortune's tune.

No low pitcht soul, yet unaspiring he
Attain'd to grandeur by humility.
So tender to his clergy, it did seem
Each Churchman was a second self to him.
In trust and counsell to his friend so close,
If they were Nisus, he Eurialus.
His whole deportment gentle, sober, sweet,
For in his breast did zeal with meekness meet.
High wrongs, high place, in which he was employ'd,
He meekly suffer'd, modestly enjoy'd.
Chaste, as the blushes of a virgin rose,
Kind to his friends, and courteous to his foes.
For as a princely priest he wisely knew,
How to protect, and gen'rously rescue,
With a milde majesty, his friends repute
From those who did their honour persecute.
As a magnanimous and wise Commander
He kept the mean 'twixt flattery and slander.
At home, abroad, unto a scruple try'd,
By every dispensation varified ;
So that the purging fire, and fanning wind,
Left but pure grain, and quintessence behind.
Preaching, and prayer hence, from grosser ore
He did refine to spirit, and to power.
We saw in his discourses and example
Urim, and Thummim, in the second Temple.
Yet with no borrowed winges did take his flight,
Nor glow-worm like shin'd with a jugling light.
Whatever from his lipps, or life there came
To us did sparkle from the heavenly flamm
Infus'd, more than acquir'd, and did inspire,
And then inflamed every meaner fire
Of his inferiour charge, (like golden hair,
The beams, the sun darts through the lightsome air),

This light, and heat, at once in them appear'd,
 Altho' but in poor camel's hair attir'd.
 But his more radiant, and more active spirit,
 Doth now a clear, and ample orb inherit,
 Where it hath lost itself, being rapt above,
 In an eternall maze of joy and love :
 Where shades are gone, and all the ideas ripe,
 Have now resolv'd themselves into the type.
 Blest is thy hap, our hope, thou'rt at thy rest,
 Whilst we with Gog and Magog must contest.
 May heavens bequeath to some, if not to all,
 That on our spirits thy rich mantle fall ;
 And to all aftertimes thy motto be,
 YOUNG did both teach and live divinitie.
 This box of Spiknard, while on thee we cast,
 Non but a Judas will surmise it wast.
 Tho' to thy memorie much more we owe ;
 Yet praise and tears is all we dare bestowe.

2 Kings, ii, 12.

My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel, and the
 horsemen thereof.
 Occidit ante diem, et spes nostras morte fefellit.

HIS EPITAPH.

To name all gifts and graces were too long ;
 This all contains : "Here lyeth Bishop Young."

Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.—HORAT.

MR. NINIAN PATERSON.

Sold by WALTER POPE in Roxburghs Closse, over
 against St. Giles Steeple. Anno 1683.

XVIII.

**On the lamentable Death of the Lady
Lee, younger, who departed this
life, February 28, 1686.**

The lady who is so strangely lauded by the Reverend Ninian Paterson, curate of Libberton, as not

“ Posset with barbarous chastitie*,”

was a daughter of Sir Daniel Harvie, Ambassador Extraordinary from England to the Sublime Porte. Her husband was Cromwell Lockhart of Lee, so named after the Lord Protector, his mother Robina Sewster, having been, it is said, a niece of Cromwell.† Mr. Lockhart took as his second wife his own cousin-german Martha, daughter, and at length sole heiress of Sir John Lockhart of Castlehill. By neither of his wives had he any issue, and he was on his decease succeeded by his brother Richard.

What is this world? but endless toil and strife,
Tumults and toys, that wastes our wretched life :
Distempered Mutinies, Uproars, and Factions,
At best, the pomps and triumphs of vile actions.
In which we have to'r burial, from our birth,
A moneths mourning, for a moment's mirth.
That which presents delight in fullest measure,
Tickling the fancy, with deluding pleasure,

* If any credit can be attached to the “ Answer to the Scotch Presbyterian eloquence,” Lond. 1693, 4to—a production of Mr. George Redpath, and not on that account the more likely to be veracious—the reverend poet was himself not much troubled with “ barbarous chastity.” See page 64.

† This marriage is said in Harding's Biographical Mirror to have taken place in 1650. Vol. 3, p. 56. Lond. 1793, 4to.

It is as transitory as a flower
That blooms and blasted is, both in an hour.
So here an instance in a sprightly maid,
In courtly France, and gen'rous England bred.
Who could set forth both nations in their dress ;
Their ceremony, or their state express
Blest with the honours of a glorious birth
The greatest happiness we have on earth.
Her ancestors enjoyed all earthly pleasures,
Being men of myriads, and masoq treasures.
Whose valour, and sage prudence, did advance
Some of them to an embassay for France.
Fortunes, and honours minions ; who by far
Outstript competitors in peace and war ;
To a descent so high, and honoured,
She did obtain, an equal nuptial bed ;
Match'd with the LOCKHARTS, who in deed and word
Second to none are, for the gown, or sword.
Scotland (for both) in an immortal fame,
Beyond their worth shall never sound a name.
Being matched so ; disdaining to be coy,
She losed herself in labyrinths of joy.
And liv'd as merry, as the youths of Greece,
When they from Colchos brought the Golden Fleece,
No Erisycthous miser, beggar rich,
Who have, and have not ; curst with Midas itch.
Her heart was satisfied with her store ;
And did not wretchedly gape, and pine for more.
A Princess tongue, and hand, and heart had she,
Harmonious, large, and liberal, and free.
No rumour vexed her, she was nere so low,
Nor did she care what storms of state could blow.
Court was her crime, if any such there be,
Not being possest with barbarous chastitie,

Like that coy peevish plant Pudesetan,*
 That shrinks at the approach of every man.
 No, no, no time that Goddess doth record,
 That burnt the temple where she was ador'd.
 Yet all these sugred pleasures period have
 In this sad leisure of the loathsome grave.
 Their plenty passed reach of pen, or tongue,
 And were too great, to have continued long.
 All which upon review give us to know,
 All pleasures here have but a painted show.

N. PATERSON.

Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus.

MART.

*Usque adeo nulla est sincera voluptas
 Sollicitumque aliquid lætis intervenit.*

OVID.

— Medio de fonte leporum
 Surgit amari aliquid.

LUCRET.

*Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
 Oderit curare : et amara læto
 Temperet risu, nihil est ab omni
 parte beatum.*

HORAT.

* The sensitive herb.—MS. note on broadside.

XIX.

**On the Death of the Right Honourable
James Earle of Perth, Lord
Drummond and Stobhall.**

James, third Earl of Perth, succeeded his father, Earl John, in 1662. He married Lady Anne Gordon, eldest daughter of George, second Earl of Huntly, and by her, who died 9th January 1656, had two sons and one daughter. The youngest son was created Earl of Mel-
fort; from him, James Drummond, created an English Peer by the title of Lord Perth, 14th October 1797, was directly descended, and his daughter, Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, now inherits the Perth estates. The Earl died 2d June 1675.

His eldest son turned Roman Catholic, was in high favour with James the Seventh, and was made Lord Chancellor of Scotland.

In Sir Robert Sibbald's autobiography, P. 37, (8vo. Edin. Thomas G. Stevenson, 1833,) there is a very amusing account of his temporary conversion, which was brought about by the exertions of his patron, the Earl. Although the worthy antiquary again changed his religious views, Lord Perth continued firm, and adhered to the fortunes of his royal master, by which he lost both titles and estates. He died at Rome 11th March 1716. His descendants in the male line are extinct.

J ealous I am, mourners are scarce adayes,
Time will have period, ere tears dime some eyes :
Admit the reason ever be so great,
The signs of sorrow weareth out of date.

A wake, awake ! Oh then dull dumpish age,
Be no more stranger to grief's tragide stage :
Implore Heav'ns may, their clouds of rain to turn
In showers of tears, t' assist dry hearts to mourn ;

More universal cause for long time ne're
In any age to kingdome did appear :
When pillars fall, the roofs are weak'ned sure,
When States-men die, does it not Thrones injure ?
Eclips'd is not the pow'r of Majesty ?
When Death blows out such lamp of Loyalty.
Does not old Albion's Lebanon decay ?
When such prime Cedar, thus is pluck't away :
Sad, sad, O Perth ! is the distemper that
Thy death hath wrought into our publick state :
From Prince to Peasant, all in general
Do find the losse so epidemical ;
Exposed to deep groanning is each heart,
In woe all strive who shall have greater part :
Admired boundless mind of all the good
In Earth or Heav'ns by souls are understood :
As sun to lesser lights doth splendour lend,
Thy influence to Heroe's did extend ;
The mirror of all comprehended worth,
Nobility or honour could show forth :
Respected by the Machivals of state,
Faithful, ingenious, eminent, compleat :
T' advance thy Prince, all dangers for his sake,
Ev'n in thy actions thou did undertake,
Loved him so, when fined and confin'd
By the usurper, again re-re-fin'd :
Judg'd all thy sufferings but a duty bound,
'Mongst those who fought, reward was never found.
Esteem'd by Monk, were he alive would give
This verdict, straighter crown friend ne're did live ;
From birth to death unstain'd, remain'd so ;
Whils from thy grave may loyalties laurels grow

O he of King's restauration instrument,
 Short of no joy, then did him complement ;
 With contemplation search thy matchless wayes,
 Most circumspectly walked in bad dayes :

F rom whose rare steps, ages to come may trace
 Guides, for to follow, Kingdoms well and peace :
 A changeless son, to present church still seen,
 Religion with good works did entertain.

P rov'd the most cordial tye could friendship binde
 The best of humours, and most real kind :
 Brave gen'rous spark, to Jove's society,
 The quintessence of magnanimity :

E ven unto deserts makes the virtues moan,
 They now may weep, their chiefest Lord is gone :
 To tenants, widows, orphans, a disaster,
 They ne're again shal find so just a master

R ated, though inward parts, and knowledge might
 Have rais'd proud thoughts, unto promotions height :
 Thou did it prize to man felicity
 To be invested with humility.

T hy praise who views, write by immortal fame,
 Will find 'bove PERTH's are none that beareth name.
 A lamentation to old Drummond's race,
 Did so much glory from a chief embrace :

H old, hold ! As which is this relentment made,
 Hath Of-spring left, does thee revive, when dead :*
 Makes Drummond's name, and Stobhal's house renown'd,
 From which hath sprung eight lineal monarchs crown'd.

M[UNGO] M[Urray].

* Mungo Murray, as previously noticed, was the author of congratulatory lines on this "of-spring," when Lord Chancellor of Scotland.

XX.

**Upon his late Majestie, of Blessed
Memory, King Charles
the Second.**

From a volume of Broadsides in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, which appears formerly to have belonged to Wodrow. In the same collection, there is another one, entitled "Suspiria or Sighs, on the death of the late Most Illustrious Monarch, Charles the Second, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and who chang'd his earthly for a heavenly crown, on Friday the 6th February 1684-5, in the 37th year of his reign, and 55th of his age. Edinburgh, Reprinted by the heirs of Andrew Anderson, Printer to his Most Sacred Majesty, 1685." As this is evidently from an English pen, it has not been inserted in this Collection.

On the back of a copy of the Suspiria, in a volume of broadsides, which is said to have belonged to Lord Fountainhall, and now in the Advocates' Library, are the following lines, apparently in his Lordship's hand-writing.—

Oh cruel death, thow filthy thing,
Durst thus attack our sovereign Lord ;
Thow thowghts that thow had got a King,
But trowth thowst got a T-----

So left the World Jerusalems Great Guide,
When He in Peace upon His Pillow Dy'd ;
So like Our Realm, all Israel made their Moan,
Even King Solomon upon His Throne.
But could the Tears of all the Princes save
The Great, Just Hezekiah from His Grave ?
Or could Our Sighs, or could Our Tears Avail ?
Or could Our Prayers with Wayward Death Prevail ?

Fame tells, how once a mighty Shield from Heaven
Unto the Great Anchise's Son was Given,
That shin'd with Oar and Gemms in every Part,
And would not take a Dint from Mortal Dart ;
Like that Bright Shield, Thy everlasting Name
(Engrav'd with Wonders by the Hand of Fame)
Shall Live, and shall Out-last all strength and Rage
Of Envious Time, and All-Destroying Age.
In thy Blest-Reign, Thou Great Coelestial Man !
The Golden-Tree of Union First Began ;
Glorious, as that which in Old Eden Sprang,
When Angels on the Tender Branches Sang ;
Under the Shaddow of whose Sacred Wings
We Sat, and did admire the Best of KING'S ;
Then Loyalty, that was before near Dead,
With Courage Lifted up its Beautious Head :
So Mercy came, and on the Waters stood,
After the Deluge of the Roaring Flood ;
Then Peace appeared, and Broke those Heavy Chains
With which the Rebel-Gyant bound her Veins.
My Muse (of all Apollo's Tribe) the Worst,
To Thy Great Sepulchre comes only First ;
Thy Godlike Acts let abler Pens paint forth
In Words worth Dying for, Declare Thy Worth ;
But after All that Art can here Bestow,
Then shall Perfumes upon the Violets strew :
They Gild Refined Gold with Care and Pain,
And Smooth the Ice, and must at last Complain
Their Fading Lawrels cannot Grace Thy Herse,
For the Great Task's too Hard for Humane Verse.
Great is Our Loss, and most Severe Our Fate,
That Such a Life should have so Short a Date :

Well may the Nation Mourn, concern'd to see
 No Pitch of Glory from the Grave is Free.
 He that can make Remarks on All that's Rare,
 May See how Short, how little Time things share,
 That are most Wondrous, Bright, or Good, or Fair.
 Were all the soft and Pearly dews distill'd
 Of every Flower in every Fragrant Field,
 Even all the Sweets that Hibia's Hives do yield :
 In One Broad Mazor, had We all the Gums
 And Spices that from Rich Panchaia comes,
 The Offerings were (alas !) too Mean and Small
 To lay and Prostrate at Thy Funeral.
 Although from Us Thou art Removed away,
 Thy Fame, like Light, shal Shine to Perfect Day :
 Thy Way is Gay and Rich in every part,
 Drawen forth by All the Chymick Angels Art ;
 And those Blest Angels which so much Admire
 Goodness on Earth, to their Cœlest Quire
 Shall carry Thy bright SOUL upon their Wings,
 To make a Present to the KING of Kings.

XXI.

**To the Memory of the Right Honourable
 Thomas Lord Napier, who died in
 France, Anno Dom. 1686.**

Thomas, fourth Lord Napier, was the son of the Hon. Jean Napier, sister of Archibald, third Lord Napier, and Sir Thomas Nicolson of Carnock, in the county of Stirling, Baronet. His uncle having resigned his honours in the hands of the Crown, obtained a new patent, dated 17th February 1677, granting the barony to himself and the heirs of his body ; which failing, to his three sisters, Jean,

Margaret, and Mary, and the heirs-male of their body; which failing, "heredi femellæ natu maximæ ex corpore dictæ Domines Jeannæ Napier, absque divisione et heredibus masculis ex corpore dictæ illius heredis femellæ; quibus deficientibus heredi femellæ natu maximæ dictæ Jeannæ abeque divisione, et ita successive quamdiu extant et supersunt ullæ filiæ legitime procreatae ex corpore dictæ Jeannæ;" which failing, to the same heirs of the bodies of Margaret and Mary; which failing, to the heirs-male whatever of Lord Archibald; which all failing, to the patentee's nearest heirs and assigns. Under this destination Thomas Nicolson succeeded his uncle Archibald, and dying in France in the year 1686, the title devolved on his aunt Margaret.

Upon Lord Napier's demise, a law suit commenced as to the estates he inherited from his father, and, what was somewhat remarkable, a dispute arose amongst his heirs who should carry the head of the corps. This honour was adjudged to the Earl of Linlithgow his uncle,—"then they strive for the right hand, what wes found due to those that were males; such dignities not transmissible to women." Fountainhall's Chronological Notes, (as interpolated by Mylne), p. 190. Edin. 1822, 4to.

Who without pale amazement ponder can
 The dissolution of the frame of man?
 Heaven's masterpiece; in whom the ETERNAL drew
 His Portracture, for ravisht earth to view,
 That heavenly, and immortal sparks, might sway,
 The Monarchie of brittle clods of clay:
 Whose twisted chains, compos'd of love and wonder,
 Dissolves like ice, like glass does brake asunder;
 So that each man of high or low degree,
 When weighed, is lighter found than vanitie.
 So swifts this span of frailtie, life, we know
 Eagles compared, are supposed slow:
 Posts on the Earth, Ships on the Sea, the Wind,
 Motion itself is hovering left behind;
 These to our faith, (the souls enlightened eye),
 Scriptures makes Emblems of Mortalitie.

And by dear-bought Experience, it appears
Youth's downs may fall, as well as grizlie hairs.
The Patient and Physician, strong and weak,
To Death the King and Beggar are alike :
If sins add fewel to the fire of hell,
Thrice happie he in youth that dieth well.
Then onely NAPIER, thee we must confess
Plac'd in the zenith of all happiness :
To whose nativity the fates did owe
All glories, smiling fortune can bestow.
A birth, blest with such honours, vertues, parts,
That Court, or Countrey, can boast for their arts.
A name, all Albion over (it is clear)
For learning, valour, prudence, had NO PIER.
Hence they, and onely they, possest that name,
As a just donative of glorious fame ;
Which still from age to age no limits knew,
Till Glories crescent to a circle grew ;
Which passing the world's bounds could bounded be
By nothing now, but vast Eternitie.
Scarce four and twenty times the posting sun,
Through his coelestial Inns, the signs, had run
Till heavens great Privy Councill (ruthless fates),
Above the saphiro rafters him translates :
Where he pure vertues pleasures might obtain,
Who only here, had tasted of their pain.
Whose comely person to our ravisht eye
Vi'd only with his soul for beautie :
Yet handsomeness was but the outward shrin
To vail the glorious Saint was lodged therein ;
His judgement was so clear, it knew no night,
His apprehension active as the light ;
Whose vigour could discover and discern
The deepest mysteries, frail man can learn,

That had he lived, with that same approbation,
 H'had write a comment on the Revelation,
 As that great miracle his Grandsyre did,
 Admir'd by all alive, ador'd when dead.
 Such was this noble Lord, where ever known,
 Amazing strangers, loved of his own.
 At home, abroad, his vertues prov'd his name,
 He had NA PIER in the deserts of fame ;
 Yet his short time deny'd to tell us what,
 Leaving eternity to open that ;
 Onely deserv'd such trophies : at his Urn
 That France and Brittain both at once do mourn.

N. PATERSON.

Felix qui Portum subiit, in quem si quis intra primos
 annos delatus est, non magis queri debet, quam qui
 cito navigarit.

SENECA.

Tolle caput luctu mersum, quando omnia functa
 Aut moritura vides ; obeunt noctesque, diesque,
 Astra que, nec solidis prodest sua machina terris
 Ortum quicquid habet finem timet : ibimus omnes,
 Ibimus ; immensis urnam quatit *ÆACUS* umbris.
 Ast hic quem gemimus, felix ; non ille rogavit,
 Non timuit meruitve mori ; nos anxia plebes,
 Nos miseri, quibus unde dies suprema, quis sevi
 Exitus incertum : sed et hic jam numine plenus,
 Et dubios casus, et cæcæ lubrica vitæ
 Effugit immunis fati : Christique beatus
 Dulcibus aloquiis et vivis vultibus ardet.

STATIUS EVANGELIZANS.

XXII.

To the Memorie of the much Honour'd,
and much Lamented Thomas Robert-
son, Baillie and Builder of Edin-
burgh, who departed this life,
Sept. 22, 1686.

Of this embellisher of the city, we have not been able to collect any particulars. Strange fate, that a person so “much honoured,” one, too, who could turn dunghills into palaces,—an endless task, if we believe all we have read about Edinburgh in the olden time—should now live only in the lugubrious strains of the curate of Liberton!

This world's a boiling gulf of griefs and fears,
Where we have still occasion of new tears ;
Still something that molests us, whence we know
Heaven cannot be possessed here below.
What heart? but that of Adamant, can hear,
Not making eyes, pay tribute to his ear ;
That THOMAS ROBERTSON is dead ! a fate,
Which sounds just like the downfall of a state ;
Or some great Monarch, who with awful hand
Did sway a scepter both o'er sea and land,
Who was a father unto all in need,
On whom ten thousand did depend for bread.
Another Abraham whose vertues vie,
With all the lights that twinkle in the skie ;
So that our fancie is opprest with glorie,
That fill'd our eyes with wonder, tongues with storie.
He did attain to Fortunatus' purse,
And Amalthea's horn, without a curse.

Yea, when his prosperous spring-tides did prevail,
His barge was never burdened with sail :
Such unambitious looks he did advance,
As could have put pride out of countenance.
And with the product of his heavenly stock,
He succoured all on wheel of fortune broke.
And did employ in building thousand hands,
Such Monuments as to amazement stands ;
Where beauty mixt with strength, doth so comply
To serve at once the viewer's use and eye :
Like wise Seth's pillars, which have solid stood
From age to age, spite of a threatening flood.
That to the world's last end there should be known
No builder like to THOMAS ROBERTSON ;
Whose glorious character for ever is,
He turned dunghills into palaces.
With all that cost and cunning beautified,
That adds to state, and nothing wants but pride,
All which within the skies their heads do shroud,
As they would ease great Atlas of his load.
But this was not our Hero's chief renown,
That he enrich'd and beautified the town.
Nay more within his glorious building falls,
For he erected, men as well as walls ;
And like a Solon when a Magistrate,
By law and building both preserv'd our State.
And with a sumptuous, free magnificence,
Made donatives both to the State and Prince.
So that some learned bard to come shall sing,
He was a subject could oblige a King.
Nay he obliged the age, who left behind
Live characters of his heroick mind,

Six generous models of himself whose name
 Are both the wonder and discourse of fame,
 He with his lovelie mate from the first start
 Of Hymen's bond, ran heart still yoak'd in heart.
 Inflam'd alike with that soul melting fire,
 That their two souls joined still in one desire,
 Which only poets know, and can admire.
 Their house a temple was where prayer and praise
 Did blesse their nights, and sanctifie their dayes,
 Which prayers, and alms unto eternitie
 With Gon, and man embalms his memorie ;
 Since like old Enoch, he to blesse is gone,
 It's not his death, but his translation.
 Why then should we accompt his gain our loss ?
 Heavens hath the gold, the earth contains his drosse.

Non domus sed hospitium corpus est, brevem omnino
 moram si cum Æternitate comparetur trahimus. Quod
 si domesticae calamitatis vulnere afficti, imis sensibus
 reponant, dolorem leniet. CRUCIUS.

Intervallis distinguimur, exitu æquamur. SENECA.

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
 Hora fugit, rapido volvuntur tempora lapsu ;
 Singulus accelerat Fata suprema dies :
 Vitæ damna brevis, decus immortale rependit,
 Effugit ardentes posthuma fama Rogos.

N. PATERSON.

Edinburgh, Printed by J. REID.

XXIII.

To the Memory of the incomparable Sir
Andrew Ramsay of Abbots-hall,
Provost of Edinburgh, Coun-
sellor to his Majesty, Lord
of the Session, &c. who de-
parted this life January
17, 1688.

This "incomparable" judge was indebted to his Grace of Lauderdale for his seat on the bench. His promotion, however, arose from no profound legal knowledge, seeing the worthy gentleman had not been bred a lawyer, (Sir George Mackenzie's Memoirs, p. 240), but he had previously qualified himself for a proper exercise of judicial functions by filling the office of Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in discharge of the duties of which he gave such pregnant proofs of versatility and subservience, as naturally pointed him out to his illustrious patron, as peculiarly qualified to act the part of a Senator of the College of Justice. This appointment he did not hold very long, for although admitted an ordinary Lord on the 23d November 1671, to escape an impeachment, he was compelled to resign both civic and legal honours in November 1673. He died at his house at Abbotshall on the 17th January 1688.

Sir Andrew was the son of Andrew Ramsay, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh from 1620 to 1630, and one of the clergymen of that city, whose sacred and miscellaneous poems in Latin* were printed by the heirs of Andro Hart at Edinburgh, in the year 1633. In this little volume are two epitaphs, one on David Ramsay of Balmain, and another on Katherine Carnegie, his father and mother.†

* Milton is accused of owing many of his descriptions and speeches to the "Sacra Poemata." See letter to the printer of the Weekly Magazine. Appendix, No. 2.

† The direct descent of Andrew from David Ramsay is overlooked by Douglas in his account of the Balmain Family.

Thus, although Sir Andrew had been originally an Edinburgh trader he sprung paternally from the ancient family of Ramsay of Balmain, and maternally from the noble family of Southesk.

There was a Mr. John Ramsay, minister of the Gospel at Markinch, who, although married, having no family, mortified his lands of Duniface in the parish of Markinch, and shire of Fife, for three bursaries in the University of St. Andrews, for youths, in the first place, of the name of Ramsay, secondly, of Durham, thirdly, of Carnegie, and fourthly, Lindsay; the right of patronage was to be vested in Sir Charles Ramsay of Balmain, and Sir Andrew Ramsay of Abbots-hall, which would seem to indicate a relationship between the granter and these two persons. The deed is dated 4th June 1681. The patronage ultimately became vested in the Ramsays of Balmain, in consequence of the extinction of the Abbotshall branch. It is now in the person of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Balmain, Bart. who is descended in the female line from the Ramsays. His father was the son of Alexander Burnett, second son of Sir Thomas Burnett of Leys, Bart. who married Catherine Ramsay, sister of Sir Alexander Ramsay, the sixth baronet of Balmain; upon his demise he left his estate to his nephew, who took the name of Ramsay, and was created an English Baronet, May 13. 1806; the old Baronetcy went to a collateral branch, and became, it is believed, extinct upon the death of the late Sir Thomas Ramsay, 26th June 1830.

As to divide the winds that disagree,
When in tempestuous storms they mingled be,
And lay their stern encounters so asleep,
That they may whisper musick to the deep,
Impossible to us it is; no less,
Thy praises or our griefs, are to express,
Great Abbot's-hall! thy worth they only know
Who are above, when we do mourn below,
By intellect and love, ye converse there,
Things banished our muddie hemisphere.
Soul wounding grief, and wonder are the two,
Sole legacies, thou leaves us here below.

And could not thou have stay'd with us a while,
Till thou had seen a fully purged Ile.
Thou Edinburgh's glory, pleasure of our eyes !
Yet blest be God, it is with no surprise.
Although our woeful comfort who can smoother,
Is only this, we'll ne're losse such another.
And this compleats our tragedie, beyond
This, fate can hardly give a greater wound.
Our nation's bankrupt grown, all men may see,
Beyond the hopes of a recoverie.
When gallantry and justice have their fall,
In Collington* and generous Abbots-Hall,
For we could say, while they were both alive,
The Kingdom's honour could all storms survive.
Never did active soul of sacred birth,
Inform a more celestial piece of earth,
Than Abbots-Hall, who scarce has left behind,
A subiect, of a more majestic mind.
How did he all our angry broiles appease,
And with his own unrest, procure our ease.
He car'd not what turmoils possest his breast,
So that the Town from tumults was at rest,
For alwayes like a monarch, he did reign,
Above dull piti'd envie or disdain.
Yet never did he to preferment rise
By scrapes, or bribes, or such base simonies.†

* Sir James Foulis of Colinton was admitted Lord Justice-Clerk, 22d February 1684, and died at Edinburgh, 19th January 1688.

† A pretty bold assertion, if we may credit Malcolm Laing, who terms the "Great" Abbotshall, a "bankrupt trader," created a Lord of Session, "in return for seventeen thousand pounds, extorted as gifts from the Town." Vol. 4, p. 74. Third Edition. Lond. 1819. 8vo.

He calm'd all quarrels, vanquisht every spite,
And made each enemy his proselyte.
More than ten years, which spoke his high renown,
He was the Angel-guardian of the town.
Where he made void the poet's sad regrate,
Of just Astreas long bewail'd retreat ;
His every act that Opprobrie cancell'd.
In him she spoke, in him she breath'd and dwell'd.
We may affirm it since our Saviour's birth,
He was her truest deputie on Earth.
Whatever sentence from her lips did fall,
His Prudence made it still Rhetorical.
When this whole island floated in a sea,
Of Disobedience, and Disloyaltie.
He, by his Wisdom, all these syrens past,
Being pinioned unto the loyal mast.
His Goodness, and his Wisdom, was so great,
He equally both knaves, and fools, did hate.
If what we great or generous esteem,
Exemption from the grave could justly claim,
He had, (could now Fate's vigour be abated),
With Enoch and Elias been translated.
And yet though Death dissolved hath his frame,
He'll be immortal in a lasting fame ;
If generosity from death could save,
Great Abbots-Hall he had escap'd the grave.
But now being Heaven's Inhabitant and Guest,
He unmixt sweets enjoyes amongst the blest !
Yet may his fame on earth, till time shall die,
Yield unto nothing, but Eternitie.

N. PATERSON.

O anima emigra, Christo moriente quid horres?
 Vivam seu moriar, sanguine vivo Dei.
 Transitus e vivis, vitæ melioris Origo est,
 Aut potius vitæ mors ea Principium.

XXIV.

**D. Joan: Wedderburni a Gosford,
 æbi hujus Phœnicis
 Epitaphium.**

Sir Peter Wedderburn of Gosford, the second son of James Wedderburn, a Dundee trader, was admitted Advocate 19th January 1642, and raised to the Bench on the 17th June 1668. On the 11th of November 1679, he died at Gosford, which he inherited from his uncle, Dr. John Wedderburn, Physician to Charles I. His character has been given in the most laudatory terms by Sir George Mackenzie. See his Works, Vol. 1, p. 6. Edin. 1716, folio.

Upon the 8th of April 1680, John Wedderburne of Gosford was served heir to his father on the West Maynes of Ballencrief, Barony of Gosford, and other lands, in the county of Haddington, and in certain tenements in Leith, in warrandice of the lands of Ballencrief. He was drowned off Calais on the 26th May 1688, and the elegy here printed from an original broadside in the Advocates' Library, is upon this "Phoenix of the age." His brother-german, Peter, was, on the 16th October 1688, served heir to him.

Gosford, or Gusefurd, originally belonged to the Achesons, who obtaining like the Humes of North Berwick a grant of lands in Ireland, disposed of their Scotch estate and settling in the "Emerald Isle," that

"First gem of the Sea,"

about the middle of last century, crept into the Irish Peerage, and in the year 1835 attained that great object of ambition an English Barony. Gosford was acquired before the Wedderburns got it, by the family of Auchmouty. It now forms part of the large estates of the Earl of Wemyss.

The great Earl of Rosslyn—the eldest son of Peter Wedderburn, Lord Chesterhall—a Senator of the Court of Session, was the great-grandson of Lord Gosford—his grandfather Alexander having been his Lordship's third son.

Hoc tandem humanae est sortis transcendere metam !
GOSFORDUM, et juvenem, et sic, potuisse mori.
 Aspera fata nimis ! nostro nimis invida saeclo,
 Hunc non maturos passa videre dies.
 Ah tantum tibi cur licuit mare ? gloria saecli
 Nostri, ut tam parvo clauderet orbe diem ?
 Qui patriam advexit super ardua culmina laudum,
 Naufragus externis obrueretur aquis ?
 Quem socium ascivit Rex prudentissimus usque,
 Sive petens pacem, seu grave Martis opus.
 Nunquam illo melior quisquam, nec amantior æqui,
 Clara togæ studiis mens, manus apta sago.
 Ira brevis semper, vindictæ nulla Cupido,
 Largaque pauperibus semper aperta manus.
 Idem **MÆCENAS**, simul et **MARO** : Clarus utrinque :
 Hic virtutis apex, hoc pietatis opus.
 Intemerata fides, probitas, constantia, candor
 Labe carens, saeclo hoc non habuere parem.
 Ergo quem Patriæ pepererunt funera luctum
 Pandere, nunc lachrymis obruta musa nequit.
 Nam **GOSFORDIACIS** Caledonia tota parentat,
 Manibus, usque vovens annua justa rogis.
 O animæ viles patientius ite sub umbras,
 Delicias ævi si brevis hora rapit.

XXV.

On the Death of the Phoenix of the age,
the incomparable Gosford, ship-
wrack'd before Calis,
May 26, 1688.

What mid-day gropper, or what muffled eye,
May not a second Chaos now espie ?
When timely gasping, and great Titan shall
From the blind Heavens, like a dead cinder fall.
The signs are all fulfilled we understand,
That show the World's Catastrophe's at hand,
Since Gosford's dead : who hath departed hence,
A victim to an unknown providence,
He singly being an hecatomb, these times
Require no less, to expiate our crimes.
And its all one, if heavenly powers agree,
By fire or water, whether it offer'd be.
That in the ebb of Wisdom, Justice, Grace,
Upon the land, in floods they might take place.
Great Gosford ! who both did, and understood,
All that was generous, learned, virtuous, good,
Heroick, valiant, just, and temperate ;
Whom none can equal, best but imitate.
The Nadir and the Zenith of a creature,
Had reach'd the highest pitch of perfect nature,
A Cherubim incarnate ! all do tell
Of him, not as a man, but miracle.
He was indeed a miracle, and we
That miracles are ceased may now agree.

But why this son of peace should find a grave,
Within the bosom of an angry wave?
Except he were a jewel never sent
To be possest by one sole element.
And since he's gone, no paradox appears,
To drown him once more in our pensive tears.
Nature gave him (while child) which most, in vain,
By art, and industry, strive to obtain ;
For he, long while before she did begin
To un-effeminate his cheek, or chin,
Unto the Muses went the milky way,
When others got the birch, he got the bay.
Yet his precocious virtues did presage
His early death, who did out-run his age.
Had he proportionally still encreast,
Of both the trees to make an equal feast,
Of life and knowledge ! Nature's funeral he
At the grand Sessions might have liv'd to see.
Hence angels courted him unto their bours,
Fitting their consort rather far than ours :
To Heav'n, since 'mongst our fires he could not stay,
He in a watry-chariot takes his way.

Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.

N. PATERSON.



XXVI.

**Ane Epitaph Upon that eminent
Gentleman the Laird
of Pitcur.**

[This and the following article are from a MS. in the possession of
David Laing, Esq.]

David Halyburton of Pitcur, in the shire of Forfar, was the second son of James Halyburton of Pitcur, but his brother-german James, having died without issue male, he succeeded to the family estate, and accordingly was served heir to his brother on the 22d October 1672, and to his father of the same date.

In the memoirs of the Lord Viscount Dundee, London, 1714, p. 27, the writer observes, in speaking of the battle of Killiecrankie, "in the battle, the Highlanders, besides their unparallel'd General Dundee, lost the brave Pitcur, who, like a moving castle in the shape of a man, threw fire and sword on all sides against his enemy."

Tho' souls, these sacred things, ne'r measur'd were
By inch and elme, as duller bodies are,
Tho' great souls have not alwayes been design'd
To be with greater earthly bodies join'd.
Yet here, to his most stately outward frame,
Nature conjoined a most seraphic flame,
A soul so pure to sense so unconfin'd,
That tho' his flesh and blood had still combin'd
To make him stay at home at ease to live,
These carnal notions he would ne're believe,
But when he saw religion in the caus,
And loyaltie expiring with our lawes,
Nothing was hard to him, but straight he went
And join'd Dundee, the Scots' great ornament,
Great was his life, for's death he'l happy lye,
Who serving Church and State did noblie die.

XXVII.

**On that generous youth, Mr. Gilbert
Ramsay, who, leaving the Bar
for the Sword, was killed
at Runrorie.**

Mr. Gilbert Ramsay was, upon the 11th day of February 1688, examined in civil law and found qualified, but he never past Advocate, for in the month of June following, he presented a petition to the Dean and Faculty, requiring that his entry-money of five hundred merks should be returned,—this demand being adjudged “very reasonable,” the treasurer, Mr. James Hunter, was ordered to return the money.

The parentage of Ramsay has not been discovered, but it may be noticed, that upon the 23d February 1686, one Gilbert Ramsay was served heir of Isobella Ramsay, “*filiae Patrui.*” Now, as Isobella was served heir upon the 10th of May 1670 to her father, George, an Ironmonger at the West Port of Edinburgh, he consequently must have been Gilbert’s uncle. It is very probable, as both time and name correspond, that he was the individual whose merits have been so much extolled in the Epitaph.

This youthful votary of Mars held the rank of a Colonel in the rebel army, for the author of the *Memoirs of Dundee*, in mentioning the principal persons slain on the side of James the VIIth, after recording the death of Dundee and Halyburton,—adds to the list “Colonel Gilbert Ramsay, Mackdonald of Largo, his tutor, and all his family; Glengary’s brother, and many of his relations, and five cousin-germans of Sir Donald of the Isles, with many private Highlanders.” P. 28.

Runrorie is the name by which the Highlanders uniformly speak of the battle of Killycrankie,—it is the locality at the upper end of the pass, and as the fight—not to say flight—was chiefly there, it would have been a much more appropriate appellation than that given by the Lowlanders.

Mars and Minerva mourning did debate,
Which of the two should most his death regrate.
Mars said that he was most concerned here,
I've lost a son who has not left his peer,
A son who had youth's sprightliness, a son
Whom nature blest with manhood, strength, and one
Who had the prudence of old age ; nay, all
The rarest gifts can to my sons befall.
Minerva then said, Mars thou hast just cause
To mourn this loss, for thou the murth'rer was,
Thou took him from my learned courts, where he
Might have liv'd long in full tranquilltie,
Praised at the bar for eloquence and law,
For justice on the bench without a flaw.
But now he's dead, in this he happy lyes,
That in great cause, great company he dyes.
He dyes, but how ? in serving Church and King.
He dyes, but when ? when wearied vanquishing.
He dyes, with whom ? in greatest company.
He dyes with that brave hero, great Dundee.
Write on his tomb, here lyes a youth below,
Who all the arts of peace and war did know.



XXVIII.

**In Obitum eximii clarissimique viri
Georgii Pringle, D. de Torwood-
lee, Qui nuper inter illustres
Comitiorum Heroes præ-
clarus eminebat,
Epicedium.**

Upon the 12th January 1654, James Pringle of Torwoodlee was served heir to his father George, in the lands of Corsie, within the Lordship of Ettrick Forest. James was probably the father of George, who being a zealous Protestant, naturally felt much alarm at the throne being occupied by a Roman Catholic.

Lord Fountainhall, in what have been termed his "Historical Observers," in speaking of the various rumours as to the mode in which the Earl of Argyle raised money for his rebellion, amongst other ones mentions, "that Polwart, Torwoody, Mr. Gilbert Elliott, &c. went to Geneva, and to the Protestant churches of Germany, begging supply to the poor afflicted Protestants of Britain, and thus raised a great summe, but I think it was not understood by the givers that it was to be employed in a rebellion or invasion." Bannatyne Club, Edition p. 191. Pringle was forfaulted in the Scottish Parliament 2d of May 1685, for discoursing with Robert Martine, and other persons, as to the extreme hazard that threatened the Protestant religion in case James Duke of York should succeed to the crown, and as to the ways and methods then talked of in England, and such as might be adopted in Scotland for excluding him. These reasons, however, the Scottish Parliament, 22d July 1690, deemed "to be trivial and frivolous to infer the cryme of treason, but also to be good and justifiable." A change of opinion which would have been more creditable to the disinterested and self-denying members had it occurred in the reign of James the Second instead of William the Third.

George Pringle must have died somewhere between the 5th of June 1689, when the first Parliament of William and Mary met, and the 22d July 1690. His forfeiture was rescinded upon the application of his son James.

Scotia in Australi Pringlorum gens Philomusa

Inclyta, lethali vulnere læsa dolet,

Vallibus et Sylvis, Turris celeberrima Galam

Juxta amnem, subito verbere quassa tremit.

Abreptum lugent charum Comitia membrum,

Illustrem, sanctum, magnanimumque virum,

Amissum lugent Proceres fratremque patremque

Eximium monitis Consiliisque bonis.

In moesto deflet miseranda Sione Columnam

Sancta cohors stratam, quæ illabefacta stetit.

Heroem strenuum, vultu, genioque sereno,

Corpore robusto, mente sagace, pia:

Ardentem Zelo, mitem sine bile, columbas

Instar, præclarum relligione, fide:

Virtute ornatum, natum comitemque Minervæ,

Divinum vitæ cui moderamen erat:

Commoda qui patris meditans, Solymæque salutem,

Utriusque decus, flosque medela fuit:

Quique deum toto veracem corde seeutus,

Alter Nathanael, Calebus alter erat.

Cujus erat cunctis victrix patientia sanctis

Exemplo: carni non toleranda tulit.

Mirum! quam pulchre majestas conveniebat

Cum summa tanti sobrietate viri.

Quam suavi ac hilari (nam nil jucundius illo)

Hospitio excepit, colloquioque bonos.

Fidus amicus erat, quo non constantior alter.

Vix ullum norat Scotia tota parem.

Sistite plorantes, alto suspiria ducta
Pectore, conatu sunt reprimenda pio.
Felix qui potuit Domino committere vitam,
Cui summus, Christo vivere finis erat.
Spernere qui didicit mundum, Cœlestia curans,
Sternere quem diræ non potuere minæ ;
Non furor hostilis, versutia, ferra cruenta,
Tramite de recto nulla pericla movent.
Quem nihil a Christo potuit divellere, cunctis
Posthabitis : Christi vincere solus amor
Immensus potuit, precioso nos redimentis
Antilytro miseros, sanquine nempe suo.
Hunc Deus Omnipotens, per tot discrimina tutum
Restituit, cunctis eripuitque malis.
Plaudite, nam vicit ; lætum cantate triumphum,
Nam reduci visa est gloria magna Dei.
Mirandam Domini redeuntis namque salutem
Ante obitum vidit, cum Simeone sene,
Non miser, afflictus, sitiens nunc esuriensque,
Non tempestates nunc subeundo malas,
Nonconfiscatus, metuens extrema malorum,
Cogitur obscuris nunc latitare locis.
Neve malam metuens, omni sine crimine, mortem,
Eumenidum rabiem, præda petita fugit.
Per mare non fugiet, peregrinas exul ad oras,
Non Batavos repetet : nulla procella manet.
Sunt illi in Coelis nunc rivi deliciarum,
Nunc honor æternus, gloria, paxque salus.

XXIX.

**On the Death of Sir William Sharp
of Stoniehill.**

On the first of November 1678, Sir William Sharp of Stoniehill was served heir of his brother-german, Robert Sharp of Castlehill. He was the brother of Archbishop Sharp, for many years cash Keeper to the Treasury, and afterwards Master of the Mint. He was a Commissioner of Supply in 1690 for the shire of Edinburgh, (Acts of Parliament, folio edition, Vol. ix, 137,) but must have died previous to June 1693, as upon the 5th of that month Sir William Sharp of Scotsraig, the deceased Primate's eldest son, obtained a decree in the Scottish Parliament against Alexander Earl of Murray and Patrick Earl of Strathmore, for five hundred pounds, due to his then deceased uncle, "Sir William Sharp of Stonyhill," (Acts Parl. ix, p. 275.)

Stoniehill is situated about a mile from Musselburgh, and now belongs to the Earl of Wemyss, through his maternal ancestor, the famous, or rather infamous Colonel Charteris, who died there in February 1732. The house is still as entire as it was then, and was occupied some time since as a seminary for youth, but is presently in the hands of a private gentleman, who makes it his residence. In the new Statistical Account, which is too frequently inaccurate in local information, it is said that Stonyhill was the residence of the Archbishop's son,—and that it was taken down "during 1838." The minuteness of the details gives such an appearance of reality, that a person can hardly bring himself to believe that the whole is a mistake, and that whatever building may have been removed, Stonyhill is untouched, the noble proprietor, with great good taste, being most anxious to preserve as much as he can a mansion to which so many interesting recollections attach.

Two potent Heraulds joyntly do proclaim
Good Stonnie-hill's deserved praise and fame,

Dame Nature framed him faithful, wise and just,
 Fortune afforded tryal of his trust.
 Our Sovraign's cash, and signet testifie,
 Sir William's signal for fidelitie.
 O Stoniehill ! (but, certainly the best
 Of Parian marble for a solid breast,)
 Noble, ignoble person, rich or poor,
 Were at his hand of equal dealing sure.
 Religion, prudence, truth, and loyalty,
 Perpetuat his fragrant memory.
 His nearest kin and kindly legatours,
 Are of just purchase justly possessours,
 Heav'n hath his soul, the grave his corpse ; but must,
 Resound the meanest atome of his dust.

XXX.

**On the Death of the Learn'd and Ho-
 nourable Sir George M'Kenzie
 of Rosehaugh, Knight, &c.
 late King's Advocate.**

This elegy was reprinted in a very rare collection of fugitive pieces relative to Scottish history and antiquities, "entitled Reliquie Scoticæ, 1828," 8vo ; of which only fourteen complete sets were made up.

The following verses, in praise of the "bloody" Mackenzie, occur in a MS. volume belonging to the Faculty of Advocates, entitled "Sibaldi Elogia."

D. GEORGII MACKENZIE EQUES, DE ROSEHAUGH, CARMEN
 THOMÆ GLEG, M. D.

Pingere vis quâ fronte Cato, titubante senatu
 Aseruit patris jura verenda susæ?

Pingere vis magnus quo Tullius ore solebat
 Dirigere attoniti linguam animamque Fori ?

Pingere vis quanta Maro majestate canebat
 Et quali tetigit pollice Flaccus ebur ?

Pinge Mackenzæum, Pictor, namque altera non est
 Quæ referat tantos una Tabella viros.

ENGLISHED THUS.

If thou would draw with boldness what
 Cato, Rome's right maintain'd,
 With what admired eloquence
 Tully the great declaim'd.
 And with what high majestick note,
 Great Virgil us'd to sing,
 How delicately Horace woant
 To touch the lyick string,
 Rare limner if that thou in one,
 Would thus men rightly paint,
 Mackenzie draw, none can but he,
 Such great men represent.

J. A. M. D.

This probably was John Alexander, M. D. In the life prefixed to the works of Sir George, another translation is given of Gleg's encomiastic lines, by Alexander Cunningham. See the Author's Life, prefixed to his Works, p. xv.

Although Mackenzie has been the object of more than ordinary vituperation, he was probably not worse than his assailants. Had he been the monster, party spirit represents him, the hawking such a laudatory production about the streets would not have been a very safe speculation. He died 8th May 1690, and was buried in the Grey-Friars. It may not be uninteresting to the Bibliographer to mention, that in the first part of Monteith's "Theater of Mortality" there is a duplicate cancelled leaf at page 18, containing the inscription on Mackenzie's coffin. Copies with this leaf are of excessive rarity. In the second part between pages 248 and 249 two leaves are sometimes to be found, containing inscriptions on the Duchess of Queensberry, her husband, Mr. John Law, Robert Milne, Alex-

ander Monteith, Oliver Coll, James Peirson, John Jollie, and an Epitaph in Linelholme churchyard by a schoolmaster on his wife and children.

Let Muses mourn and Senators condole,
In mourning Robes the fall of this Great Pole ;
Who like a marble Pillar of the Law
Upheld the nation, which from him did draw
As from a Fountain new refreshing streams,
For Youth's Instruction, who like radient beams
Enlighten'd, and enlivened this our land,
Hath often been on the decaying hand ;
His works shall keep his Fame in memory,
From age to age, and each posterity
Shall recommend his worth, and eik proclaim
Remembrance, of Sir George M'Kenzie's name ;
Could any be exempted from death's stroak ;
None more deserving under the Royal Oak.
Could Wisdom, riches, honour, or sublime
Indowments, which to any man pertain,
Sufficient be, to redeem from the Grave,
Then might Sir George M'Kenzie Ransome have,
By all or any of these surely got,
But since that Crowns and Scepters withstand not
This fatal stroak, incident to mankind ;
Whereby both King and Subject are confin'd.
Let Funeral rites be celebrate with verse,
And let us straw our wishes on his Herse ;
After enjoying long and happy fate
Is now inter'd with honour and in state.
And tho' our land sustains loss by his death,
His name and worth survive while ages breath ;
Having intom'd his body in the dust,
His Soul in Heaven let rest with Spirits just.

EPITAPH.

In this Tomb our nations Phoenix lies,
 May such an other from his ashes rise,
 And we ne'er want one of M'Kenzie's race ;
 Who like to him may promote Publick Peace.
 What ere the vulgar say, who dare contend ?
 He lived well, and made an happy end.*

Posuit, R. A.

XXXI.

**Upon the much to be Lamented Death of
 the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth
 Areskine, Lady Napier, &c.**

[This elegy should have had an earlier place in the collection, as the Lady appears, from Lord Fountainhall's *Historical Observes*, to have died in 1684. See Bannatyne Club edition, p. 121.]

The lady was the eldest daughter of John, eighth Earl of Marr, and according to Wood's edition of *Douglas' Peerage*, (p. 295,) was married in 1641 to Archibald, second Lord Napier, the nephew and attached friend of the great Montrose, who died at Delfshaven in Holland in the beginning of the year 1660. His wife ob-

* A very remarkable mistake occurs in the *Beauties of Scotland*, Vol. I, relative to Lord Advocate Mackenzie. The author, in speaking of Royston, in the county of Mid-Lothian, (now better known as Caroline Park,) which belonged to Sir George Mackenzie, afterwards Earl of Cromarty, and was inherited by his third son, James, (a Senator of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Royston,) imagines the Earl and the Lord Advocate to be one person, and invests the proprietor of Royston with the authorship of the numerous works of his namesake.

tained a pension of £500 per annum after the Restoration, and there was amongst the family muniments of the Lords Napier, a warrant in 1662, by Charles the II, to the Earl of Middleton, to pay to her Ladyship and her son, (the 3d Baron,) £3,000 sterling,—the reason assigned for this gift was the plundering their goods by the rebels during the great rebellion,—their long exile, and great sufferings in the royal cause.

Elizabeth, Lady Napier, was the grandmother of Thomas, fourth Lord Napier, whose epitaph the reader will find at page 56.

As I have seen an early rising lark
Spring from her turf, making the sun her mark,
Raising herself aloft, yet higher, higher,
Till she had sung herself into Heav'n's quire,
So did this lady rise, and in a trice,
By pray'r, became a bird of Paradice.
For having, as her custom was, retir'd
To her devotion, there her *King* appeared ;
The scepter stretched out, she did draw near,
And touch'd its top with reverence and fear :
Yea, now she has obtain'd her great request,
And with the *King* do's now begin to feast,
Truth is, this Noble Lady, from her birth,
Became a constant strife 'twixt Heav'n and Earth.
Both claim'd her, pleaded for her, either cry'd
She's mine, she's mine, at length they did divide,
Heav'n took her soul, which Earth her corps did seize ;
Yet not in fee, she only holds by Lease,
With this *proviso*, when the Judge shall call,
Earth shall give up her share, and Heav'n have all.
Then since it is the great Creator's mind,
To take the wheat and leave the tares behind,
Wee'll willingly submit unto the rod,
But Wo's us for her, save the will of God.

ΑΚΡΟΣΤΙΚΟΝ.

L ong since the *Lamb* did freely thee espouse
 A nd thou long since, likewise made him thy choose :
 D oubtless the real marriage never was
 Y et consummat, until thou hence did pass.

E xalted with thy virtues now thou art,
 L o in that sacred Quire thou takes a part,
 I oyning with praises unto him, whose love
 Z eelds a most firm inheritance above,
 A mongst thy fellow-saints, and likewise hath
 B ought thee and freed thee from eternal death.
 E clips'd thy pleasures never more shall be,
 T hou art from alteration ever free,
 H eavn has thee crown'd with immortalitie.

A noble embleme of the house of Marr,
 R ich graces in thy soul still lodged were :
 A tlas of the Lord Napier's familie,
 S o shin'd thou with all perspicuitie.
 K ind to the poor, religious and wise,
 I n piety thou finished thy days.
 N e'er shall thy memory therefore be done,
 E v'n till thou rise i'th resurrection.

Virtute non tantum sed re tu Gemma fuisti
 Inclita, nam pietas splendida Gemma fuit.
 Et Pietas vitae Christi virtute cruxoris,
 Te donat stabili largitione poli.

A. D.

XXXII.

**In Obitum Laudatissimi Spectatissimi
que viri, D. Joannis Lauderis,
Ab Aula Fontana Equitis
Baronetis.**

Qui annum agens Octagesimum Secundum ex humanis
decedens, ad salutis æternæ portum feliciter appulit.

2do Aprilis 1692.

The first baronet of Fountainhall was an Edinburgh shopkeeper, who becoming a baillie, was enabled to attain the honour of a Nova Scotia Baronetcy,—the usual reward in those days, of a successful dabbler in city politics. Playfair and his worthy successor Burke, have endeavoured to engraft this industrious citizen on the ancient stock of the Lauders of the Bass, and of Lauder Tower, an assertion easily made, but not easily proved.

Burke is pre-eminently absurd. The first of the Lauders, according to him, was a man named De Lauedre, an old Saxon Baron, who accompanied Malcolm Canmore into Scotland in 1056, and assisted him in recovering his kingdom from the usurper Macbeth." The authority for this authentic fact is Hector Boece, the "father of lies." Having thus fixed the date of the arrival of this *illustissimus* into Scotland, some half a dozen *illustissimi* of the name are noticed, ending in a Sir Edward Lauder, who, in 1425, was sent Ambassador to France to negotiate the marriage between Louis XI. and Margaret, daughter of James the First.

Skipping over more than two centuries, the Baillie is introduced as lineally descended from the Ambassador,—a convenient, but not very satisfactory mode of establishing a descent.

Playfair gives a different version. He knows nothing of the Anglo-Saxon Baron, and mentions as the first "upon record." Robert Lauder, "one of those "brave" chieftains that adhered to the gallant

Sir William Wallace." With his immediate descendants, if he had any, he meddles not, but tells us that there was descended from him, Robert Lauder, who lived in the reign of James IV. who had a younger son named Andrew. He marries Bessy Bannatyne—elevated into Elizabeth Ballenden, daughter of _____ Ballenden of Laswade, and becomes the parent of three sons. The two eldest were cut off in a barbarous and summary manner by the Cranstouns and Humes; and the youngest, Andrew, flying to his illustrious relations the Ballendens, connected himself by marriage with the Dalhousie family, and was the parent of the first Baronet.

Andrew, who resided at Laswade, would doubtless have been somewhat astonished if he had been told that he was the Representative of " De Lauedre," the " Brave Chieftain," or the " Ambassador;" we suspect he would have been better pleased in having such a grandson as Lord Fountainhall, than by tracing his origin to any such worthies whether real or imaginary.

John Lauder's right to the baronetcy was not admitted by Playfair, who talks of it merely as an "*on dit*."—Nevertheless, the fact is certain, and Mr. Chambers has given a very graphic account of the struggle between the Baillie and his third spouse as to the series of heirs to whom the honours were to be destined. The Lady was, it seems, desirous of emulating the conduct of the wife of the Protector Somerset, by having the title settled upon the younger children, to the prejudice of the elder. In this she was defeated.

Sir John Lauder was married, at least so goes the legend, thrice. He is represented as having by his first wife three children; by his second, (Isobel Ellis, mother of Lord Fountainhall), fourteen sons and two daughters; and by his third, to whom, according to Chambers, (vol. 3, p. 354,) he was united in 1670, at the "ripe age of 86," he had four sons and two daughters. Now, as his epitaph bears that he died on the 2d day of April 1692, at the age of 82, he could not, it is presumed, have been 86 in 1670; and we strongly suspect that in most cases, 82 is a period much too "ripe" for an ancient gentleman, however juvenile his propensities, to become the parent of four thumping boys and two bouncing girls.

It is obvious, therefore, that he would not be 86 when he married Miss Ramsay—for that was her name—seeing that he had shuffled off this mortal coil at the age of 82. Mr. Chambers has also made a very strange mistake relative to a Lady Fountainhall, who died in 1713, which we shall notice when we come to the elegy upon her.

Ardua si virtus, capit is reverentia cani,
 Aut morum probitas, et sine labe fides,
 Si vis magna animi, veneranda modestia vultus,
 Plurimus oris honos, ingeni iu vigor
 Tollere humo possent quenquam tot dotibus auctum
*Lauder*us paucis laude secundus erit.
 Vir pius atque probus, meritis spectandus et annis,
 Sobrius et vigilans, justitiaeque tenax.
 Munera qui toties bene splendida gessit in urbe,
 Prætor honoratus nomen in astra ferens.
 Sed magis impulsu est, quam sponte, amplexus honores :
 Et nunquam, nisi cum publicus usus erat.
 Publica nam quoties poscebant commoda, nunquam
 Defuit auxilio consilioque suo.
 Certa fides verbis inerat, constantia factis ;
 Partibus a Regis fidus et usque stetit.
 Qui nunquam adduci potuit, juraret ut olim
Usurpatoris verba in iniqua trucis.
 Maluit at civis jus perdere et omnia, *Regum*
 Quam sic *Scotorum* prostituisse decus.
 Cujus et externas diffusa est fama per oras
 (Non minus atque domi) sedulitate sua.
 Mercator quondam, sua rite negotia tractans,
 Nomen, et ingentes accumulavit opes.
 Quas veluti varios prudens impendit in usus,
 Sic quoque pauperibus munera multa dedit.
 Gymnasiumque suis, duo pulchra cubicula condens,
 Ornavit donis, Inclyta Edina, tuum.
 Queis merito rebus populi contraxit amorem,
 Civibus et gratus, ceu pater, usque fuit.
 Hinc virtute sua tenet indelebile nomen ;
 Quantumvis fugiens ambitionis erat.
 Conjugio triplici felix, et prole beata,
 Quæ soboles patrem vita animisque refert.

Uxor et illius, clara de stirpe, superstes
 Et genere, et meritis fulget honora suis.
Ex Idintona praelustri gente et avita
 Filia, cui caput est *Dalhusiana* domus,
 Sed jam grandævus senio extenuatur ab ipso,
 Ut cadit incurva falce resecta leges.
 Octonus decies, et binos attigit annos,
 At diuturna magis postera fama manet.

W[ALTER] D[ENISTON].

XXXIII.

On the much to be Lamented Death of
 the Worthy Amphrey Milne, Watch-
 Maker, Burgess of the Metropo-
 litan City of Scotland, who de-
 parted this life, November
 the 18th, 1695.

[From the Original, belonging to C. K. Sharpe, Esq. and formerly
 in the curious and extensive library of Robert Mylne, whose caustic
 Jacobitical interpolations of Lord Fountainhall's whiggish historical
 notices, have rendered the small quarto volume previously referred
 to so very amusing and piquant.]

Although the subject of this Elegy was an Englishman, as the author
 was probably James Donaldson, (of whom afterwards), it has found
 a place in this collection. From Milne's wife and friends being al-
 luded to, without any reference to children, it is probable that he
 died without issue.

In gloomie shades of darksome night, where Phœbus
hides his head,
I heard an echo cry aloud, that Umphrey Milne was
dead ;
My stupid senses rose aloft, and wackened with a cry,
Let Pegasus the Muses horse, go through the air and fly
To tell the ends of all the earth, that he has lost his
breath :
The highest powers, lookt from above, thought him to
good for earth,
O ! Monstruous death, and bloody foe, thou enemy of
man !
Thou's barbled all thy arrows great, from earth now has
him tane,
That was a credit to the land, known by all of great
note,
Though he was born an English man, he was a real
Scot.
He coost a copy to all men, who ever shall succeed,
He teacht brave men his noble art, did not eat idle
bread :
Many may lament full sore, that he is dead and gone,
Beside his wife, and dearest friends, the poor will him
bemoan,
Death with his fearful bloody syth, has cutt this Sedar
down,
But he has left his art behind, even to his great renown ;
His name will blosome in the dust, his actions were so
good,
He was so kind to poor and rich, and still he feared God,
He was belov'd of every one, and namely by the com-
mon,
Though he was call'd Episcopal, be sure he was no
Roman :

He wore a badg of secrsie, and well did know its worth ;
There was a motto upon it, and that was called Truth ;
None dare but venerat his name, pious, good, and kind ;
He's gone from earth to heavens glore, left not his match
behind.

My quill cannot describe him right, the truth of this I
know :

For any thing that I can guess, there's few like him
below.

I will not name his parentage: his breeding, nor his
birth :

But he that runs, may read his life, he was a man of
worth ;

He valued not this earth below, although he had it *satis*,
He lov'd to lay his stock above, and now he is *beatis*.

He's left this region here below, that is with troubles
crost,

And gone where he'll get leave to sing, glore to the Holy
Ghost.

Since none can well describe his worth, that in this land
doth dwell,

He'll waken at the Trumpit's blow, and answer for him
sell.

EPITAPH.

Here lyes a man, both good and rare,
That for his art none could compare.

J[AMES] D[ONALDSON].

XXXIV.

On the much to be Lamented Death of
 Alexander Lord Reath, one of his Ma-
 jestie's Most Honourable Privy
 Council, and Exchequer, &c.
 Departed this life,
 March 21, 1698.

Alexander Lord Reath or Raith, was the eldest son of George, fourth Lord and first Earl of Melville, by Catherine, daughter of Alexander Lord Balgony. He married Barbara, third daughter of Walter Dundas, younger of Dundas, and by her (who died 23d February 1719) had two sons, both of whom died in infancy. Lord Reath held the office of treasurer-depute, 1689, and had the management of the public revenue till his death, 27th March 1698.

His Lordship was a rigid Presbyterian, and as such, much exposed to the sarcasms of the Jacobites. He figures in some lines said to be written by Lord Newbottle.

There's old chinnie the daddy, and Raithy the monkey ;
 There's Leven the hero, and little Petcunty.
 Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy,
 Bannocks of bearmeal, cakes of crowdy.

SCOTISH PASQUILS, Vol. I. p. 34. Edin. 1827, 12mo.

It seems the Heavens begins to frown, the world draws
 near an end,
 When wisdom drops down to the grave, that did this
 land defend ;
 The dull sound of Mortality does ring thro' all th' Earth,
 The Echo cryes most doolfull like, alas ! for good Lord
 Reath.

Great Albanie, go mourn awhile, my quil is droping
tears ;
Thou lost not such a friend I trou, no, not this hundred
years.
Now wisdom, charity, and love, put on your ragged gown,
There is a Jewell very rich, this day fallen from your
Crown !
The voice of poor, like echo cryes makeing a dolefull
sonnet,
Until the Council find a head that well can fill his
bonnet.
His wisdom lay in silence long, until it got a vent,
Like precious oyntment gave a smell, the King then for
him sent,
And gave him places honourable, he did deserve them all,
In future ages for to come, will be chrononical.
Dame Nature has been very bold that fram'd him at first,
The motto of his emblem was, God sayes, *be good and just* ;
And when he came into the world he was endu'd with
Grace,
Then Reason did take hold thereon, and sat in Nature's
place ;
Virtue sent him to her garden to see what flower he
would pull,
There he pulled Grace, like Aaron's Rod, that buded
ever still ;
Then Vertue fell in love with him, 'cause he had chosen
the best,
She says to Honour, Follow him, he is my real guest.
When Vertue saw that Honour went, and followed at his
back,
Wisdom cryes aloud, I will run with Truth to be his
cloak.

And that will serve him all his life, what er'e he can
need,

But I'll defy the universe to take from it one threed.

As Solomon did wisdom choise for to obey God's will,
So I resolved to follow him, and will do ever still.

The Ark was of a curious bulk, but was not very much,
Yet it contain'd the world great, yea, and the holy
church.

King David was but a little man, sober, but not Machia,
Yet wisdom found him out a way to kill the great Golia.
His virtuous person and its worth before others to dis-
crite,

For vertue, wisdome, parts, and grace, there's few like
him alive.

He spake in converse like to Job, without all kind of fear,
Gray hairs rose up and gave him praise, his wisdom did
admire.

His worthie noble family, even from their very youth,
The whole track of their life has been to suffer for the
truth,

Till Phoebus rose with mighty heat in all his radiant
beams,

They sailed on the goulf against the tide, came to the
chrystal streams.

Now thy successour Leven great, he is a man belov'd,
In counsel, state, and mighty war, the King has him ap-
proved.

He did behave him self so well abroad, by sea and land,
Which made the King put him in trust Hye Keiper of
Scotland.

Though now Lord Reath lyes in his tomb, according to
God's will,

His name and fame continue shall in future ages still.

You Seraphims and Cherubims, salute him with a bless ;
He's gone from Earth to heaven's glor, that truely honour'd place.

Ten thousand ages yet to come is but to him one day,
That beatiphick vision great he will enjoy for aye,
As one of the saints all clade in white, upon Mount Zion hill,

Through ages of eternity the Lamb's will follow still.
Though friends should make the rivers run with tears thus shed below,
He will not rise for all their cries, till the last trumpet blow.

J[AMES] D[ONALDSON].

XXXV.

**In Egregium, et Admodum Reverendum
in Christo Patrem, D. Andream
Brussium, S. T. D. Episcopum
Orcadensem : qui diem
obiit, 15, Cal. April,
M.DCXIX.**

Epicedium.

Andrew Bruce was the son of a Commissary of St. Andrews, and having studied theology, obtained the Archdeaconry of St. Andrews, from whence he was elevated to the See of Dunkeld, which he held till the year 1686, when he was deprived of it by the Popish party, who then had supreme controul over the weak mind of the arbitrary and bigoted James, who had taken offence at his opposition to a repeal of the laws against popery.

James, too late, discovered his error in alienating the mind of his loyal Protestant subjects,— and endeavoured, but fruitlessly, to regain

the hearts he had lost. Accordingly, amongst other attempts so to do, he presented the deposed Bishop of Dunkeld to the Bishopric of Orkney, on the 4th May 1688, hoping, no doubt, that the rigidity of the climate might cool the Protestant ardour of his nominee. The Revolution put an end to all his Majesty's speculations, whatever they may have been, and to the good Bishop's provision, as the introduction of Presbyterianism deprived him and the rest of the order of their respective Sees.

According to Keith, he died in 1700 ; but the Elegy communicated by David Laing, Esq. establishes that he died the preceding year.

Dirum, atrox, immane scelus ! facinusque nefandum !

Quod tantum extinxti ferrea Clotho virum.

Quem summis natura bonis cumulavit, et auxit ;

Quem sacræ in blando Musæ aluere sinu.

Cujus opem, innumeris Ecclesia quassa procellis

Poscebat, cujus consiliumque pium.

O jactura gravis ! damnum irreparabile ! quod plebs

Ima dolet, Mystæ Rex Proceresque dolent.

Aliud.

Quod mortale fuit, rapuit mors invida ; Brussi :

Sed manet a busto vibida fama tuo.

Nescit namque mori Virtus, Prudentia, Candor,

Mens ampla, et Pietas, intemerata Fides.

Aliud.

Te vigor ingenii, mentisque sagacis acumen

Fecerunt homines vincere ; pene Deos

Vivos, honos doctis ; et sacra gloria mitræ ;

Mortuus, Angelici deliciaeque chori.

XXXVI.

**In Obitum nunquam satis Deplorandum
Viri admodum Reverendi Magistri
Jacobi Kirktoni ex Pastoribus
Edinensisbus unitus,
Ogdoastichon.**

[From the original broadside, which has a border of cross-bones, skulls, &c. in possession of the editor.]

The Reverend James Kirkton died at Edinburgh in the month of September 1699, and was interred in the Grey Friar's Church Yard. Though a shining light of the Presbyterian Church, during the period of his existence, he was, until the publication of his "Secret and true history of the Church of Scotland," in 1817, by C. K. Sharpe, Esquire, hardly known, except in the pages of the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, where he figures somewhat conspicuously. It was he that discovered that Abraham had fled from Judea for debt, and gave a very graphic picture of the fall of Jezabell. His observations on Hymns and Spiritual Songs are worthy of note.—

"There be" says the Reverend Gentleman, "four kinds of Songs, profane songs, malignant, allowable, and spiritual songs. Profane songs :—

My mother sent me to the well,
She had better gane hersel',
For what I got I dare not tell,
But kind Robin lo'es me.

Malignant songs, such as, He, ho, Gilliekrankie, and The King enjoys his own again; against which I have not much to say. Thirdly, Allowable songs, like, "Once I lay with another man's wife;" ye may be allowed, Sirs, to say this, but I do not say that ye are allowed to do this, for that's a great deal of dauger indeed: Lastly, Spiritual songs, which are the Psalms of David; but the godless Prelates add to these, glory to the father, the worst of all I have yet spoken of."

Upon another occasion, his congregation must have been somewhat startled, as he commenced his sermon, by this exclamation “ Deil tak my soul and body.” He then paused and proceeded.—“ You think, Sirs, this is a strange word in the pulpit, but you think nothing of it out of the pulpit: but what if the Deil should take many of you when ye utter such language.”

Although the genuineness of the specimens of Presbyterian eloquence preserved in the work just referred to has been questioned, there really seems sufficient reason for believing the authenticity of the greater part, as amongst the printed remains of many of the Scots Divines of the period, passages might be selected nearly, if not entirely, as absurd as any there recorded. If in works published, after much careful revision, such absurdities are to be found, they are much more likely to occur in extempore preachings, where in the excitement of the moment, words pass the lips, e're the speaker has weighed their exact import:—besides, as the general style of conversation, even amongst the higher classes, was coarse and homely, any minister to be popular, would require to adapt the language of his sermon to the taste and capacity of his hearers.

Kirkton is introduced in Pitcairn's Assembly, as Mr. Covenant Plain-dealer, the following is given in imitation of his ordinary style,— “ Fornication with the virgin, that's as ill as the curates hobbling on the whore of Babylon and begetting fourteen blackbirds, to wit, the Prelates,” &c.

Hei mihi ! subripitur fato sincerus Amicus
 Kirtonus ; secli gloria rara sui.
 Qui mihi suppetias misero tulit ante frequenter
 Et Laturus erat postea semper opem.

Quo moriente perit spes omnis nostra, ruinam
 Ni tantam Fratres jam reparare velint
 Eximum pietate virum, virtuteque clarum.
 Deflebunt cuncti longa per œva Pii.

P. J. ANDERSONUS, Scholarcha,
 Lyntoniensis.

XXXVII.

**An Elegy on the much to be lamented
Death of Francis Masterton,
Apothecary.**

[From the original Broadside formerly belonging to Robert Mylne,
and now in the collection of C. K. Sharpe, Esq.]

Douglas, in his Baronage, p. 321, mentions that Francis Masterton of Parkmill, in Clackmannshire, Sheriff-Depute of that county, and Ensign of Stirling Castle, married Christian Craigengelt, and by her had several children, of whom Francis the third, and Henry the fourth, were "both Surgeons in Edinburgh." This Francis was undoubtedly the worthy whose demise "doubles" the national "grief" from the loss which the good town of Edinburgh sustained by his death.

The distinguished genealogist who records the existence of Masterton, seems to have been very sensitive on the subject of his *status* in society, as he dubs him surgeon,—whereas the Elegy distinctly tells the reader that he in whose

" good medicines we found repose,
For they with pleasant sweets did us dispose,"

was a humble "Apothecary," but "no Surgeon."

Francis Masterton was the uncle of Colonel James Masterton, M. P. for the Stirling district of Burghs.

Come thou my mournful Muse to his great name
Doubly inscribe that thence the purer flame,
To Heaven so offered may more grateful rise,
The grosser parts be wood for Sacrifice,
Doubles the grief that's in the Nation spread,
Since he whom Edinburgh did love is dead

G

For every tear that with our eye's most shed,
Even on a languishing a sickly bed,
They will into a stream amongst us turn,
And every on will have just cause to mourn,
For who can cease to shed a thousand tears,
Whilst he is dead and Edinburgh's loss appears.
Tho' in the grave or in the mounted sky,
Whatever mansions doth his dust survie,
Still on our hearts he shall for ever live,
We indispos'd he did always relive.
When bussie cares did oft oppress our mind,
He was the only comfort we did find,
In his good medicines we found repose,
For they with pleasant sweets did us dispose,
But now he's gone, Death's rapt him from our sight,
And cruelly rob'd us of our only right ;
He, though no Surgeon, yet did understand,
His bussiness in what he took in hand,
How nimbly he his patients did survey
Twice, thrice, and sometimes oftener in a day.
To every one that call'd him he with speed
Did run, to the poor a helper in their need,
Who can unconquer'd Death withstand ?
A furrowed brow, old age at hand,
For Death a little after this we all must feel,
It's so decreed by the fatal wheel ;
And all the numerous offspring of the earth,
That always feed on her who gave them birth,
Must every one its birth, its funeral,
The Womb and Tome being alike to all,
To dust they must return, their breath resign;
Thus being Heaven's highest great design.

XXXVIII.

On the much to be lamented Death and
 Loss of the Right Honourable Wil-
 liam Earl of Crawford, Lord Lind-
 say, &c. and one of his Maies-
 ties Most Honourable Privy
 Counsel, who departed this
 life March 6, 1698.

William sixteenth Earl of Crawford and second Earl of Lindsay succeeded his father in 1676. He was twice married, 1st, at Leith, 8th March 1670, to Lady Mary Johnston, eldest daughter of James, Earl of Annandale and Hartfell; and 2dly, to Lady Henrietta Seton, only daughter of Charles second Earl of Dunfermline, and relict of William fifth Earl of Wigton.

This Lord was an eminent patron of the wild Churchmen of the time, and,

“ For a modern statesman he was fit,
 For both were small, his *fortune* and his *wit*.”

What a pity—seeing his peculiar fitness for office, not to mention his ultra-presbyterian *furore*—that his Lordship had not lived in more modern times!

He was the restless Puritan’s post-horse;
 Old sighing hags did chalk him out his course,
 And zealous websters were his councillors;
 Then he became Knight-errant of the cause,
 And fought his way through all the kingdom’s laws.

SCOTISH PASQUILS, Vol. i. p. 69. Edin. 1827.

The noble Lord figures in Pitcairn’s witty but coarse comedy of the “Assembly” as Lord Whigridden, “A Presbyterian Peer, a rigid fool.”

The first edition of the Assembly was printed in 1722, and bears the imprint of London. The second has merely the date of publication, 1752, and is said to be “done from the original manuscript, written in the year 1692.” The Editor of this last edition seems not to have been aware of the existence of the prior one, which perhaps was printed for private circulation, as it might have been dangerous in 1722 to have published so severe an attack upon the Whigs. Be this however as it may, the original curious preface, containing a key to the political portion of the drama, for the first time appeared in 1752. Lord Crawford is very severely handled,—indeed he figures as a blockhead, a pauper, and a knave. His character is closed with these remarks:—“ For all his pretences to religion, yet, to oblige a friend or compliment one whom he is afraid of, he will do things both against his conscience and his reason, for so he lately told the Viscount of Tarbat he had done in subscribing an act for his pension. His malice and injustice to the Episcopal clergy, even to those who complied to the civil government, is well known in this kingdom ; and that his sense is as little as his estate, which is none at all, no man who hath any sense doubts.”

You noble Lords lay by your robes, come mourn a while
with me,
For good Lord Crawfoord that is gone into eternitie !
You Nymphs upon Parnassus tops, make doolfull
melodie,
With tears of the Castalian brook, for this great
destinie.
A Star is fallen upon this land, we may call it a Pole ;
That none on earth could ever pick in his blanket a
hole.
Now PIETY has got a blow, in countrey and in town,
He was a pillar of the Church, supporter of the Crown ;
Josia like he did behave, when truth lay at the stake :
Would venture life and fortune both, but's word he would
not break.

If Argus should appear and weep, of that there's great need

Or Valley Hadarimmon like, to her garments rould in blood,

Earl Crawfoord did behave himself in every stop of station

He was a credit to his name, and famous in the Nation,
 He was a Stat'sman most entire, the King put him in trust
 To be a great Lord Theasurer, because he was most just ;
 He wore a belt of secrecy, and well did know its worth,
 There was a motto upon it, and that was called truth ;
 If one should venture to describe his noble ancient stock,
 Would need to have a diamond pen, to place it in a rock :
 But Death that fearful bloody foe, grand Enemie of Man,
 Has bent his bow, and with a dart from earth now has him tain :

Deaths commission's very great, he bears a bloodie shield,
 The motto of his scutcheon is, Ye mortals all come yeild.
 The good men they are taken away, unto the kingdom loss,

He was prepared every hour, death came not unaworse :
 His name will blossom in the dust, and have a fragrant smell ;

For piety and faithfullness he others did excel.

There is a plant sprung from his loyns, his honours to succeed,

That is so virtuously inclin'd, does not eat idle bread ;
 Like a young HERO he behaves, humilitie's his leader,
 He is beloved of every one, from King unto the Begger.
 Great volumes might be wrote of him, that lyes into his tomb,

My pen cannot my Muse renown, therefore I must succumb.

If that Sylvester were alive, to embellish this in gold ;
 Our rare Buchannan with his pen, his worth can scarce
 be told.

He's now gone to Serafick bliss, the heavens would not
 him want,

Though he was cloath'd with human flesh, he was a real
 Saint.

Since no man can describe him well, that in this land
 does dwell :

He'll waken at the trumpets sound, and answer for
 himself.

J. D.*

* Probably James Donaldson, the author of "A pick-tooth for swearers, or a looking-glass for Athiests and propane persons, wherein the greatness of the *party* offended, the solemn giving of the law, together with the strictness and purity thereof; the unquestionable verity of the Holy Scriptures, and what fearfull *sentence* the wicked may expect in the *Great Day*, are briefly touched." Edinburgh, John Reid, 1698. (In verse.) Small 4to. pp. 24. He wrote also "Husbandry Anatomised, or an Enquiry into the present manner of tilling and manuring the ground in Scotland for most part, &c. Dedicated to the Earl of Marchmont, Lord Chancellor, and the Lords of the Privy Council; 12mo. Edin. 1697; and various other Pieces, both in prose and verse.



XXXIX.

On the universally lamented Death of
 the honoured Captain George
 Melvil of Crescents-hall,
 who departed this life,
 19th September 1699.

[From the Original in the collection of C. K. Sharpe, Esq.]

Nisbet mentions that he “saw, in the hands of Captain Melvil of Crescent-hall, a mutual contract betwixt the Laird of Weems and John Melvil of Reth, anent a watergang to Schaws Mill, of the date 1840.” Vol. II. Appendix 30. But he gives no information as to the pedigree of the Captain, and the different peerage writers are silent on the subject.

If we may believe the Elegy, and there seems no reason for discrediting its testimony, this gentleman was of the noble family of Melville, now represented by the Earl of Leven and Melville. The evidence of a “bore” or “birth” breif is referred to—a species of proof then common, and usually received as sufficient. The more curious portion of this production is that which refers to the devoted attachment of Melville to the gallant Montrose, and to his taking down the legs of that martyr to loyalty from the places where they had been set up, in Stirling and Glasgow. Unfortunately the end of some of the lines have been torn away—a few words and letters, however, have been conjecturally supplied.

Great Melvil ! it's a crime almost to dare
 To praise your merit, it transcends so far
 The sphere of our activitie, that your bays
 Are 'bove our power to lessen or to raise.
 You were sprung from the noble familie
 Of th' Earl of Melvils, as does testifie

Your Bore-Brief, and your virtues do proclaim,
 You did adorn your pedigree and name ;
 All the conspicuous honours of the face
 And symmetry, your personage did grace,
 Such vigor nature to it did impart
 It never needed the Paeonian art,
 Till you were aged about seventy-seven
 You never used drugs or medicine.
 And in proportion, your soul's qualities
 Were notable above the vulgar size :
 Mars did contend with Pallas, who should have
 You for their minion, and to you they gave
 Their princely donatives, you being loath
 T' offend the two, was darling to them both,
 Only the juncture and your loyalty
 Attract'd you most of all, Bellona's way,
 Where you with wondrous valour and renown,
 King Charles the First's most righteous cause did own,
 Under the banner of the great Montrose,
 And after rogues, by murder his eyes did close,
 And to this nation's reproach and [disgrace,
 Set up his quarters in each publick [place.]
 Your courage and your kindness was . . .
 For great Montrose, your General, . . .
 You with the hazard of your life t[ook down]
 One of his leggs set up in Stirling T[own.]
 Twice : and the other which in Glasgow [stood]
 You took down once, not fearing li[fe or blood]
 Your signal and untainted loyalty.
 God in this life did wondrously [try]
 His body, which the mobile did Tare . . .
 You honour'd were with splendour . . .

The very picture of his leg
 Immortal frame, and doth A
 Joyn'd with Montrose's arms, w
 And naked arm and dager
 And conform to your motto, with
 Do injoyn silence, or do threaten
 To all who ever after shall oppose
 Their righteous King, or's trustees li
 This is not all the glory you have gain[ed]
 By keeping still your loyalty sustain[ed.]
 The very angels in their anthems sing,
 Hail Melvil ! faithful both to God a[nd King.]
 Enter into the joy which God ordain[s]
 For evr'y one that's his, and the King['s.]

F.

Edinburgh, Printed by John Reid, in the year [1699.]

XL.

*In præmaturum et deplorandum Obitum
 Honoratissimi ac ornatissimi
 Juvenis Jacobi Lundin,
 ab Eodem, &c.*

[From the original Broadside belonging to C. K. Sharpe, Esq.]

James Lundin was the second son of John Earl of Melfort, by Sophia, daughter and sole heiress of Margaret Lundin of Lundin, by Robert Maitland, brother of John Duke of Lauderdale; but his elder brother John dying young, he succeeded his mother, and according to Wood's Peerage, Vol. II. p. 366, died unmarried, 6th November 1698. Upon the 29th April 1699, Robert Lundin of that Ilk was served heir-male and of entail to his brother, James Lundin, in the lands and barony of Lundin; (Abridgement of Retours, Vol. I.)

He was the grandfather of James Drummond, created Lord Perth 14th October 1797, whose daughter, Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, now possesses the Perth estates.

According to ordinary rules, the issue-male of Lord Melfort's first marriage would have succeeded to his titles, but upon being created an Earl, his Lordship, who was a zealous Roman Catholic, having been disappointed in an attempt to make converts of his offspring by the heiress of Lundin, took the title to himself and the heirs-male of his second marriage with Eupheme, daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, Lord Justice-Clerk, with a remainder to his heirs-male whatever. This anxiety to exclude the Protestant heirs, operated as a complete extinction of the honours during the survival of the first series of heirs called. Had the usual order of succession been preserved, the honours would probably have been saved, for when Lord Melfort was attainted on the 2d of July 1695, there was a clause anxiously introduced in the Act, declaring that his forfeiture should noways affect or taint the blood of the children pro-created betwixt him and Sophia Lundin.

The Earl was raised to the dignity of a Duke by James II, after his abdication, and died in January 1714. His Duchess survived him, and lived to above 90 years of age. She supported herself during her widowhood by keeping one of the two Faro tables authorised by Louis XIV.

Quæ vis ingenii? vel quæ facundia linguae
Lundini laudes pangere rite queat?
 Qui genus antiquo celsoque a stemmate duxit,
 Et tribubus summis sanguine junctus erat.
 Quis *Drummondorum* aut *Lundinia* nomina nescit?
 Nomina quæ replent solis utrasque vias.
 Quisve *Metellanis* poterit componere digna
 Carmina? *Gordonios* vel celebrare satis?
 Ex quibus et multis aliis *Lundinius Heros*
 Prognatus, pariter clarus in orbe foret
 Invida si sinerent solummodo fata morari,
 Donec ab excelso funderet axe jubar.

Proh dolor, at prima rapitur bonus ille juventa
 Et longe ante diem febre recisus obit.
 Læta cui facies præstanti in corpore fulsit,
 Mirus et eloquii fluxit ab ore nitor.
 Integritas morum, virtus, pietasque, fidesque,
 Ornamenta animi magna fuere sui.
 Spectatus juvenis, studioque expertus in omni:
 Et nulli ingenio vel probitate minor.
 Sed neque celsus honos, nec avitæ gloria gentis
 Aut pietas possunt sistere tela necis.
 Mors sua sceptrâ gerit toti communia mundo,
 Et cito vel sero demetit omne caput.

W[ALTER] D[ENISTON?].

XLI.

**On the Death of the much Honour'd
 Sir Rodger Hog of Harcarse,
 sometime a Senator of the
 College of Justice.**

Of Sir Roger Hog of Harcarse there is a brief account prefixed to the decisions reported by his Lordship from 1681 to 1691. Edin. 1757, folio. From it we learn that he was a son of William Hog of Bog-end, in Berwickshire,—that he entered Advocate “with applause and success” in 1661; and that upon occasion of his promotion to the Bench in November 1677, he was knighted at London by Charles II.

It appears, that on the trial of the Earl of Argyle, in 1661, he was opposed to the relevancy of the libel,—this opposition however seems to have given no offence at Court, as he received promotion, and remained on the Bench till March 1688, when, according to his Biographer, he was dismissed, for giving an opinion on some “high points” of prerogative against the Crown.

This may be true, but it is nevertheless certain, that his Lordship was

charged with gross injustice in certain cases, in which his son-in-law, Ayton of Inchdarnie was concerned, and that the very day before his dismissal, Mr. Robert Pittilloch, Advocate, formerly Solicitor-General to the Lord Protector, called him "a bryber,"* for which insult to the Bench, he was very properly ordered to be apprehended.

Pittilloch published an account of his controversy with Harcarse at London, 1689, under the quaint titles of "Oppression under the colour of law, or my Lord Harcarse his new practicks, as a waymarke for peaceable subjects to beware of playing with a hot-spirited Lord of the Session, so far as is possible, when arbitrarie government is in the dominion."†

After the Revolution, Lord Harcarse was replaced on the Bench; but how he settled matters with Pittilloch, has not been ascertained. He died in 1700, in the 65th year of his age, and "both in his public and private capacity, was spoken of by all parties with honour, as a person of great knowledge and probity."‡

At the most silent hour of night, when sleep
 With a fast pressure o'er man's sence doth creep,
 A dull and heavy weight, methought did lye
 Upon my soul; I wept, but knew not why,
 Till in my view, Ah me, there soon appears
 A company, all sad, and all in tears.
 I look'd; and as they past, each man I thought
 In broken words, his neighbour something taught;
 Just was I going to ask, when lo! I see,
 What them afflicted and affected me;
 A mourning Hearse did follow, and on it,
 To tell who lay within, these lines in writ:

* Fountainhall's Notes, p. 247.

† This was reprinted with another tract by Pittilloch. Edin. 1827.
 4to. In this volume, the present Elegy, from the original, in what is termed the Fountainhall Volume of Broadsides, was included.

‡ Biographical Sketch, p. 2.

The good, the godly, generous, and kind,
The best companion, father, husband, friend ;
The stoutest Patron to maintain a cause ;
The justest Judge to square it by the laws.
Whom neither force nor flatt'ry could incline,
To swerve from equity's eternal line.
Who in the face of tyranny could own,
He would his conscience keep, tho' lose his Gown ;
Who in his privat and retired state,
As useful was, as formerly when great.
Because his square and firmly temper'd soul,
Round whirling Fortune's Axis could not roll.
Nor by the force of prejudice or pride
Be bent his kindness to forgo or bide,
But still in equal temper, still the same,
Esteeming good men, and esteemed by them.
As an example and encouragement
Of Virtue, with an aged life all spent
Without a stain, still flourishing and green,
In pious acts, more to be felt than seen.

When this I had with intermissions read,
(For floods of tears these intermissions made.)
I could not stay for to search out for his name,
For well I knew that HARCARSE was the same.

Edinburgh : Printed in the year 1700.

XLII.

**On the Death of Mr. William Dunlop,
Principal of the University of
Glasgow.**

William Dunlop was the son of the Rev. Alex. Dunlop, minister of Paisley, by Elizabeth, daughter of William Mure of Glanderton. One maternal aunt was the mother of Principal Carstairs, and another the wife successively of Zachary Boyd and James Durham. A great portion of his life was spent in America. Returning to Scotland after the Revolution, he, in 1690, was presented to the parish church of Ochiltree, and a few months afterwards had a call to that of Paisley. He was named Principal of the University of Glasgow in November 1690, and died in March 1700.

Principal Dunlop married his cousin Sarah Carstairs, and was the father of Alexander Dunlop, afterwards professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, who published a Greek grammar, and died in 1742, and of William Dunlop, A. M. Professor of Divinity and Church History in the University of Edinburgh, whose well-known Collection of Confessions of Faith, was printed at Edin. in two vols. 1719-22, 8vo. The second volume was posthumous, Mr. Dunlop having died at Edinburgh, October 29, 1720, at the early age of twenty-eight.

— Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis ?

M ust we now our ideas thus employ,
A h's death lament instead of joy :
S ader's our state than when scarce *Æneas*,
T o Dido could tell's ideas ;
E ven worse than when to Jacob 'twas told,
R ent Joseph is, whereas but sold.

W e ought therefore his praises to resound,
 I n thousands since his match isn't found.
 L o he, like holy Lot, his time spent here,
 L owing his God, and him did fear :
 I n preaching he, like Luther, was a star,
 A ny convincing that did err ;
 M oses for meekness, Aaron in his speech.

D espising ill, and well did teach,
 U riah's sp'rit, in him did ly of gold,
 N one so precious to be sold :
 L ike Joseph for's parts, the King did 'm promote,
 O 're passing many in his coat.
 P lac'd by the King, the Colledge to govern,

P iety to plant, did discern :
 R ightly, yea, by our Lords, he was elect'd,
 I n speed our trade for to direct.
 N one could so well with peace debates agree,
 C oncerning gentlemen, as did he.
 I n Nestor's age, his equal was, I don't believe,
 P aul like he was, when here he did survive,
 A ll his rare virtues, I cannot rehearse ;
 L ow'ring my sails, I end my verse.

Mors ultima linea rerum
 Que me fugerunt his Lector corrigat aequus.*

* Wodrow has written at the foot of the elegy, "By Mr. Ja. Paul," a piece of information for which we feel truly grateful, as every lover of Poetry must be anxious to know from whose pen an elegy so singularly original proceeded. The style and versification have recently been imitated by Mr. David Miller, in some of his funereal productions, with considerable success—we refer especially to his verses on the Rev. A. Thomson.

XLIII.

**On the universally lamented Death of the
Right Honourable Lady Ann Elcho.**

Lady Anne Douglas, eldest daughter of William first Duke of Queensberry, sister of the second Duke of Queensberry, and of the first Earl of March, married David then Lord Elcho, but after the Countess his mother's death, Earl of Wemyss, and by him had two sons and two daughters. In consequence of her clothes taking fire, she was, on the 13th July 1700, so severely scorched, that she expired on the 23d of the same month. Wood styles her Countess of Wemyss, (vol. ii. p. 623,) an erroneous assumption, seeing her husband did not succeed to the earldom until 1705.

It was through this marriage that the present Earl of Wemyss inherits the Neidpath estates, and his claim to the earldom of March.

The universe, it seems, is drawing nigh,
Its final, and fore-doom'd catastrophie.
We have seen, its firie preluds seise upon,
And marr the glory of our Caledone,
In her most stately structurs, and we see
That human kind is not from the same free,
And burning feavers every where do waste,
And moulder humane bodies unto dust ;
As if this present age were to expire,
Both with all time, and th' universal fire.
My Lady ELCHO we the more lament,
That she by a *malignant* flame is sent,
And early to the charnel house doth pass,
Since nothing of *malignant* in her was :
She's as illustrious in her pedigree
And name, as the most noble family

That's here : her father's, and her brother's bays,
 Are as extensive as *Apollo's* rays ;
 All the conspicuous honours of the face,
 And symmetrie, our Lady ANN did grace.
 And all the rare accomplishments we find,
 Dispers'd in others, center'd in her mind.
 A snow like candor did adorn her soul ;
 It ever was without all fraud and guile,
 And all the actions which from hence did flow,
 Were like the source upright, and serene too ;
 She of all other vertues had such store,
 As there be flowers which *Flora's* brow decore.
 So wer't the custom now to canonise,
 We might her in the Alb of Saints comprise :
 She either was as free from stains as they,
 Or had she faults, the flame purg'd these away.
 And she's gone straight above the starry pole,
 Leaving her noble husband to condole.
 His double loss : Alace ! A phrase too mild,
 Where his most loving lady and dear child,
 Or rather children, and all hopes from them,
 Ascend like to *Elijah* in a flame :
 Onlie well grounded hopes of her blest state,
 Can his excessive agonies abate,
 And the two hopefull boys she left behind,
 May mitigat the sorrows of his mind.

Edinburgh : Printed by George Jaffray, Anno 1700.

XLIV.

**Panegyrick upon the Death of Lieut.
Thomas Haddow, who deceased 4th
of April 1700, in the 27th year
of his age, having been ten
years an Officer in
King William's
Service.**

Of Lieut. Haddow we have been unable to obtain any information.

No youth nor strength, nor vigour of that kind,
Greatness of soul, nor yet heroick mind,
Undaunted courage, magnanimitie,
Nor gifts, nor parts of the most high degree,
Nor racked skill, nor highest reach of arts,
Tho' all conjoin'd, and all did act their parts ;
No medecines, tho' proper and in season,
Apply'd by art, and highest pitch of reason,
Nor is there ought in all the earth that can
Preserve the life of fadeing mortal man :
But in due time, by heaven's prefixt decree,
Both young and ag'd, yea all mankind, must die.

Here was a youth for generosity,
For courage, candor, ingenuity,
And other parts of person and of mind,
That of his years few equals left behind ;
True son of *Mars*, a credit to that art,
Both ready and expert in every part,
No danger could affright so great a mind,
Yet still his nature affable and kind.

While in great dangers wonderfully sav'd,
 When many gallants were of life bereav'd.
 Yet fatal death, by Heaven's directing power,
 Removed him home in his appointed hour,
 In peace (while young) he was call'd off the stage,
 When in the spring time of his growing age.
 Confessing sin his newest heart did spend,
 Pleading for mercy, praising to the end ;
 Although that nothing falleth out by chance,
 But by the course of divine providence,
 Yet Innocents may be brought to their graves
 By crafty villains, undeserving knaves,
 Who in due time, as Heaven shall send just cause,
 May chance to suffer by the divine laws,
 Although that *Jehu* acted by command,
 Yet *Jezeret's* blood was sought at *Jehu's* hand.

XLV.

On the Universally Lamented Death of
 Mr. Alexander Scheills, an eminent
 Minister of the Gospell, who de-
 parted this life at Jamaica,
 in his return from
 Caledonia, 1700.

Alexander Shiels, the author of the well-known work, "The Hind let loose," was a son of James Shiels of Haugh-head in Berwickshire. He became a popular preacher and great saint of his time. His style of preaching, if we can credit the sample preserved in the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence,* employed on one occasion when

* 2d Edition, London, 1693, p. 85.

addressing a congregation at Berwick, must have been somewhat forcible.

"Many," said he, "had religion the day, but would have none the morn, their religion was soon gone like a woman's virginity."

His peculiarities, religious as well as political, brought him under the strong arm of the law, and being taken in 1685 before "the Council, after much altercations (he) at last consented to sign the abjuration of these treasonable principles of rising in arms, &c.; but declined to swear it. He would have entered a protestation, but he signed it only in so far as it was consistent with his duty, but that was rejected. Then he was content to declare that he owned the present King, and that it was unlawful to raise war against him, or assassinat his adherents; for a man may declare many things that he could not swear; and he said though he was a Presbyterian, he was against pressing the Covenant itself. At last he signed the abjuration, but in respect he had formerly retracted the taking thereof, saying he was forced thereto, it was mocked; now that what he had done was voluntar, they were resolved only to banish him."—Fountainhall's Chronological Notes, 140.

Shields was meanwhile incarcerated in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, but he contrived to escape therefrom in woman's clothes, for which the jailors, John Vans and Arthur Udney, were dismissed summarily by an Act of Privy Council, in Nov. 1686, (Acts of Parliament, vol. ix. p. 66, folio edition.) He joined Renwick, a celebrated Scots worthy, of whom he became biographer, and on the 5th of December 1686, he attended a field preaching with him at the Wood of Earlston in Galloway. Subsequently he went to Holland, from whence he returned after the revolution, being, it is said, (Scots Worthies, 3d edit. Edin. 1796, 8vo. p. 509,) "greatly esteemed by King William."

He was settled minister at St. Andrews, where he continued until 1699, when he in company with Messrs. Borland, Stobo, and Dalgleish, were pitched upon to go over with his countrymen to Darien. He suffered in common with the other adventurers the privations attendant upon that unfortunate attempt to colonize, and with some difficulty escaped to Jamaica, where he died of a malignant fever, upon the 14th June 1700, at Port-Royal. The expenses of his funeral were paid by a kind countrywoman, Isabel Murray, probably the person in whose house he expired.—(Scots Worthies, p. 322.)

Come *muses* nine, assist me to lament
The loss of him, no danger could prevent.
From carrying on the cause of Ghrist his master,
But boldly did withstand every disaster,
Came in his way, and like to *Noah's* dove,
He for the ark of God bear such a love
That to the sole of's foot he found no rest
Untill he found the deluge overpast.
Would I had *Argus* eyes that floods of tears
Might flow from thence to dispell all our fears.
Heaven by this stroke, seems our designes to blast,
Since he is gone, whil'st life and strength did last,
All hazards ventur'd, Religion to promote
By's life and doctrine, where e'er he footing got ;
That heathen infidels did almost own
The glorious gospel (by him) to them shown,
To be more precious than all their *Indian* gold,
As I have heard by travelers oft told.
Shall such an usefull member of the church
Fall by death's dart and ne'er on heart so much
As once be grived nor any eye found weep
For losing of a shepherd of Christ's sheep.
Who e'er was faithfull in feeding of his flocks
And notwithstanding of what stumbling blocks
Stood in his way, he tenderly them led,
And with sincere milk of the word them fed,
Wherefore he now is with immortall rayes,
Crown'd in these mansions where his Master stayes.

XLVI.

**Truth's Champion; or an Elegie on the
much to be lamented Death of that
Pious and Godly Minister of
the Gospel, Mr. Alexander
Shields.**

Invoke no Muse, but the Celestial King,
When you the praises of a Saint do sing:
A Saint who did his Master's cause defend,
And boldly for his countrey's rights contend.
He does a victim for his countrey fall,
Which Courtier's pride, and Churchmen's greed enthral.
This Presyter the truth did ever love,
Nor could his holy soul at all approve,
A Popish King's indulgences to take,
And by such means the solemn league to break:
The breach of solemn oaths he still did dread,
Nor truckl'd under Court-designs for bread:
Which, to the blush may put some preaching dons,
Beneath whose greed our bleeding countrey groans.
He with the truth did still adorn his SHIELD,
Which made him boldly to maintain the field.
While others strive through blackest crimes to raise
To their base names tall pyramids of praise,
His name shall be embalm'd with the perfume
Of sweeter spices than from Ægypt come.
Truth's balmy laurel shall surround his name,
And Fame, that mighty herald, shall proclaim
Those just encomiums that to him are due,

And every age his praises still renew.
SHIELD's shall not dye, while there's an honest heart
That loveth truth, and truth will still impart.
He scorn'd the fawning flatt'ries of the age,
Nor would with truckling parasites engage.
His honest heart could never entertain
A thought, that might his holy garment stain.
Nor knew such vertue in perswasive gold,
That for its sake his countrey could be sold.
He harmless thought that *Achan* could not lodge
In God's great temple with his golden wedge :
Achan before was lodged in the camp,
But *Rabbis* now receive the fatal stamp,
With our own substance we are bought and sold,
Men of all ranks obey the chink of gold.
A fatal thing to this poor-bleeding land,
Whose wealth and trade they vainly do withstand.
This holy man more eagerly was bent
For Christ's seraphic kingdom, and was sent
A harbinger i' th' *Indies*, to proclaim
Our Sovereign Lord's great doctrine and his name ;
But having seen what villany could do,
His soul was struck with penetrating woe.
Then heavenly powers, who all these crimes foresee,
Did, by eternal wisdom, straight decree
This holy soul shall quickly take its flight,
Before he heard these gloomy shades of night
Darken'd our lamps, and so eclips'd our skye,
That we below the gloomy darkness lye.

XLVII.

On the Universally Lamented Death of
 Duncan Ronald, Director-Depute of
 the Chancery, and Writer to
 his Majesties Signet, who
 died at Edinburgh,
 August 1700.

Of Duncan Ronald, Director-Depute of Chancery, the very little that has been traced is contained in a Tract now in possession of the Editor, and which is supposed to be unique, entitled, "Memorial representing the State and Constitution of the Chancery Office in North Britain." Small 4to.; no date, but printed evidently at Edinburgh after 1707. From this production we learn that Ronald held the situation of Depute under Sir William Kerr, Director of Chancery, and his successor Lord Charles Kerr, who seems to have obtained the Directorship in 1695.

It would appear that Sir William Kerr, from necessity, or perhaps avarice, had exacted from the Chancery clerks a portion of their dues, and that Mr. Ronald, in a representation he gave in to the new Director, Lord Charles, at his entry, declared, "that no director, before the year 1690, ever pretended right to these clerks' dues, but that Sir William Kerr his circumstances then required it, and so he attempted it, leaving therefor his clerks, only two old men, both poor and wanting friends to deal with, viz. Mr. John Brown, and John Brown, (*alias* Laird Snuff,) who dyed, as was alledged, without making a publick complaint for repetition, so that their seeming passive compliance, (or what ever way it was,) for two or three years, is since obtruded to their successor as a *new footing*, as 'tis termed."

Mr. Ronald does not appear to have been successful in his attempts to benefit the successors of Laird Snuff, for the abuse continued after his decease, as the above quoted pamphlet demonstrates.

Nisbet, (vol. i. p. 299,) informs us, that "One Robert Ronald, Provost of Montrose, bore argent, a lion passant, guardant gules, tied to an oak-tree proper; and on a chief azure, a rose slipped between two crescents of the first. Crest, an oak-tree leaved and fructuated proper; motto, *Sic virescit virtus*." The proper arms "of the family were argent, a lion passant gules, tied to an oak-tree proper, and on a chief azure, three crescents of the fruit —Pont's Manuscript."

This year at Rome the jubilie doth stand ;
 D But whether Death or Pope doth most command,
 My querie ! pray tell me travler now,
 Where Death inhabits, reigns, and pays his vow !
 If you can tell me, where this King do lodge ;
 I'll be thy vassal, and thy sorely drudge.

U Death ! Death ! our Kings, our Queens, our Nobles all,
 Our Knights, our Barons, Lairds, by thee they fall,
 Our *Dives*, *Lazrus*, *Senecas*, and Lords ;
 Can never scape thy dedly fatal cords.
 Why is it so ? By heavens alone decree,
 Men must be living, also men must die.

N But ah ! Death, now thou carries high thine hand,
 Thou soars aloft ; we cannot thee command :
 Thou'shoots (like Cupid) arrows from the skyes,
 Thou sends thy darts ; als soon the mortal dies.
 Ah me ! why so ! can nothing thee attack :
 Can vertuous dimonds never thee attract.

C No, no, say'th Death : for why ? my time is come,
 My scepter, crown, are old, and reign nigh run.
 I'm but a vassal of the powers above,
 I must display the banner of my love.
 For Death's my name, a lyon I must be,
 Untill my days be turn'd to eternity.

Now judgements nigh, the world is near an end,

A My sword is sharpest when I must defend
 My cause ; and my commission I display,
 When dust I send to dust, their natives clay.
 So queries are but idle, vain to thee ;
 Read, birth, death, judgement, and eternitie.

For if I could have spar'd a lovely face ;

N *Helen of Troy*, might damped me with grace.
 If riches ; *Cresus* might have brib'd me then ;
 If grace, or beauty, or the sons of men.
 Then might I have had thousands at my hand,
 Of *Absolom's* and *Solomon's* to stand.

If learning, *Cicero*, *Seneca*, these wits,
 Would play'd me music, when I took my fits,
 Also well as *David* ; but no harmonie
 Can wound me : magick cannot blind mine eye.

Nay, Kings and Emperours are my trophies still,
 Who then can bribe me, who has all at will ?

R Thy DUNCAN RONNALD, Depute of the Rolls,
 The Keeper of thy Charters, Seasines, Scrolls,
 Might been preserv'd, if grace or parts might do :
 But who's the man, I spare, of candour now.
 Yes, weep ye may, ye Scribes and Writers throng !
 But ye that weep, must meet me ere't be long.

O Kindness of nature, Sympathie indites
 Our mourning over Ronnald, and invites :
 He was a man of geniousness and arts,
 Divine and moral ; lov'd by men of parts.
 What's more ; he had the popular applause,
 Of Commons, Learnings, Enemies, and Foes.

N He carried civil in his Post and Chair
 Of honour's district, void of anxious fear ;
 Content with fortune, Providence's decree,
 And vain Ambition, Emptiness did see.
 Therefore I Death, behoov'd to pluck my rose,
 For fear of withering here among his foes.

A Well spoke, O Death ! crown me with mortal rayes,
 Come stay no longer, quickly cut my dayes :
 Since we must pass to heaven thro' *Baca's* vale,
 Hoise anchor, Death, set mizons on thy sail :
 For dye we must before we come to be,
 With Duncan Ronnal in prosperitie.

L For we must walk by faith, as Ronnald did,
 And get our Charter party, to be hid,
 In our recesses : Pray'r must be the key,
 Love and assureance, twofold charitie.
 Then *Jesus* merits, *Jacob's* ladder can,
 Make scarlet sins, made whiter than a swan.

D Death, Death, deny us fate of sudden calls,
 Seize but gradation, e're you break our walls ;
 Then sound thy trumpet, as a *Iona* shrill ;
 Our bodies yield, decay to dust they will.
 For moulder, dwindle, and consume to dust,
 Men (dust they are) return to it they must.

Hæc raptim et cursum composuit.

MR. GEORGE DEMPSTER.

XLVIII.

On the Deplorable Death of the Right Honourable Margaret Countess of Rothes, who departed this life the 22d August 1700.

Margaret, Countess of Rothes, eldest daughter of the Duke of Rothes, an Elegy on whose death occurs previously, married Charles fifth Earl of Haddington on the 7th of October 1674, and by him, who died in 1685, she had John seventh Earl of Rothes, from whom the present Earl is descended in the female line, and Thomas the sixth Earl of Haddington.

To prevent the two titles merging in one person, Earl Charles resigned his honours, and obtained a new patent, by which his titles were made to devolve upon his second son. Riddell's Inquiry, Vol. I. p. 213.

Now the most fragrant flower of femal kynde,
 In this our age falls, scarce is left behind.
 Or may her paralell for pietie,
 Pregnant patience, and christian charitie :
 Her noble actions made her virtues known,
 And to posterity they ought to be shown,
 For pietie and charitie always did
 Attend each motion of her sp'rit, which hid
 Could noways be, when those who timely were
 Objects of charitie, apply'd to her,
 The widow's relief, and the orphan's stay.
 To the disconsolate she was alway
 A timely support ; so that her worth and fame,
 Throughout all ages her vertues shall proclaime,
 A tender mother, and a loveing wife ;
 Yea truly chest in every step of life,

Inclyn'd to vertue in all things that might tend
To the advantage of her dearest friend,
Constant affection, inviolable love,
Did to her noble consort allways prove,
Her chastity to him to be sincere,
During her weddlock bonds, and since they were
Dissolv'd by death, to're noble offspring she,
And others of her sex for pietie ;
And vertue hath allways a matron been,
That none her to excell was ever seen :
Far as she was most noble by her birth :
So farr more noble was she for her worth ;
That all who know her actions must confess :
No tongue or pen is able to express,
The great renown the memory of her name
Doth still deserve, for everlasting fame,
Shall it proclaim to future ages, that
Posterities her praise may celebrate
From time to time, while time doth remain,
Untill the world dissolve, and her soul come again.
Which is ascended (I presume) to rest,
Into eternal joyes, with those are blest ;
For pietie and vertue did attend
All the actions of her life unto the end.



XLIX.

**Apon the untimely Death of that Noble
Young Lady the Countesse
of Buccleugh.**

[From a copy furnished by C. K. Sharpe, Esq.]

This Lady was Mary Countess of Buccleugh, eldest daughter of Francis second Earl of Buccleugh. She was served heir to her father 6th October 1653. At the age of eleven she married (9th February 1659) Walter Scott, eldest son of Sir Gideon Scot of Highchester, aged fourteen. They were married by Mr. Harry Wilkie, minister of Wemyss, without proclamation, by an order from the Presbytery of Kirkaldy.

The youth of the parties affords pretty distinct evidence that undue advantage had been taken of the tender years of the young lady; but such things were common in Scotland at that period. The Presbytery was brought before the Provincial Synod of Fife, and got off on this very curious ground, that the order rested on an Act of the General Assembly, allowing such marriages in case of necessity, or fear of rape, and that the Lady's friends were apprehensive of abduction. Master Scott must have been a precocious youth truly, according to this defence. But what a strange picture of the barbarous state of Scotland does all this present!—Here is an *infant* of high birth, and great wealth, whose property and person the laws were unable to protect, and who could not remain single after the age of eleven, without the risk of being carried off.

The juvenile ravisher was rewarded with an Earldom for his gallantry, for he was created Earl of Tarras, Lord Alemoor and Campcastell, for life only, by patent dated 4th September 1660, he being then between fifteen and sixteen years of age. All his brilliant expectations were extinguished by the death of his Lady, who died on the 12th of March 1661, in the thirteenth year of her age,—it is almost unnecessary to add, that there was no issue of this strange marriage.

She was succeeded by her sister, the Countess Anne, who married the Duke of Monmouth, when little more than twelve years of age. Lord Tarras married again, and left, by his wife Helen Hepburn, three sons and three daughters. From his second son Walter Soot of Harden, the present Lord Polwarth is descended.

Here goes into the grave, a glorious Prime,
Honour and Fame were but attending time
Of farder ripening, and the bringing on
Of her fair flourish to perfection.

But O ! when Time did Fame and Honours call,
Then comes proud Death, and swiftly ruines all ;
So wise and young ; so young and so compleit,
Greatnesse and Goodnesse trysted here to meet.
Farewell, sweet Countesse ! it's thy noble dust
Which is committed to this Tomb in trust.
The splendour of thy virtues and their rayes
Shall shine in our horizon many dayes.

L.

On the Death of Mr. Gilbert Rule,
Principal of the College of Edinburgh,
who departed this life
June 7, 1701. Aged
72 years.

[From a broadside belonging to C. K. Sharpe, Esq.]

Mr. Gilbert Rule is shown up in the " Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence," and the following specimen is given of his style of prayer. After the dissolution of the General Assembly he thus expressed himself in the pulpit,—“ O Lord, thou knows that Christ's Court, the General Assembly, ought to protest against usurpers upon Christ's kingdom, but if we had known that King William would have been

angry with us in earnest, and if the brethren would have followed my advice, we should have pleased the King for this time, and taken Christ on our own hand till some other opportunity."

He was the Salathiel Littlesense of Pitcairn's Assembly, and we are told in the preface, " That famous saying of his in a publick lecture, *si aliquis virus colebit faleum Deum, seu verum Deum ut non prescriptum est, iste virus est guiltus idolatriæ*, is so known through all the town, that he is named Doctor *Guidus*, from that very thing."

[Rule] succeeded Doctor Monro, who was unjustly ejected from the situation of Principal of the University of Edinburgh, for no other reason than his being an Episcopalian ; this would naturally expose the intruder to the ridicule of the Tory party, but if these two specimens of his oratory are founded in truth, he was a fair object of satire.

Full fraught with years and knowledge doth resort
 The rich-lade cargo to his heavenly port ;
 Where the celestial Harbingers do wait
 To entertain what was decreed by fate :
 An honour to the OLD METROPOLIS,
 The rich man's favour, and the poor man's bless,
 The widow's friend, the fatherless his prop,
 Th' oppressed's help, and the distressed's hope.
 What needs encomiums ? Thy own works praise thee ;
 Or elegies ? Thy many volumns raise thee.
 It's hard to judge at which he was the best,
 Divine or Philosoph ; great in the least.
 A RULE to rich and poor, to small and great ;
 Learning's rich magazine, and wisdom's seat.
 In his own person was a library,
 And glory of the University,
 Whose works shall live unto eternity.
 Let friends then cease for to lament and mourn,
 And bring the earthly mould unto it's urn.
 (It's the all-seeing Providence would have it,)
 While that the soul returns to God who gave it.

LI.

On the very much lamented Death of the
truly Noble, and universally respected,
Lord Basil Hamiltoun, son to the
deceast William Duke of Hamil-
toun, grandchild to James Duke
of Hamiltoun, and William
Marques of Dowglass ;
who was unfortunately
drowned August 27,
1701, ætat. 29, by
endeavouring
to rescue his
servant.

Lord Basil Hamilton was the sixth son of William and Anne, Duke and Duchess of Hamilton. He was baptised at Hamilton on the 16th of December 1670. His Lordship was drowned in the Minnoch, a small river of Galloway, which had been swoln by a heavy rain, whilst attempting to rescue his servant, who had unadvisedly ridden into the stream with the object of trying the ford.

The first Duke of Argyle, in a letter dated 9th September 1701, to Carstairs, says, " You have heard Lord Basil Hamilton is drowned, and Lord Selkirk looking on. It is a mighty stroke to that family, and weakens the grummeltonian party in Scotland." The way in which this sad event is alluded to, does little credit to the heart of the writer. As he had recently (23d June 1701) received his Ducal Coronet, through the instrumentality of the Presbyterian or Whig party, he perhaps thought that this light way of treating the calamity with which the Tory family of Hamilton had been visited, would please so zealous a saint and so powerful a patron as the Reverend Mr. Carstairs.

Wood, who notices the letter (vol. ii. 488), points out the error in date into which the Editor of Carstairs' State Papers has fallen, by substituting 1699 for 1701; but he himself makes a mistake, in calling the writer Earl instead of Duke of Argyle.

The Earl of Selkirk was the brother of Lord Basil, who was married to Mary, grand-daughter and heiress of Sir David Dunbar of Balldoun, in the County of Wigton, Bart., and by her, who died at Edinburgh, 15th May 1760, aged 84, he had two sons and two daughters. The present Earl of Selkirk is the great, great grandson of Lord Basil.

Just as he liv'd he dy'd ; 'twas SYMPATHY,
'Twas thus he liv'd, 'twas thus he came to dy.
This universally respected Lord,
(Heroick soul !) did generously afford,
His heart, hand, tongue, purse, credit, to restore
His countrey's honour, fam'd in days of yore,
Endeavour'd to maintain her reputation,
When undervalu'd by its neighbour nation.
And 'twas his genius to sympathise
With such as were deprest with miseries.
Scarce to be match'd by subjects, for his birth ;
And yet still more illustrious for his worth.
Were I an artist in calcography,
I would transmit his name, fame, memory,
To after ages, far beyond the power
Of time itself t' obliterate, or devour.
His SYMPATHY continued to the last ;
Ah me ! that at this time it mov'd so fast.
When he attempt'd his servant's life to save,
And lost his own ; yet the DESIGN WAS BRAVE.

LII.

On the universally lamented Death of
the Right Honourable Lord Basil
Hamilton, brother-german to his
Grace the Duke of Hamilton.
(Being a short hint of his
heroick life, and fatal
death,) who dyed
August 27, 1701,
at. 27.*

Ah ! how all elements conspire with Death,
To stifle at it's pleasure human breath !
The very water here at its command,
Destroys a PEER and PILLAR of this land ;
BASIL, who was descended from that line,
Where brightest rays of royaltie do shine,
Who next the Duke, was Phoenix of his name
And house, which everywhere diffuse their fame,
Whose personage was so symmetrical,
All justly HIM, his father's image call,
And in whose stately fabrick lodged was
A SOUL, which other souls did far surpass :
A SOUL, consults the good of CALEDON,
As if in both, were not two souls, but one.
A SOUL, through his short course of life, was free
From swearing, drunkenness, and leacherie.

* It is strange that his age should be so differently stated—the preceding elegy calls him twenty-nine, the present one twenty-seven, and Wood, in his edition of Douglas, makes him thirty. In a few months he would have been thirty-one.

And treacherie, and all the other crimes
 Which are the horrid scandal of these times.
 With sublime sence, and courage he withstood
 Whatever did oppose the publick good,
 And he his charitie did so extend,
 All CALEDONIA will him still command,
 As their thrice worthie patriot, and friend.
 Ah ! fatal instance of his charitie !
 To save a menial servant he did die.
 Ah ! that the cruel Fates would not allow
 What to that most heroick deed was due !
 Here, his attempt the Fates did render vain,
 As they did those of his for DARIEN.*
 Our DARIEN trade, with it, our publick good,
 Were by the Fates o'erwhelmed by a flood ;
 And the same Fates our propugnator drown,
 Ev'n in that act which merited renown :
 And CALEDON, alarum'd with the Fate,
 With floods of tears the publick loss regrate.
 To his thrice worthy mate, an ample field

* His Lordship attained great popularity in his native country, in consequence of his successful exertions on behalf of certain of the Darien adventurers, who had been captured by the Spaniards, thrown into prison, and threatened with death. Lord Basil was deputed by the Darien Company to solicit the interference of King William. His Majesty at first refused to see him, because he had not appeared at Court when last at London. This difficulty was got over, and an audience fixed in the Council Chamber. The King, however, forgot the appointment, and was hurrying into another room; when his Lordship intercepted his Majesty's retreat, and insisted firmly but respectfully on his right to be heard. The King returned, listened with great patience to the eloquent address of his amiable suppliant, and gave instant orders to apply to Spain for redress, observing to those near him, " This young man is too bold, if any man can be too bold, in his country's cause."

Is patent to her grief, she's big with child :
 She weeps, the child shall ne'er his father see,
 While the three born lisp out an elegie,
 So great's her grief : sure she had lost her life,
 Had not the Christian overcome the wife.
 So great's his mother's sorrow, that her soul,
 Were she not saint, would with his mount the pole.
 Only well grounded hopes of his blest state,
 Can their excessive agonies abate.

LIII.

**The Mournful Muse, or a Poem upon the
 very much and universally, tho' never
 enough lamented Death, and to the
 Pious Memory of that truly ex-
 cellent and worthy Patriot,
 Lord Basil Hamilton,
 fifth lawful son to the
 deceased William
 Duke of Hamil-
 ton, &c.**

[This, and the two preceding elegies are from the originals in the
 Library of the Faculty of Advocates.]

What sullen planet rul'd the direful day,
 Whereon the true-born Scot was snatch'd away ?
 Good God ! what must this tragick death portend ?
 Why must so great a PATRIOT have this end ?
 Is it because our sins the Heav'ns outbrave ?
 That we must meaner expiation crave.

Or [shall the land] yet suffer more and more?
And are fresh judgements kept for us in store?
The last more dreadful than what went before.
The loss of wise men doth our land benight,
And leaves us void of conduct and of light.
Then does Lord **BASIL**'s fatal death demand
Full floods of tears as tribute from our land.
I see each rank to tell his death prepares,
In the most tender and most mournful aires ;
And I the meanest of the Scottish swains,
Amongst the rest offer my humble strains.
Oh ! that my lowly verse could justly rate
The nation's loss and his lamented fate ;
Whose noble mind did all its actions bend
To raise our trade, and countrey to defend.
Noble by birth he was, yet nobler still
By virtue, which his princely **SOUL** did fill.
His noble air with a mild sweetness mix'd,
Both love and fear in the beholders fix'd.
No proud disdain or storms in him were seen,
But all [was gentle] graceful was his mien,
His grace was all respect, his virtue love,
And in each breast did deep affection move.
He plac'd not gallantry in dreadful oaths,
Nor in full bowls, which sober nature loaths ;
Nor dream'd of Deities in women's cloaths.
His brighter **SOUL** with purer fire enflam'd,
At nobler feats, and loftier actions aim'd.
Actions that might his countrey's fame display,
Which long in sloath's dull ashes burried lay.
He laid his projects still to raise our trade,
In forreign colonies our fame to spread ;
For **CALEDONIA**'s injur'd settlement,
With just resentment to the Court he went,

And that with great expense, yet did decline
To be repay'd for either cost or time.
Thus brave and generous did He live and die,
And shrunk away in boundless charity.
To imitate our SAVIOUR he strove,
Aiming to save, dy'd in abundant love.
If the Centurion's charity was nam'd,
And signally by sacred writ was fam'd,
Lord BASIL's must in duty be proclaim'd ;
One prayed our Saviour for his servant's cure,
This for his servant did ev'n death endure.
O fatal hour to this unhappy land !
Whose constant wrongs Lord BASIL did withstand.
Daring and brisk in ev'ry gen'rous act,
Nor would He from an honest cause retract,
The heavy groans which fill each street and lane,
Our deepest loss and misery proclaim.
His death no sooner strickes the hardest ear,
But the sad statutes of despair appear.
All cry, we're lost, our hope and joy is gone,
And in sad silence do the loss bemoan :
Curs'd be thou *Minnock*, Author of the deed.
Curs'd streams flow black into your fountain's head,
Shrink in, and ne're be seen by *Titan's* rays,
Nor be henceforth named in our days.
O hatefull be thy banks, whose wat'ry womb,
With swelling waves, did the brave Scot entomb.
Let not thy name in our records be found,
But in perpetual silence be thou drown'd,
Let all the nymphs and lovely swains straight fly.
Thy hated banks, where the pale corps did ly.
Let hooting owls and dolefull birds appear,
Let their sad musick be thy constant chear.

Ye HEAVENLY powers grant that the annual day
Eclips'd may be, and darkness rule the sky,
As a sad index of his destiny ;
Whom neither birth, desert, nor youthful age,
Could rescue from bold death's insulting rage.

Edinburgh, Printed by John Reid, 1701.

LIV.

On the much lamented death of Anne,
Countess of Leven, who departed
this life in the Castle of Edin-
burgh, upon the ninth day
of January 1702.

[From the original in the possession of C. K. Sharpe, Esq.]

This lady was the sister of David, third Earl of Wemyss, and had by her husband David, third Earl of Leven, and second Earl of Melville, George, Lord Balgony and Raith, who died without issue in August 1721, before his father, and Alexander, who ultimately succeeded to the title and estates. The only daughter, Lady Mary, married William, second Earl of Aberdeen.

Lord Leven was, at the time of his wife's death, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, and resided there. He was removed in December 1702, but was re-appointed 2d March 1706. He died in May 1728, aged 68.

The Leven and Melville family were very severely handled in the Jacobite pasquils of the times. See verses on the Union Parliament, Scottish Pasquils, Vol. III. p. 82. In the same very curious collection will be found a song on the Earls of Wemyss and Leven, being re-

spectively made High Admiral and Commander-in-Chief, March 1706. It commences,—

Let all our forraign enemies,
Attack us if they dare-a
Since Weems is Neptune of the seas,
And Leven the God of War-a.

If sighs and moans cou'd speak, or tears could breath,
If moans and crys could but attone for death,
Thousands would then appear to act their parts,
In mourning habits and with sable hearts.
Children do weep, her Lord disconsolate,
A mother mourning, brother wailing at
Their loss, a sister that laments with crys
Her absence, at the closing of her eyes ;
We may well moan, but how can we complain ?
What's loss to us, to her a greater gain.
But noble dame, O wouldest thou had but staid
A little here, and not so soon have paid
Thy debt unto dame Nature ; ah ! but we
Deserved not so happy for to be.
A lady good and just, while living, dy'd ;
While dying liv'd, to Heaven's now convey'd
By angels to receive a crown which she
Had gained here below, and now is free
From earthly cares, with Heavenly Host to be.
Her piety and virtue did presage
That she should act upon an higher stage.
She is not dead, she lives ; it's only we,
Poor purblind creatures further cannot see.
Now royal fort, it was thy fatal lot
To lose an ornament that heaven hath got,
Where she shall rest, while friends on earth do mourn,
Bringing with tears her ashes to their urn.

EPITAPH.

The Maiden Mount outvies the Roman seven,
 Gave a wise King to earth, and a great saint to Heaven,
 Great Britain's James, and Anna Weems of Levin.

LV.

On the very much lamented Death of
 that truely noble and pious Lady, the
 Countess of Leven, daughter of the
 Right Honourable the Lord
 Bruntisland and Margaret
 Countess of Weems,
 snatch'd away by
 a sudden death,
 January 9,
 1702.

[From the original in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.]

As sudden claps of thunder strikes the ear,
 And damps the stoutest by some secret fear,
 As dismal judgments sent by God's command
 Make mortals shrink, and in amazement stand :
 Even so the mournful news that fly around
 Of bright Pastora's fall, do deeply wound
 Each heart with fear, and such a secret smart,
 As chills the blood in every vital part ;
 Just as the strings of nature were unbound,
 And every part a dissolution found.

All justly dread the heaven's thereby intend
On us, for sin, fresh judgements now to send,
While the rare pledges of their divine love,
By fatal stroaks, they suddenly remove.

Too just's our fear, since that brave soul is gone,
And in sad mourning, left us to bemoan
The clay was once informed with every grace,
Which fixed majestick beauty in her face,
That spangled orb of glories, darting light
And dazzling rays to each beholder's sight,
Such rays as ravish'd all the sense and mind
With pleasing wonder, and all joys refin'd ;
So glorious was the temple and the place
PASTORA's soul adorn'd with every grace,
Whose streams did heavenly joy and light impart,
By noble vertues, to each gracious heart,
Like some unbounded ocean, from above,
Of heavenly grace and all transcending love.
The oppressed's patron, and the orphan's stay,
She did her charity to all display,
No interest, passion, or blind prejudice,
Could on the reins of her bright judgement seize ;
Calm and serene her mind, from passion free,
Like just ASTRÆA judg'd with equity.
Her husband's glory, and her sex's pride,
Who lov'd, admir'd, and all submission paid.
Her holy soul in chastness bore the sway,
And from pretenders took the prize away.
She in devotion's sphere with Seraphs vied,
And in pure strains of zeal, each duty paid ;
Yet with these glittering grace bore a mind
Humble, as osiers bending to the wind.

Whene'er she acted, or whate'er she spoke,
 Heaven did appear in every grace and look.
 On heavens bright battlements the gods convene,
 View'd all her graces, divine air and mein,
 Then by eternal wisdom straight approve,
 From earth this divine creature to remove,
 That she amongst the seraphims might shine,
 With all the glories of their powers divine.

Mourn then all ranks, lament her sudden death,
 As a sad index of the divine wrath,
 That her pure soul, whose piety could move
 Heavens, our deserved judgements to remove,
 Is of a sudden quickly caught away,
 And none such left our sorrows to allay.

Lament her Hero's loss, see how he lyes
 All bath'd in tears, whose sighs do rend the skies ;
 No more he'll live encircled in these arms,
 Bless'd with the sweets of fair *PASTORA*'s charms,
 Nor on the heavenly music of her tongue,
 While in melodious notes her love she sung ;
 No more that heaven of beauties can she view,
 To all these pleasures he must bid adieu.

Weep for her tender plants forc'd from her arms,
 Who weep and mourn, and scarce do know their harms.
 Begone all joy ! let mourning veil each face,
 And yield, *Melpomene*, *Thalia*'s place.

Edinburgh, printed by James Watson, on the north side
 of the Cross.—1702.

LVI.

**A Mournful Poem on the never enough
to be lamented Death of his Sacred
and Sovereign Majesty, King
William of ever blessed
and glorious memory.**

King William III. died on the 8th of March 1702, and the following mournful poem to his memory is, on the authority of a manuscript note,* ascribed to the celebrated David Williamson, minister of the West Kirk, a clergyman who had no less than seven wives ; a subject of perpetual merriment to the Jacobite wits. See Scottish Pasquils, Vol. I. He figures as one of the Dramatis Personæ in the comedy of the Assembly, and in the preface to the second edition, many odd stories are told of this stiff pillar of the Kirk. His adventure, when pursued by Dragoons, with the daughter of the Lady Cherry-trees, excited the wonderment of Charles II. whose recollections of his feelings when in the Royal Oak, made it a matter of astonishment to him how any one, when so pursued, could have sufficient courage to do what Mass David did. It is but justice to the worthy clergyman to mention that the young lady afterwards became his first spouse.

Opprest with grief, distrest with mournful groans,
Not able I'm to speak ; ah ! Heaven frowns !
A dreadfull cloud o'ershades our horrizon,
A cloud which should, which will make us bemoan.
Ah Death ! why so severe ! could none but he,
Thy tyrannizing power satisfy ?
Why so impetuous ? Why so uncontrol'd ?
Why so illimit'd ? Ah ! why so bold ?
Thou universal monarch, whose command,
Nor king, nor prince, nor peasant can withstand,

* Apparently in the hand of Lord Fountainhall.

Could not thy fatal blow have been suspended ?
Could nothing 'gainst thy rage have him defended ?
What grief, what sorrow fills my weary'd mind ?
Grief, which t' express, I'm strait'ned words to find.
My muse, ah why so dull ? ah why so dead !
May I adjure you to awake with speed,
Ah dismal theme ! our gracious king is dead,
A king endued, Adorn'd with all that can
Commend a prince, a Christian, a man.
His wisdom, valour, conduct, piety,
His matchless, fearless magnanimity,
Will make him famous to posterity.
His grand achievements, noble famous actions,
His deep foresight in all his great transactions ;
His pure, unstained faithfulness and zeal,
Which stir'd him up our mortal wounds to heal ;
His prudent, faithfull, equall government,
His never paralelled management
Of all affairs ; his matchless skilfulness
In all intrigues of War, and arts of peace ;
His recommending reformation,
Both by his pow'r and conversation,
His causing publish laws sin to suppress,
His tender love of us in our distress,
His affability to all his subjects,
His clemency to miserable objects,
His deeds at home, abroad, where e're he goes,
Whereby he quells the rage of all his foes, &c.
Will eternize his name to ages all,
Who us for such a king will blessed call.
No injury of time shall e're cancell
His memory, who doth so far excell,
The greatest heroes, monarchs, princes, kings,
Whose character the greatest poets sings.

Whatever did these heroes beautify,
Was to be found in our great Majesty.
What's great, what's good in all the elegys
That e'er were pen'd ; nay, all that historys
Record of heroes to their grand renown,
May be applied to him who wore our crown :
Some have for conduct eterniz'd their name,
Some's mercy hath much beautified them,
Some have for godliness been much admir'd,
For valour some their enemies have deter'd :
Some virtue shines in one, some in another,
But all appear'd in him, who like a mother,
Of all his people had a tender care,
For whose good, he himself did never spare,
But to the greatest hazards did expose
His royal person, ev'n amidst his foes.
So great a heroe was our Majesty,
That I can never reach hyperboly ;
He was the Phenix, glory of our age,
Who with courageous valour, quell'd the rage
Of all his foes, on whom his name strook terror,
He did oppose the Antichristian error.
The champion of our Israel is gone,
What heart of stone will not his death bemoan ?
In him we've lost the greatest general,
That e'er did yield to th' king of terror's call.
He's gone, he's gone, he's gone, sad news to us.
Alas ! alas ! alas ! what loss to this.
The loss is ours, not his, who for a crown
Of gold on earth (which now he has laid down)
Is with a diadem of glory crown'd,
A crown which cannot fall unto the ground.
But while I think upon the blissedness
Of our now glorious king ; I can't express

What fear I have of dismal, fatal blows,
 Which now may reach us from our mortal foes.
 O then let all, with one consent bemoan
 With sighs, and tears, and lamentation,
 The death of our late sovereign Majesty,
 Who our horizon so did beautify.
 But now he's in the higher house above,
 Reaping the fruits of all his works of love.
 God has translated him from all his labour,
 And fully landed him in heaven's harbour.
 He served his generation faithfully,
 And's fall'n asleep in Christ, no more to dye.

LVII.

On the much to be lamented Death of the
 Right Honourable Sir John Shaw of
 Greenock, Kt. one of his Majesty's
 principal Tacksmen for the Cus-
 toms and Excise of Scotland,
 who departed this life the
 17th of April 1702.

The Shaws of Greenock obtained that estate, according to Crawfurd, (History of the Shire of Renfrew, Paisley, 1818, 4to, p. 125,) in the Reign of Robert III., by marriage with the heiress of Galbraith of Greenock. On the 28th of June 1687, James VII. conferred the honours of the Baronetcy on Sir John Shaw, Knight, of Greenock, who died at Edinburgh, in 1694, was buried in the Abbey Church at Holyrood, and was succeeded by his son and heir, Sir John, the subject of this elegy, who died also at Edinburgh, but was interred at Greenock among his ancestors.

By his wife Elenor, daughter and one of the co-heiresses of Sir Thomas Nicolson of Carnock, he had a son John, the third baronet, who represented the County of Renfrew in Parliament: and by his wife Margaret, the eldest daughter of Lord President Dalrymple, had one daughter, Marion, who, on the 29th of March 1718, married Charles Lord Cathcart, whose descendants inherit very valuable sub-seus in Greenock. It was probably from this circumstance that the present Peer, when raised to an English Earldom, took Baron Greenock as his second title. The Baronetey became extinct in 1752, and the estates devolved on Sir John's nephew, John Stewart, son of Sir Michael Stewart of Blackhall, Bart.

Ah ! now the joy of Greenock's banks is gone !
Was a supporter of old Caledon,
Likewise the glory of the western soil,
Who for its profit spar'd no pains or toil ;
Why should inconstant fate to us creat
Such various alterations in our state,
That when death pleases t' exercise its power,
It ruins prince and knight into one hour.
Man, no mean part of God's great work, is tost
In a rough sea of fate, and almost lost,
Did not the Heavens provide mansions above,
For such as are the true objects of love.
Even here on earth, as this brave knight still was,
Who for his wisdom millions did surpass ;
Zeal to God's church possest his pious breast,
And charity within it still did rest.
The true solace of's country, it's defence,
The poor's provisor, the traveller's residence ;
In so far as his honourable station
Cound reach, he strove still to advance this nation ;
His memory ought ne'r to be forgot,
Whilst sun and moon endure, nor his fame rot ;
But through all ages posterity should narrate
His name and worth, with the great loss our state

By's death sustains, who manag'd affairs well,
 During his time, whatever it befell,
 So that no doubt his soul is now at rest ;
 With those who ever live in mansions blest ;
 To mean well cannot miss sure to affect,
 All those perfections, good actions do respect.

LVIII.

**On the Death of the Right Honourable
 and truly pious George Earl of
 Sutherland, who departed
 this life the 4th of March
 1703, and of his age
 the 70th year.**

George fourteenth Earl of Sutherland was born at Dornoch 2d November 1633. He died on the 4th March 1703, aged seventy, and was buried at Holyrood, where there is a monument to his memory, with an inscription, which will be found in Monteith's Theatre of Mortality.

He married at Edinburgh 11th August 1659, Lady Jean Wemyss, eldest daughter of David second Earl of Wemyss, and widow of Archibald Earl of Angus, by whom he had a son and two daughters.

Almighty power at length in Love doth call
 This Noble Lord, unto the Heavenly Hall,
 A Peer that was without hyperbole,
 Pious and just, (that all the world could see,)
 The more admired of the golden age,
 Than all the quirks of this our iron stage.
 Zealous unto the cause that he profess'd,
 A friend to those that did befriend the best :

When evils grew apace, he would not tarry,
Nor from his principles in least would vary.
But quite his native land and soil, lest he
A sharer of his sins and plagues should be :
And patiently in forreigne lands did hover,
Until the heavens did cause the cloud pass over ;
Mean while his loyalty unto his Prince
Untainted was, when conscience did convince
All zealous Patriots that they had a call
To bring God's worship in, and beat down Baal.
And then this worthy Peer did take a share
In that most glorious work, to help to bear
Our ark home, that was trod and trampled on
By Baal and by Dagon's priests so long,
His earthly lease he did so right improve,
That his last exit prov'd but a remove.
He liv'd to dy, he dy'd to live, yea more,
He liv'd to fix above his greatest store.
And sighing Muse, let us now make a turn
To his good Lady, that dost weep and mourn
For her sad loss, what heart of flint then could
Forbid such tears to stream, that only would
Stop the great fountain of her grief, to make
The same o'reflow, and so the dam would break ?
Must no drop fall, when such a loving pair
Do part, whose love was long as it was rare,
When many winters both their lives had grac'd,
And now at length a sunder to be plac'd ?
A sunder only for a while, for she
Can only stay where her good Lord must be.
Then, Madam, cease to weep and wail so sore,
Since he's a little only gone before.

EPITAPH.

From this world's stage the good Earl George is gone,
 More just and pious in the land was none,
 In life and death the same, without controul,
 The Earth his body hath, the Heaven his soul.

LIX.

On the Death of his Grace Archibald
 Duke of Argyle, who departed this
 life the 28th day of Sept. 1703, in
 the flower and strength of
 his age, to the great grief
 of his countreymen.

HORAT. *Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.
 Occidit ante Diem spes nostras morte fefellit.*

[From a Broadside formerly belonging to Robert Mylne, and now in
 the possession of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.]

This pious nobleman, whose support to the Kirk has been so affectionately eulogised, died of wounds received in a brothel, not far from his seat of Chirton, near the town of North-Shields in England. By his Duchess, Elizabeth Tollemache, daughter of the Duchess of Lauderdale, he was father of the great Duke of Argyll, the original introducer, according to Mylne, into Scotland, of certain curious instruments, when he came down from England as Commissioner of Parliament, on the 6th March 1705 :* and of Archibald Earl of Isla, afterwards Duke of Argyll.

* *Argyle Papers*, p. 6, 4to. Edin. Stevenson, 1834.

The first Duke left his English estate of Chirton to his mistress, Mrs. Alison ; but the Duchess and her son, the great Duke, as he is called, disputed the settlement. A very amusing account of the little trickeries and devices practised on this occasion to annoy the unfortunate female to whom the bequest had been made, and to soil the memory of the deceased Duke, is contained in the Argyle Papers. 4to. Edinburgh : Stevenson, 1834.

Several of the Duke's letters will be found in Carstairs' State Papers. 4to. Edin. 1774.

Man's life's a flying vapour, which doth rise
 Like a small spot 'twixt two extremities :
 An empty shadow of a lying dream,
 Where we delusions for delights esteem,
 Which in our best and prosperous state doth show
 But drops of frailty plunged in seas of woe.
 Lo now a noble Peer, in strength of's age,
 Ah ! too, too soon is taken off the stage,
 Who was a pillar both to Kirk and State,
 Wherefore well wishers of them ought regrate
 His fall, did them support in all events,
 Especially in time of Parliaments.
 Narcissus like, he was in heart and mind,
 Delighting to do good, and to be kind
 Unto all ranks, save that he'd not refraine
 To haunt too much their company, do disdain
 The best of them for a small private gain,
 Which oft hath been the frailty of good Kings,
 Though in the end sometimes sad fate it brings
 Even to courageous ones, so *Sisera* fell
 By *Jael's* hand, who smote him with a nail,
 And *Samson* was by *Dalilah* betray'd,
 Therefore all should of such sort be afraid.
 But to return, to praise this noble Peer
 Who, to our grief, is fitted for his Beer,

No scornor, spite of his worst foes could move
 Him to restrain's affection from great Jove,
 In so farr as his zeal and piety,
 Was ever bent for Christian charity,
 Th' opprest to relieve was all his care :
 His riches were the Kirk and State's welfare :
 His calm and noble spirit could not be
 Ruffled nor rankled with an injurie.
 Their tongues who with envy against him sweld,
 He with compassion and neglect beheld.
 His whole deportment gentle was and sweet,
 Which in his breast made zeal and meekness meet
 We therefore hope to glory he is gone,
 To praise the Lamb that sitteth on the throne
 Of the Almighty, and Great King of kings,
 To whom the Lamb still Hallelujah sings.
 Let's memory to future ages be
 Kept in record for zeal and piety.*

* In a Scotch paper for August 1814, there is the following notice relative to a skeleton found at Chirton :—" On the second instant, the skeleton of a man was found at the depth of thirty fathoms in an old coal-pit at Chirton near North Shields. The discovery has excited much curiosity. The Duke of Argyle, who resided at Chirton in the reign of William the Third, built a small house of unhewn stone in a shrubbery which was afterwards converted into a brothel, and remained there until the present proprietor came to the estate, who immediately pulled it down. About the year 1734 a young seafaring man became a-missing, and was never more heard of." This probably was the place where his Grace received the wounds of which he died, as it is not likely there would be two places of that description so near Chirton.

LX.

**On the death of the Right Honourable
Sir James Falconer of Phesdo,
one of the Lords of the
College of Justice,
who died the
9th of June
1705.**

A part of this Elegy, from the Original in the Advocates' Library, has been printed in Haig's enlarged edition of Lord Hailes' Catalogue of the Lords of Session, p. 446. Lord Phesdo was the son of Sir John Falconer, one of the Wardens of the Mint, who, upon learning that he was to be prosecuted for malversation, died of a broken heart at Pheedo, in Nov. 1682. His son had been admitted Advocate in 1674, appointed a Lord of Session 1st Nov. 1689, and a Lord of Justiciary 27th January 1699.

I NEED no art to set a needless gloss
Upon true grief,—or beautifie a loss
With rack'd invention, my rude muse forbears
Sorrow to spread or to enlarge the tears
Of all true Scots who wish *Astrea* turn,
If tears could do, all Albion ought to mourn.
This glorious star did fall the ninth of June
Who shin'd also clear as Phœbus did at noone,
That day a stare did fall, whose golden head
All wandering stars with his light striv'd to lead
In the straight Rode of Justice, and the laws
Of Libertie, for *CALEDON*'s true cause.

A Pillar fallen, who endeavour'd support
 His Countrie's right against the English court ;
 Each loyal soul, who lov's their native land
 Condole their loss, and do amazed stand
 To hear that wee, so bright a star have lost,
 Who shyn'd so clear, that he did come almost
ASTREA like for to enlight dark dayes
 Of Vices all, with his cleare shyning rayes
 Of just, of Right, of Law, mercie, and reason
 Abhorring Pride, fraud, greed, brybrie, and treason,
 And mercie he with law did always mix,
 Now by Christ's love, where he his hopes did fix,
 He sitts enthron'd, and he hath left behind
 An offspring good, true, generous, and kind,
 From age to age, who shall preserve his name,
 Of honour true, his due praise they'll proclaim
 Into this cause, sad death does want his will,
 Likes his own motto, **HE WAS PREPARED STILL.**

W[ILLIAM] W[YTE.]

LXI.

**On the much to be lamented Death of the
 Right Honourable John Earl of
 Stairs, who departed this life
 upon Wednesday the 8th
 of January, anno 1707.**

John, second Viscount, and first Earl of Stair, was one of the Commissioners of the Union. " Being exhausted with the anxiety and fatigue to which that unpopular office had long exposed him, he died suddenly, 8th January 1707. On that day he assisted at the debate on the 22d Article of the Treaty of Union, pressing the point

with great earnestness, walked home after it, and dined very cheerfully with company."—Wood, Vol. II, 327. This Elegy is one of the best in the collection.

The Sovereign Beeing who doth beeing give
To all the creatures in the world that live,
He whose Decree unshaken still doth hand,
Whose steady will, and uncontrol'd command,
Produce of course all events, means, and things,
And out of discord perfect concord brings.
This supreme essence, by his special grace,
Appointed hath all men their time and place,
Particular endowments, special fate,
Their fixed periods, predestinated state,
And every thing which to the same relate.
Yea some with signal gifts he doth endow,
And place as lamps or lights in open view,
Whose counsel sage, and bright example may
Direct the weak and simple in their way.
When such great lights do in a moment fall,
We are admonisht to take warning all,
To launch our ships, and tackling all provide,
Hoist up our sails, and Pilote seek to guide
Our crazy vessels to Emanuel's shore,
Where they in safe port may be evermore.

Such events also other language have,
And plainly say, the mercies we receive
Are disregarded ; neither do we know
Their estimate, till by some fatal blow
We thereof are deprived : then all do cry
Alace ! he's gone, Alace ! what shall we say,
The oracle of law, the churches stay ;
The State's support, our ancient Kingdom's glory,
Is gone, is gone ! O lamentable story !

He who of late in Senate House did shew
 Profound experience, and his perfect view
 Of all the knotty subjects of debate,
 Which so much puzzled have our wits of late.
 By whose sage counsel, and assistance rare,
 So much is done in the now grand affair,
 Of reconcealing these two jangling states,
 Removeing strife, contention, and debates,
 Uniting both in interest, wealth, and peace :
 All sorts of discord must for ever cease,
 And we, the happiest men on earth must be,
 While this great Patriot's fame shall never die.
 In fine, my friends, this Noble Peer you'll find
 Has few or none his equals left behind.

LXII.

**Upon the much lamented death of
 the Right Honourable John
 Earl of Stairs.**

[From the original amongst the Fountainhall Broadsides.]

The title was originally *Stairs*,—the great lawyer was always termed
 the Viscount of Stairs,—in modern times the S has been removed,
 although *Stairs* sounds the better of the two.

Is't the reward of the ungrateful age
 To worthy actors on this earthly stage ?
 To snatch fame's crown, which from times being grew ;
 For virtues head, and to great parts was due.
 If thus : Why soildier doest thou joy in warrs,
 And print thy valour on thy breast with scarrs ?

To gain a glorious and immortal name,
If unjust tongues do turn it into shame :
Why doest thou thirst so much to win the day,
Since Envy in the rear takes all away !
Let *Io Pœan's*, then, no more be known :
Away with all the trophies of renown,
Let virtue cease since call'd by name of vice,
And courage yield itself to cowardice ;
Cease darting Envy, and lay by thy pen,
Strive not to make the best, the worst, of men
For *plaudite* to *Stair's* fame shall resound,
Whil'st thou in dark oblivion shalt be drown'd,
The more thou writes, fame shall the louder cry,
And thou thyself with thine own darts destroy,
For better uses made, thy quill bestow
In paying tribute to his ashes due.
Shall *Sol* abscond his radient beams, and none
The want of such transparent light bemoan,
Or shall the dwindling tapers of the skies
Be hid in cloudy lanthorns from our eyes,
And shall there be no seaman to bewail
Want of these guides by which he us'd to sail.
Then shall not we record that fatal day,
In which our nation's light was snatch'd away.
Scarce was his noble soul to flesh confin'd,
His thoughts were notwithstanding then refin'd ;
His wit was more than men so soon do reach,
His wisdom did anticipate his speech,
Which like a prosp'rous plant did quickly spread
And made on sudden a judicious head,
In which like oracles we hear of old
Deep mysteries of learning he did hold ;

There was such learning we may justly term't
The gen'ral Univers'ty of the learn'd.
What heavens hid from superficial minds
He doth disclose, and all their secrets finds
As conquer'd nature panted by his side,
Far less could art his searching eyes abide ;
With more than Argus' many eyes he saw
The place, the scope, the sense, of every law ;
And Stairs that indigested chaos made
In beauteous order center in his head,
Which by a fluent tongue he did produce,
And lend in season for his country's use.
Nature did courage to these parts subjoin,
Which made him feared by all, he fearing none,
Therefore as right he claims a double crown,
One for the sword, the other for the gown,
By which two things *Rome* did not only stand,
But all the earth, as vassals did command,
What makes a nation great, and only can,
Concur'd and did cohabit in this man,
Then was he rais'd more subject for to find
To his industrious and sufficient mind,
So those who elevated are on high,
Far more than those, who are on ground do spye.
In Parliament with *Tully's* sence he sung,
Which was decor'd with *Naso's* milder tongue ;
These made his hearers first with wonder stand,
Then follow at his Eloquence command.
Ne'r *Orpheus* power, or *Siren* half so great,
The latter being conquer'd by a mate.
There's no *Ulysses*, who can stop his ears,
When he the charming of this *Siren* hears.

He all the controversies did arise
Did quell, and stubborn wills by reason made a prize.
Oh ! who with lips can all his praises sing,
True to his country, loyal to his King,
Both did to his politick wisdom flee,
As birds for safety to a shady tree,
There they both fled, and there protection found
From all the dangers did them both surround ;
Heav'n blest with success ev'ry great design,
And made a light in times of darkness shine.
Now shall I end the wonder of the age,
What more can any actour on the stage ?
Nature and Art seem to be at their best,
And all invention, and all thought *nonplust*,
His mighty soul tho' still doth more aspire,
And crys, when at the very highest, higher.
The Union shall perpetuate his name
As long as there's an ear or mouth in Fame,
In which all th' advantages contain'd
By which our Church and State can only stand,
Which has been hatching long thro' ages past
Now brought to birth by help of *Stairs* at last.
But ah ! alas ! the famous *Stairs* is gone
And left us to enjoy what he has won.
His vig'rous soul well knowing it was blest
Abhor'd these chains which kept it from its rest,
Oft striv'd the body, but it striv'd in vain
Its restless struggling prisoner to contain,
Oft importun'd by pain, it still refus'd
And as an outlet temperance it us'd.
Let *Brittain* be his tomb, his Epitaph
The Church and State, thro' his wise conduct safe,

The antidote to popery and vice
 The port to long desired merchandise.
 And as that does by annual strength encrease
 His praise be annual, and never cease.

LXIII.

**Apon the much lamented Death of her
 Grace the Dutchess of Athole,
 who departed this life
 Jany. 9, 1707.**

This Lady was Catherine, eldest daughter of William and Anne, Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, and first wife of John first Duke of Athol, by whom she had six sons and one daughter.

Death is a champion bold, a gyant fierce,
 A sergeant grim, whose countenance doth pierce
 The stoutest heart, where he doth point his eye,
 Whom none dare fight, and from him none can fly,
 By general suff'rage every where is own'd,
 Yet no such thing as death is to be found ;
 No death at all, death but an empty name,
 A bugbear word, a chimera or dream.
 There's life indeed, given by a power supreme,
 Who only gives and doth remain the same,
 Aleanarly as long as he thinks fit,
 And at his pleasure he withdraweth it,
 And life returning to its proper source,
 The creature wants it, and is dead of course.
 This being the fate of mortals, one and all,
 It now remains that we lament the fall

Of this great Princess, in this juncture nice,
When sin abounds, and bare-fac'd rampant vice
Displays its banners in the open streets,
And with much success, gains curst proselites,
At such a juncture, it's extremely sad,
The good depart, and still remain the bad.
This pious LADY now departs the stage,
Detecting this degenerated age,
Doth to the fountain of her life return,
To perfect joy, while we on earth do mourn,
Condoling the misfortune to survive.
A LADY who so virtuously did live,
A LADY great, in all respects compleat,
In whom all brightest characters did meet,
Of pure untainted blood, of noble race,
Whose brave ancestors virtue's steps did trace,
Whose magnanimous acts, heroic deeds,
Surpass my praise, my eloquence exceeds,
In short, their great and never rotting name,
Must still remain in the records of fame ;
Of person stately, and of comely grace,
But above all, the virtue, wit, and grace,
And other rare endowments of the mind,
The greatest ornaments for seize and kind.
The want of these examples good, alace !
And depreciating pray'rs in every case,
Us to condole this loss, do justly call,
And from this event to take warning all.

LXIV.

Upon the much to be lamented Death of
 the Right Honourable Sir David
 Hume of Crossrig, one of the
 Senators of the College of
 Justice, who departed
 this life April 13,
 1707.

A Diary of events in Parliament by this Senator of the College of Justice was presented to the Bannatyne Club by John Hope, Esq. now Lord Justice-Clerk. For some account of his Lordship, see Haig's enlarged edition of Lord Hailes' Catalogue of the Senators of the College of Justice, p. 338.

True grace and virtue are such special things,
 They sweeten gall, and blunt the pointed stings
 Of death and hell, and other plagues that rage
 'Gainst sinful man in this corrupted age.
 The pious soul is perfectly secure
 'Gainst all that's ill and all that can devour—
 'Gainst wasting sickness and all tormenting pain ;
 Yea ev'n against the whole infernal train
 Of maladies and furies much enrag'd,
 He rests in safety, being closely hedged
 About with ramparts of Salvation strong,
 No cross can harm, no plague can do him wrong,
 When death in his most formidable hue
 Arrests the just, requiring what's his due,
 The pious patient with a smiling face
 The ghostly Sergeant does with joy embrace.

Bids him proceed, and welcom do his will ;
And tho' he may the feeble body kill,
His better part is from his dint secure,
And shall on wings haste to a place more pure,
When it for ever shall with hallowed light
O're shaded be, and fill'd with all delight.
Why then should those who are the kindred near
Of just men, mourn to want their presence here ?
Yea mourn, why not ? good cause they have to mourn
For want of those who wroth away did turn
By fervent pray'r, and by whose counsel good,
And bright example ill they have withstood ;
But on this news which now doth reach our ears,
A more extensive cause of grief appears,
Not kindred only should this loss lament,
But all the nation may the same repent :
A person of a blameless holy life,
A friend of concord, enemy of strife,
Deny'd to wordly pleasures and to self,
Extreamly humble and deny'd to self ;
Most zealous for the Church, kind to the poor,
Upright in judgement, on decission sure,
Patient in crosses, meek in prosperity,
Of easy access, and much courtesy,
The Orphans friend, the Widows sure defence,
And without bribes he justice did dispence.
When such a one as he departs from hence
The loss is gen'ral, tho' to him great gain
To be above the pow'r of guilt and pain.

LXV.

On the much lamented death of John
 Hamilton, Lord Belhaven, &c.
 &c. who departed this life
 at London, June
 21, 1708.

Lord Belhaven acquired no little reputation in his own country for his speeches against the Union, which however much thought of at the time, appear now turgid and inconclusive, and even inferior to the ordinary run of the patriotic speeches of the present day.

Lockhart says that his Lordship made long premeditated harangues, wherein having a prodigious memory, he used to be very full in citing such passages of history as supported his assumptions, drawing parallels betwixt preceding and present times,—a mode of haranguing which must have tried the patience of his auditors pretty severely.

According to Mackay, his appearance was not peculiarly interesting, as he was “a rough, fat, black, noisy man, more like a butcher than a Lord.” Memoirs, p. 236. He was taken up on suspicion of favouring the Pretender’s attempt to invade Scotland in 1718, but was afterwards liberated, and died, according to Wood, (Vol. I. p. 205,) “of an inflammation of his brain, 21st June 1708, immediately on his release from prison, in the 52d year of his age.”

There is a portrait of Lord Belhaven in Pinkerton’s Scottish Gallery. He was the author of a tract now scarce, entitled “An Advice to the Farmers in East-Lothian to labour and improve the ground,” 12mo. which escaped the notice of Mr. Park in his improved edition of Walpole’s Royal and Noble Authors.

Ah cruel death why dost thou us deprive
 Of this most noble peer, who while alive

Achilles like withstood *Hectorian* flames,
Thought to've invaded the fleet of *Grecians*,
With such undaunted courage that he still
Came off with honour, till craftiness got will,
A more heroick peer never did breath
In this our age, than Balhaven, so that death
It seems hath only slain for envy,
To agrave out griefs by's destiny.
Who always strove his country to uphold,
Without regard to dangers manifold.
Ah ! could I but sufficiently let fall
These floods of tears pertain to's funeral,
I'd weep untill my Muse's eyes turn'd dry,
Before I should narrat an elegy ;
Those rare perfections did possess his mind,
Who to his country always was so kind,
That nothing could from it his love withdraw,
Such was his constancy, oonform to law.
What cloudy darkness then doth this presage,
That he should be thus remov'd off the stage ?
Whose case was allways to maintain the fame
Did appertain unto his noble name,
Whose valour and conduct did ever flow
Throughout the earth, while they were here below.
So that the noble name of *Hamilton*
Could not restricted be in *Caledon*,
Their worthy fame does flie the world abroad,
For loyalty unto their KING and God.
What heart's so hard as not to sympathise
In condoling this loss with wat'ry eyes,
Were't not that Heaven decrees him to remain
In their celestial mansions, where no pain,
No care shall ever his pious zeal molest,
That it may with other sants be blest

In praising of the Lamb, sits on the throne,
Eternally ; so thus my Muse hath done.

Edinburgh, printed by John Reid, in Bell's Wynd, 1708.

LXVI.

**On the much to be lamented Death
of Lord John Hamilton of
Balhaven.**

[From the original Broadside in the Advocates' Library.]

O ! who their eyes from weeping can refrain ?
Or yet their hearts from heavy grief restrain ?
For that a Peer of *Scotland's* dead and gone,
Which justly calls all Scotish hearts to groan,
What for a Peer ? a prince can crave no more,
Than that a kingdom should his death deplore,
The noble Lord Balhaven he it is,
Who clearly calls at Caledon to this :
To weep and wail and to bemoan his death,
Which loss to us, none to him caused hath,
Oh fate ! if mortals might expostulate,
With thy severe victorious combate,
Wherein thou makes the greatest to thee yield,
And the most noble champions quit the field,
Can none of all the Commons of the land,
Thee satisfie, nor answer thy demand ?
But a brave heroe, and a cedar tall,
Must be cut off, and for a victim fall,
Could none for age decrepitate, and decreed
By nature's course here no more to reside,

Content thy cravings ? But an Ancient,
Who to his country was an ornament,
For prudence, parts, and civil polity,
For wisdom, learning, and true piety,
Deservedly applauded by the best,
And for his worth admir'd by all the rest ;
But, he must also by the fatal blow,
Oft conquering death, be conquered, and foregoe,
His honour, highness, and his grandeur great,
And follow thee, from whom there's no retreat :
Who can express the loss that we sustain,
By loseing him who did our laws maintain ?
Who allwise zealous was for Church and State,
Who feared not of greatest men the threate,
But why do I into this ocean launce ?
Since all his vertues I can never scance,
Nor can the Muses in *Parnassus* hill,
His merits sing with all their art and skill.
Nay *Cicero* that Rhetorician great,
Should here with all his Rhet'rick be in strait,
But this I'll say, a happy change is made,
In that for grief, he is for ever glade ;
But why should we his happiness envy,
Altho great loss we do sustain thereby,
Since he for *Hav'n* in heav'n is possess'd,
And sighs no more, but sings among the bless'd,
So kind is God to take him safely home,
From all the woe and wrath that's like to come.

EPITAPHIUM.

Risi, Ploro : fui, non sum : Studui, requiesco ;
Lusi, non ludo : Cecini, nunc Muteo ; Pavi
Corpus, alo vermes : Vigilavi, Dormio : Duxi
Salve, Dico vale ; Rapui, Rapior : Superavi,

Vincor : Certavi, Pace utor : jure ego vixi,
 Jure igitur Morior : non obsto, obstare nequirem
 Terra fui quondam, rursus sum terra, nihil sum :
 Terra caduca vale : vermes Salvete, recumbo.

Edinburgh ; Printed by John Reid, in Bell's Wynd,
 1708.

LXVII.

On the never enough to be lamented
 Death of Lord John Hamilton of
 Balhaven, who departed this
 life at London, 21st June
 1708.

This seems to be the production of William Whyte, an unknown poetaster, who has Latinized his name,—probably the same person who signs W. W. at the end of the Elegy on Lord Phesdo,—see ante, page 151.

Melpomene come and inspire my quill,
 Come Muses nine, assist me to distill
 The British tears which now old *Caledon*
 Ought to pour forth for him, whose past and gone
 From *British* court into the court of Heaven.
 Let each true Scot lament of Lord *Balhaven*,
 With sighs and groans for him, off noble blood,
 For liberties and laws who firmly stood,
 With learned parts, and with true eloquence,
 Yet *Atropus* with him would not dispense
 When's glass was rune, she hath remov'd him hence.
 Yet's he's not dead, in Heaven still liveth he,
 From *English* goal, and all restraints he's free;

This clear bright star his fame on earth shall shine,
 While sun and moon shines, for he was all divine.
Demosthenes, the glory of the Greeks,
Tullie's tongue, and *Homer's* pen, who seeks
 To be extold, for's country's right more he
 Ought to have applause, beyond them worthy three.
 Brave Lord *Balhaven*, this *Hamilton*, true Scot,
 His fame shall flourish, while some men's stink and rott,
 By's blessed offspring and noble progenie,
 His glorious name shall still preserved be.
Balhaven in heaven now sits, and smiles to see
 His foes cast down, while he's off prison free.
 Peace now, flat Muse, be silent, wise, and dumb,
 He's in the blest place, where foes scarce can come.

EPITAPHIUM.

*Serenus Dominus hic nobilis, ejus
 Titulus est Belli, quoque cœli Belhavenus,
 Pro patria bellavit; for which his soul in Heaven is,
 A carcere solitus, quid de eo dicere restat,
 Quam? Gloria, in cœlis ditissimus æthere prestat.*

GULIELMUS CANDIDUS.*

Edinburgi, Excudebat Joan: Rheadus, 1708.

* In a volume of Poems, Elegies, Song, &c. chiefly written about the close of the 17th century, belonging to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, are two Elegies, one on the death of the "statlie, comlie, sonsy gentleman, Alexander Ross," eldest son of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, who died, scarce middle age, January 1708, and another on Sir David Cunningham of Milcraig, who died 28th January 1708, both signed "William Wbytte."

LXVIII.

Upon the much to be lamented Death
 of Her Grace the Dutches of
 Queensberry and Dover,
 &c.; who departed
 this life October
 2d, 1709.

This Lady was second daughter of Charles Lord Clifford, eldest son
 of Richard Earl of Cork and Burlington, and she married, 4th December 1685, James, afterwards second Duke of Queensberry, by whom she had seven children. In consequence of the failure of heirs-male of the body, his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh enjoys the Dukedom of Queensberry, and large Estates in Dumfriesshire as descended from Lady Jean Douglas, the eldest surviving daughter of this marriage, who became, (5th April 1720,) the wife of Francis Earl of Dalkeith, afterwards Duke of Buccleugh.

Amazing stroak ! A Princess great this day,
 Has fled from hence, (and can no longer stay)
 Upon the summons of that ghostly thing
 Call'd Awful Death ! and frightful Terrors King !
 This rageing gyant doth with cruel face,
 Maw down the flower and chief of human race,
 Without regard to sex or beauty fair,
 Strength, vertue, courage, and all charms most rare,
 Could princely breeding, or elustrious birth ?
 Could signal virtue or excelling worth ?
 Could beauty's charms, or human greatness stand ?
 Against the power of death's destroying hand
 This gallant Princess might have stood his brush.
 And not to value all his blows a rush.

But none of these enduements can resist
The dreadfull blows of his strong massy fist.
The high, the low, the good, the great, the small,
The strong, the fible, or the weak, yea all,
Of human race, must at his awfull frown
Sink in the dust, and never more be known.
Yet notwithstanding of his boundless sway
He shall be vanquished, and the glorious day
Doth come apace, when all that virtues be
Shall from his bonds be made for ever free,
Yea crown'd with glory and eternal joy,
Compleatly free from all that doth annoy.
Yet we may justly with due grief lament
The loss of one so highly eminent.
So good, so great, so prudent, wise, and just,
As every one her Grace acknowledge must.
Yea, who with justice can deny but all
Ought to regreat so great a Princess fall ;
Whose grave example did so much defuse
Her princely vertues, that none can refuse
Her grace to be a patroness indeed,
To all who would in vertues ways succeed :
Let us therefore, with all due sorrow cry,
This day, this day, a princess great did dy,
Whose room or place few lady's can supply,
Or copy on Tenth of her vertues rare,
Or rich enduements, which surpasseth far
The common sort by infinite degrees,—
And here we stop to wipe our mournfull eyes.

Mr. R. DOWGLASS.

LXIX.

**On the much lamented Death of the good
and great Mr. George Meldrum,
Professor of Divinity, and one
of the Ministers of the
Gospel in Edinburgh.**

In the Edinburgh Courant there is the following notice of the death of Meldrum :—“ Friday 18th to Monday 21st February 1709.—“ Upon Friday last departed this life, the Reverend Mr. George Meldrum, one of the ministers of this city, and Professor of Theology in the College there ; who was a man of great learning, and eminent for his piety and charity, and is much lamented by all sorts of people.”

Could I great Meldrum ! thy great worth proclaim
With equal art, I'd gain immortal fame,
I to myself a monument could raise,
And well deserve the honour of the bayes.
But since thy worth my art transcends so far,
As fixed stars from earth removed are.
In minor notes I'le sing thy greater praise,
While sighs and tears do drown my warbling layes.
Thrice happy was that hour that gave thee birth,
And thrice accurs'd that took thee from the earth.
From that to this there was a doubtful strife,
If GRACE or LEARNING shar'd most in thy life ?
Both had so great a place : yet shining grace,
True learning, grasped with a kind embrace ;
So well these two did striving still agree,
The strife was, which should have the most in thee ?

I tell no fables, grief makes eloquent ;
 The learned MELDRUM was a holy Saint !
 His piercing thoughts were fix'd on things sublime,
 'Twas not 'bout trifles that he spent his time.
 His study was his God to know and preach,
 Preach what he knew, and knew well what to teach.
 Though fawning muses lov'd him, and he them,
 He still was frugal of his precious time.
 Even these few hours to recreation lent
 In serious, godly exercise, he spent.
 In this his LORD did imitate : his food
 Was to go round, and still be doing good.
 When in the pulpit his grave face I saw,
 It damp'd my soul with more than human aw.
 I thought I saw God's messenger appear :
 This fill'd my soul with reverential fear.
 But, when that divine eloquence he taught
 The sacred mysteries, al o'erpow'rd my thought.
 At other times, when schools his presence graced,
 In chair I thought I saw great *Plato* placed,
 Of *Cic'ro* teaching sound *Philosophie*,
 So did their thoughts and lofty stile agree.
 Again, when speaking on revealed law,
 Th' Apostle *Paul*, I thought I heard and saw ;
 Nor was his friendly converse less admired,
 First visite, made a second more desired.
 Thus spent this learn'd and holy man his days :
 Nor shall the eating rust of time his praise
 Eraze, while sun can spread his lightsome rays.

EPITAPHIUM VIRI REVERENDISSIMI GEORGII
 MELDRUMII.*

S. S. Theologiae in Academia Edinburgensi
 Professoris Doctissimi, Clarissimi ;

Verbique Divini in Ecclesia Edinburgena
 Ministri Vigilantissimi, Sanctissimi ;
 Qui multo cum bonorum luctu decessit XII
 Cal. Martias, Anno Ærae Christianæ
 MDCCIX.

Melleus hic situs est, Meldrumius,* ore disertus,
 Doctus, mente sagax, entheus atque pius.
 Malleus errorum, dum sacri dogmata verbi
 Explicat, et Populum sedulus usque docet.
 Muneris aut Sancti tradens præcepta, cavendos
 Dum monstrat scopulos, hæreticosque domat.
 Eripiens animas Orco, votisque potitus,
 Charus erat multis Presbyter ille bonus.
 Munificum miseris Ecclesia deflet, *Edina*
 Plorabit ; summo gaudet at ipse Polo.

P. dolens G. S.

* In the preface to a Pindarick Ode to the memory of this reverend gentleman, who is represented as having died the 18th of February 1709, † in the 75 year of his age, it is said—“ His wit was good, and genius admirable, at an age when these perfections are not discernable in others. I need give no other evidence of this, than his being Professor of Philosophy in the Marischal Colledge of Aberdeen, in the sixteenth year of his age.”

“ Tho' he accepted of a toleration in times of Episcopacy, yet he remain'd fix'd in his principles, which he evidenc'd when he refused that conscience-racking oath, which would have oblig'd him to leave them. And even before the test was contriv'd, he was banish'd twenty miles from Aberdeen, by an act of the Privy Council, upon the account of Non-Conformity.”

The disease of which he died is spoken oft in terms certainly not very intelligible. The author says, “ I hint also at the nature of the disease that ushered his death ;” but it is in vain to extract any hint on the subject from the ode.

† Edinburgh, 1706, 4to, a copy is in the library of the editor.

LXX.

On the much lamented death of the
 most Noble Lady Christian
 Marchioness of Montrose;
 who departed this life
 the 21st of April
 1710, about the
 flower of
 her age.

This lady, the date of whose demise does not appear either in Wood or Brydges, was the second daughter of the Duke of Rothes. She married James third Marquess of Montrose, by whom she had one son, James, afterwards first Duke of Montrose. His widow afterwards became the wife of Sir John Bruce of Kinross, Bart., but by him had no family. From the reference in the Elegy to a surviving “consort” it appears that she predeceased Sir John.

Her son married Lady Christian Carnegie, second daughter of David third Earl of Northesk. She died at Edinburgh, 25th May 1744, having had four sons and one daughter. *Peerage of England*, by Brydges, vol. 4, p. 228.

O what a change in few days hath death made
 By making such a gemm of love to fade.
 'Mongst all fine ladys scarce was there any one
 Could paralell this, in old *Caledon* ;
 She was endu'd with such rare gifts of grace,
 And all perfections, as could be in a lace
 Invironed : So that in this our age
 A finer lady was ne'er remov'd off stage.
 Yea, all her actions denoted that she was
 During her life a splendid mirrour glass,

Wherein all eyes beheld her, might well see
A structure of nature's excellencie.
O death, why hast thou thus our hopes undone,
To cause the setting of a rising Sun ?
Where moderation ever did exort
Great pleasure and fame, even from the rigid sort.
Rich were the pleasures her consort did enjoy
In her embraces, without the least annoy.
Now there is none but his great loss lament,
Since Heaven's so soon hath for her hither sent.
The poor do weep, who now will want supply
Even to their daily growing penury ;
And all ranks by their countenances show,
What praise and tears we to her memory owe.
Her outreaching virtues were compleat,
And all her actions prudent and discreet.
So perfect was she until health did cease,
That still she prais'd God who sent her ease
While that her pious soul its flight did make
To Heaven, where with blest saints, it rest does take



LXXI.

On the much to be lamented Death of the
Right Honourable Sir William
Anstruther, of that Ilk, one of
the Lords of Session, and
Member of Justiciary,
who departed this
Life the 22d day
of January
1711.

Sir William Anstruther was the eldest son of Sir Philip Anstruther of that Ilk. He was appointed an ordinary Lord of Session at the Revolution, 1st November 1689, and a Lord of Justiciary 9th November 1704. He was created a Baronet in 1694.

His Lordship published " Essays Moral and Divine in Five Discourses, viz. I. Against Atheism.—II. Of Providence.—III. Of Learning.—IV. Of Trifling Studies, Stage Playes, and Romances.—V. Upon the Incarnation of Jesus Christ and Redemption of Mankind." Edin. 1701. 4to. The volume is dedicated to John Earl of Tulibardine, afterwards Duke of Athol. The following is a specimen of the prose and verse of this learned senator. Speaking of the fair sex, he remarks. " It is true woman is subject to man, he is her head, but I may question if it was not rather inflicted as the punishment of her sin, than sprung from the prerogative of our nature. But it may be thought we retain some resentment at the first cause of our misery, and by our innate love to the sex, they continue to be the bane of human life.

Men all at once by woman first was damn'd,
And one by one, we're still by them trapann'd.
" Contagion to the root Eve first did bring,
" Her daughters blasts us, branches as we spring.

“ She thrust us out, we’re by her offspring led
 “ Astray from happiness, from whence we fled,
 “ And least again we paradise should choise,
 “ They do amuse us with fantastick joyes.” P. 153.

His Lordship was a great book collector. The library remained in the family till 1832, when it was sold by the creditors of the present Baronet; it was perhaps the finest collection, as regarded condition and intrinsic value, ever offered for sale in Scotland.

Mourn, O North Britain ! and ye Judges all,
 Our judgements, tears doe from us justly call :
 O Fifans mourn ! Lord Ensters death bemoan !
 Thy friend is dead, thy best beloved is gone,
 Who pious, prudent, just, and upright was,
 Though sometimes he did hold his peace, because
 To speak at random is not meet for one
 Who sits a judge, in our Great Albion.
 Should I in tears, dip in my pen, to praise
 The great, the just, Anstruther in his dayes ?
 His gifts, his learning, and accomplishments,
 'Twould far exceed my reach, and detriments
 To his acknowledged worth, would surely be,
 As no unbyass'd reader can but see,
 Our Session now a head-piece wants, that was
 A man sincere, impartial in each cause :
 When on the bench, Lord Enster's face I saw,
 I thought I saw meek Moses with the Law ;
 Ingraven on his breast, that all might know,
 He came not there to make a publick show,
 But to declar that he was sent of God,
 To tell the truth, as once did Aaron's rod,
 Distinguish 'twixt true miracles and feign'd,
 He blossom'd so in judgement when he reign'd ;
 In publick trust, he manag'd all so well,
 That we dare say, our subjects did it feel ;

To poor opprest, he lent his helping hand,
Before his face ill-doers could not stand.
In all his life none dare degrade his name
With any blot, in justice, or declaim
That he did look on persons for their wealth,
And never did consult his soul's health,
Unsting'd is death unto this godly man,
A comfort to his friends, because he can
Account for justice, by him execute,
With his sphere, that he might contribute
Unto the peace and quiet of our land,
In actions all that this man took in hand ;
His tongue triumph'd in evidence that he
Was alwise true, to bound men and to free,
No bribes could him engage to plead for one,*
Because the truth he would pervert for none,
He knew his Witness was to be his Judge,
Which made him faithful, so that a deluge
Of wrath on him at this day cannot be
Inflicted by our God, that cannot lie,
So that his shouts amongst the blessed is,
And Hallelujah by him's sung in bliss.

MR. A. B.

* The judges of those days were far from scrupulous—if they were not directly influenced by hard cash, they not unfrequently allowed themselves to be biased by the solicitations of their “Peats” or favourites. See Court of Session Garland, p. 6, 8vo. Edin. T. G. Stevenson, 1839, and letter relative to Lord Fountainhall in Appendix.

LXXII.

Upon the never enough to be lamented
 death of the illustrious and noble
 John, Marquis of Tullibardine,
 who departed this life at the
 Battle near Mons, the
 first of September
 1709.

[From the original in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.]

John Marquis of Tullibardine held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Dutch service : a number of Scots officers fell with him. He was eldest son of the marriage between the first Duke of Athol and Lady Katherine Hamilton his first wife.

His Lordship died without issue, and the title was assumed by his brother William, who was attainted as Marquis of Tullibardine for his accession to the Rebellion, 1715-16. The news of the surrender of Mons was received with great rejoicings in Edinburgh. The following notice on this subject occurs in the Scots Postman, No. 170 :—“ The account of the surrender of Mons to the High Allies being come, nine guns were fired at the putting out of the colours on the Castle on Tuesday last, (October 18,) about nine o’clock in the morning ; and by order of my Lord Provost and the Magistrates of this city, the musical bells play’d from two to four in the afternoon ; and from four to eight all the great bells rang : a full round of cannon were fired at twelve and four, and the rest of that day was concluded with all demonstrations of joy, as used upon such extraordinary occasions.”

An account of the Geography and History of Mons was translated from the French by John Mack Gregory, Professor of Geography and History, and printed by James Watson at Edinburgh, 1709. Small 4to.

What sighs, what groans, are those I hear always ?
What gushing torrents now run from all eyes ?
What wofull news, what killing sound is this,
That fills all hearts with grief and bitterness.
Ah dolfull news ! but they cannot be fled,
The noble Marquis *Tullibardin's* dead.
That sweet, that noble matchless paragon ;
Ah ! is he gone ? He's gone ; alas he's gone.
What eyes do not with mournfull tears run doun,
What heart's not struck with this (death striking) sound.
A cruel death ! could nought thy hunger fill,
But must thou noble Tullibardine kill.
Could nothing serve to satiat thy greed,
But must thou glutt thyself in noble blood ?
All tongues, all pens cannot aright descry
The matchless worth of him who's tae'n away,
His noble soul was vertue's reall seat,
And vertue made his soul with grace compleat.
Ignoble deeds in him bore never sway,
His fame will stand before black mouth'd envy.
For courage, *Ajax*, *Hector*, *Alexander* :
A loyall subject, and a brave commander.
In eloquence he second was to none,
And he for beauty was ane *Absolon*,
For wisdom he did for his age excell ;
But why should I attempt his praise to tell.
I'd hold the seas far sooner in my hand,
And without pen or ink recount the sand.
Or weight the earth in an emponderous scale,
Far sooner than his worthy merits tell.
His trump of fame shall the wide world hear :
And his good name all monuments out wear.
No marble tomb or trophees virtue needs,
Fame is his herald and proclaims his deeds ;

His praises fill ten thousand thousand mouths,
 He was the mirror of all noble youths.
 But now, alas ! grim death hath him assail'd,
 Belov'd he lived by all, and dyed bewail'd,
 His warfare's ended, and his peace begun,
 All storms are past, and he enjoys the sun.
 Corruption, incorruption hath put on ;
 He's gone from earth unto an heavenly throne,
 When he shall have an everlasting crown
 Of glory, joy, of peace and high renown.

POSUIT MR. ROBERT SMITH.

LXXIII.

**In Obitum Desideratissimi V. D. M.
 Edinburgensis. D. Gul. Crichton.**

This reverend gentleman is probably the same person who figures in the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence. Lond. 1693. (Second Edition, with additions, p. 98.) “ The Moderator, Chrington, immediately after the Assembly was dissolved, praying, (amongst many other reflexions upon the King and his Counsellors,) said these words, “ O Lord thou knows how great a surprisal this is to us : we lookest upon King William at his first coming among us to have been sent in mercy or deliverance to this poor Kirk, but now we see that our deliverance must come from another hand : Grant God he be not sent to be a plague and a curse to thy Kirk.”

The date of Mr. Crichton's demise has not been ascertained, it was probably in the course of the year 1709, as the funeral elegy now printed is inserted at the end of a volume of newspapers of the year 1708-9, between two other elegies, viz. that of Mr. Meldrum and the Marquis of Tullibardine, the death of both of whom occurred in 1709.

Saturni infausta, cras Signo ad Sacra vocandus
 Nocte recumbebam : Tristia mixta Sono ;
 Mortuus est Creghton, Pastor Sacratus Edeni !
 Quid prodesse valent nunc mea vota Pia ?
 Non semper vixere Patres, cecidere prophetæ !
 Esque Propheta Eheu ! Mortuus atque Pater !
 Dic mihi qui Vitæ Sanctæ ratione sequuta,
 Attigeras Christi Notitiamque Dei ?
 Mystica Mosaicæ Legis, Mysteria Regni
 Cœlorum ut scisti ? Quam tibi sit tua fides
 Illorum ! Cœlestis amor ! Constantia victrix
 In mediis nobis quæ incubuere malis !
 Quanta tibi fervens moderata & Cœlitus Ira
 Id Christi Causam ut intemerata staret :
 Simplicitas primæva Patrum gestuque & amictu'
 Divini & Cultus Scotica simplicitas ?
 Scotia te jactet Patrios portasse Penates,
 Haud placuerunt qui Syrmata longa trahunt.
 Immemoranda tamen non est Divina Facultas
 Placandi Numen forti humilique Prece,
 Qua quoque Peccatorum Animos ut gurgit emersos
 Erigeras mire ad Mystica Sacra Dei :
 Spirantes Christum Morituros mille juvasti,
 Divino Eloquio, mellifluoque tuo :
 Non Mirum ; duxit Christus Spiramine codem
 Quo est & Apostolica tota loquuta Cohors
 Viribus attritis Sacris, longaque Senecta,
 Condita in hoc Tumulo mollitur ossa cubent.
 Mortuus est Creghton ! Quamvis moritura putandum
 Fama Viri non est, dum licet ore loqui.

LXXIV.

The same Paraphrased in English.

Compos'd to sleep on Saturn's ominous night,
 For worship till the signal should invite ;
 A melancholly knell beat through mine ears,
 This sound, our *Creighton's* dead ! needs no more prayers ;
 The Fathers, and the whole prophetick race
 Are gone, and like them *Creighton's* gone to peace !
 How didst thou ? Sacred soul ? Such light procure
 Of God and Christ ! Tell me I thee adjure !
 How pierc'd thou through the dark Mosaick vail !
 Read Gospel truths : Or, didst thou ever fail
 Them to believe and love ? Nay, but them fast
 Maintain'd, amidst the evils us harast :
 How great thy zeal, (yet moderat), for Christ's cause,
 Sacred it might be kept in every clause :
 Thy mein and habite grave, with the ancients vy'd,
 Simplicity in Worship, Scotland's pride !
 Scotland thee boasts, it's Churches friend most true,
 'Gainst trained Prelates, and th' Hierarchie crew :
 I shan't forbear to speak thy Divine art
 With God in prayer, tho' humble yet sometimes parte ;
 By which suck'd up to God above the sky,
 Minds earthly, drown'd in sin that lay ;
 Thousands their last breathed in Jesus breast,
 Helpt by thy skill, with sweetest tongue exprest ;
 No wonder, for in him burnt the self same fire,
 Which did th' Apostles with sacred truth inspire ;
 Spent with his sacred toyl, his nature rest
 Required, he obey'd with saints is blest !
 Our great *Creighton's* dead, shall time out-wear
 His Mem'ry ? It shan't be so, while tongues there are.

LXXV.

On the much lamented death of the Reverend Mr. Thomas Wilkie, Minister of the Gospel in the Canongate Church of Edinburgh, who departed this life, 19th of March 1711.

On a copy of this elegy, belonging to Mr. David Haig, of the Advocates' Library, and obligingly communicated by him, there is the following notice in MS. " His colleague (colleague) Mr. William Mitchell, Minister after in the High New Church of Edinburgh, died at York, on his way to London, as one of the Commissioners sent with the Church's address to King George II. September 1727."

O what a change has death in few days made !
 By making such a light so soon to fade,
 In Scotland's kirk where brightness did so shine,
 By life and doctrine as one truly divine.
 His life he travell'd only for to save
 Such as might be preserv'd, ere to grave
 They were hence call'd, their judgement to prevent,
 For what he truly was of purpose sent ;
 A real Saint hither, who ne're could be
 Ruffled or rankled with an injurie ;
 Yea like to Moses was he in the breast,
 If passion enter'd, it could find no rest.
 No scorn, nor spight of his worst foes could move
 Him to refrain his service or his love
 From Christ's poor members, who were his *Benjamins*,
 With whom his acts to memory remains.

More serious and zealous ne're was one
Than this our pious pastor, now is gone.
Learning was all the desire of his heart,
And true devotion did in him still impart,
That godly wisdome did his mind uphold
In greatest dangers, and perils manifold,
Of all afflicted souls he took good care
With prudent counsel and with holy prayer.
His moderation such was, as might extort
Affection from those of the rigid sort.
He perfect was until his breath did cease,
Still serving God in's station with much ease,
Till Heav'n was pleas'd to call him hence in peace,
To a more glorious and much better place,
Where now his zealous and most pious spirit
Doth a most clear and simple orb inherit,
In an æternal maze of joy and love
With blessed saints, who are now above
The reach of all their en'mies cruelty,
As Conquerors over Death triumphantly.



LXXVI.

On the Death of the incomparable
 Thomas Fisher, Merchant in
 Edinburgh, and Treasurer
 of George Heriot's
 Hospital, who
 deceased 26th
 March
 1711.

[From the original, communicated by Mr. David Haig.]

This appears to be from the pen of Robert Monteith, whose *Theatre of Mortality* has been previously noticed. It is printed in that work, p. 12, 2d Part, with one slight alteration.

From an account in which James Anderson, the editor of the *Diplomata*, is debtor, and Robert Monteith the creditor, now in the Advocates' Library, it appears that the latter was a copying clerk, and earned his subsistence, at least for some time, in that way.

Besides his *Theatre of Mortality*, and a translation of Buchanan's *Fratres Fraterrimi*, Monteith wrote "The true and genuine art of exact pointing; as also what concerns the distinction of Syllables,—the marking of Capitals and Italick, or different character, to be used in Prints and Manuscripts, as well Latine, as English. Omne tulit punctum, qui punetat singula recta. By R. Monteith, M. A. Edinburgh, printed by John Reid, Junior, M.D.CC.IV. 12mo."

There is in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates a Petition in verse, written and subscribed by Monteith to the Senators of the College of Justice, craving assistance. A few copies were privately printed, and included in a very scarce collection, of which not above half a dozen complete copies were made up, entitled "Excerpta Scotica." 8vo. Edin. 1825.

The debt which man by birth contracts, he must
 By death repay, adjoining to the dust.

Had goodness, grace, or truest candour been
 Excus'd from fate, he death had never seen.
 Oh ! the contagion of our fathers fall
 To certain death hath doom'd his offspring all.
 Mausoleum he merits well to have,
 And not the common cell of homely grave,
 As b'ing, by heaven's tender care set o're
 The good town's treasure and George Heriot's store.
 Since his first breath did thro' his nostrils pass,
 Of vertues all the mirrour bright he was :
 Furnishing mortals with examples fair,
 Of ev'ry action, honest, great and rare.
 Injured Edinburgh to his wings did fly,
 For sudden help, from hardest je'pardy ;
 Scotland from him, in Epitome did draw
 A matchless man of truest Burgal law :
 Heroick actions ever did attend
 Him, all his life, unto his blessed end ;
 Endearing goodness did him so exalt,
 'Bove Burgers all, below th' enamled vault :
 Reward of vertue, glory ; and the pen
 Of learned ones him stile, **FISHER OF MEN.**

EPITAPH.

Here lyes the perfect and the upright man,
 Of charity and righteousness the plan ;
 Scotland with joy as glad, that he was born,
 As now, in tears, his funeral doth mourn.

R. M.

LXXVII.

On the much lamented death of Mr.
John Hamilton, Minister of the
Gospel in the Grey-friars Pa-
rish of Edinburgh, and
sometime formerly
of Ireland.

[From an original Broadside in the collection of David Laing, Esq.]

The date of Mr. Hamilton's death has unfortunately not been given in the elegy. He published, (Edinburgh, 1701, 4to,) "a sermon preached before his Grace James Duke of Queensberry, and his Majesty's High Commissioner, and the Honourable Estates of Parliament, in the Parliament House, upon Sunday the 24th day of November 1700. 19 pages.

He had for a coadjutor the Reverend Mr. Hart, whose Journal was privately printed in 1832 by Duncan Stewart, and circulated amongst a few friends. It was edited by Principal Lee.

Come citizens and mourn with me apart,
The righteous perish, and few lay't to heart.
A faithfull pastor is called now to Heaven,
Who was a shinning light, whilst among men.
John Baptist he might well be call'd, for why
None that came to him unbaptis'd did die.
Ireland may well his pious zeal declare
And love he had to promote true faith there,
Such was his life and doctrine among the savage
Natives thereof, who did the countrie ravage,
Most cruelly us ruin to pressage,
Yet with much mildness, he did them engage

To yield and own his message from above
 Was sent, and he an harbinger of love.
 His charity to all so far extended,
 That none could say he any e're offended
 By word or deed, but endeavour'd alway
 To recal such as wandered astray
 From the right paths of God's commandment,
 And brought them in by gospel documents ;
 So that of him, it may be trulie said
 Like *John* the Baptist, he the foundation laid
 Of righteousness somewhat into a land,
 Where ignorance prevailed on every hand :
 No doubt therefore his pious soul now sings
 Eternal praises to the King of kings ;
 And to the Lamb that sits upon the throne
 With other saints, and the first baptist *JOHN*.

LXXVIII.

*In Obitum Pice ac Generosissimæ Do-
 minæ D. A. Fountainhall, Elegi-
 dium Ad Usum & Captum Ad-
 olecentuli Ejusdem Alex-
 andri Lauder, Ex In-
 dustria Accommo-
 datum. April
 18, 1713.*

Mr. Chambers in his account of Sir John Lauder, Lord Fountainhall, refers to this elegy, and asserts that it applies to his Lordship's step-mother Margaret Ramsay, daughter to George Ramsay of Iddington, Baillie Lauder's third wife.

Now, as the elegy specially refers to a living husband, and as the Baillie died in 1692, it must follow, that the Lady Fountainhall eulogised could not be Margaret Ramsay. Nor does the evidence stop here,—assuming Margaret Ramsay to have had a posthumous son,—he must have been at least *twenty* when this elegy was written. Now the application of “*adolescentulus*” to a young man of twenty is preposterous. It would rather appear that the lady was the second wife of the judge, by whom he had a son Robert, born January 24, 1688, and who died on the 17th December 1698.* Mr. Chambers asserts that she survived her husband, and if this be true, it would negative the supposition that she was the party in question—but as Fountainhall belonged from 1692 to 1722 to Sir John Lauder—as the elegy relates to a Lady Fountainhall who had an “*adolescentulus*” called Alexander Lauder, and a husband whose “heart” “too big for words” could only “feel” a “load of grief” and “smart”—it cannot answer any one else. Perhaps Lord Fountainhall had three wives, like his father “the deacon before him.” There is a mistake in the historical account of the College of Justice as to Lord Fountainhall’s marriage—he is represented as having married a daughter of Lord Pitmedden. This is erroneous. His first wife was Janet Ramsay, daughter of Lord Abbotshall, and his second, Marion Anderson. His eldest son, also named John, married August 10, 1696, Margaret, daughter of Sir Alexander Seton of Pitmedden, and it was probably this alliance that gave rise to the error.

*An quia Matrona es, Generoso Stemmate nata,
Fatorum rigido numine, Sancta, cadis ?
An quia Conjugio Generoso Juncta Marito,
Exosam Eumenides sortem habuere Tuam ?
An quia Te Superi Generosa Stirpe bearant,
Hanc Atropos viduat sœva Parente sua ?
Haudquaquam ; Innocuam spectans sine crimine Vitam,
Nos tali indignos orbat at Ipse Deus.
Si Pietas ! Morum Candor ! si Lucida Virtus !*

* Chambers, Vol. 3, p. 353, who quotes an entry by Lord Fountainhall to that effect.

Distulerint Vitæ Fata dolenda Tuæ ;
 Nec Tua vel Parcis licuisset rumpere Fila
 Tam cito, supremam vel properasse diem.
 At cunctis lugenda jaces, Generosa, Propinquis,
 Flebilis et justis omnibus, atque Pijs.
 Te dolet abreptam Genitor, longævaque Mater,
 Atque sua incassum fletibus ora rigant.
 Incassum tua Fata dolent, sua damnaque plorant
 Dulcis Conjugii Pignora chara Tui
 Te tamen ante omnes, charus, Viduusque Maritus
 Luget, et Incassum cuncta dolore replet.
 Quid juvat immenso Præcordia rumpere motu,
 Atque Piæ Lachrymæ quid, Generose, juvant ?
 Quid juvat assiduis ruptus Plangoribus Æther,
 Quidve juvant moestis tecta repleta sonis ?
 Posse putas Superos flecti vel Fata precando ?
 Haudquaquam ; exanimis, nec revocanda, jacet.
 Comprecor idcirco tristes Te ponere luctus,
 Quum nullo Consors sit reparanda modo.
Nam sua cuique dies stat, et irrevocabile tempus,
Et brevis est Vitæ terminus usque sua.

LXXIX.

The Same Englished.

Fall'n ! by the Diamal Stroak of harshest Fate,
 Because by Birth, but more, by Virtue, Great ?
 Ah ! had Malignant Powers thy Fate design'd,
 Because unto a Generous Consort join'd ?
 For that kind Heav'n had bless'd thy Fruitful Bed,
 Has cruel Fate thy Children Orphans made ?
 No ; no ;

God has as justly rob'd, and thee possest
Of Full, Immortal, and Eternal Rest.
Cou'd Virtue ! Piety ! Transcending Grace !
Have added to the number of thy Days ;
Then had thou stood beyond the reach of Fate
And scorn'd Death's bitter and revenging Hate.
But to the Conqu'ring Tyrant, ah ! thou lyes
(By all bewail'd) a spotless Sacrifice.
Thine Aged Parents now pine out their Years
In grief ; they sigh, they melt, and dye in Tears.
Thy Orphan Children do with sad regrate
Lament their own in thy disast'rous Fate.
But ah ! this Load of Grief, thy Husband's heart,
Too big for words, can only feel, and smart.
But why should thou thy Heart thus rend with Grief?
Thy Tears make nothing for thy Soul's relief.
Why fill thy Doleful House with Doleful Noise?
And rend the \mathbb{A} ether with thy mournful Cries ?
Can these unhinge what Heav'n has decreed?
No ; no ; she's irrecoverably Dead !
For Heaven's-sake then thy Floods of Tears restrain,
Thou canst not weep her unto Life again.
*Man's Life is short, none can prolong the Date
Of his determin'd, his Eternal Fate.*



LXXX.

To the Memory of Sir James Stewart,
Elder, Her Majestie's Advocate.
Aet. LXXVIII. May 1, 1713.

[From the original in the Advocates' Library.]

The following entries relative to the death and funeral of Lord Advocate Stewart, are from the Scots Courant. Wednesday April 29th, to Friday 1st May 1713.

“ May 1.—This morning, between four and five o'clock, the Hon. Sir James Stuart of Goodtrees, her Majesty's Advocate for the Kingdom of Scotland, died here, and is very much lamented by all that knew him.

¶

May 6.—Yesterday the corps of Sir James Stuart, her Majesty's Advocate for Scotland, was interred in his own burial place in the Gray-friars Church-yard, being accompanied by all the Nobility and Gentry, and the whole Members of the General Assembly, and whole Corporation of the City.”

Sir James was very obnoxious to the Jacobite party, by whom he was christened Jamie Wylie. Some clever Latin verses upon him occur in the Scottish Pasquils, Vol. I—with a very tolerable translation.

A full and interesting account of Sir James will be found in the Coltness Papers, recently edited by James Dennistoun of Dennistoun, Esq. for the Maitland Club.* It is one of the most curious and valuable works hitherto printed by the Northern Clubs.

Speak, grieved muse, alarm the world, and read
Th' unwelcome news, great SIR JAMES STEWART's dead,
Awake ye British bards, your artfull numbers show,
For each a subject here, here a vast theme for you,

* As the contribution of James Bogle, Esq.

So vast, instead of justest Elegies,
 You sha'n't be forced to write poetick lies.
 Buchanan rise and write his active life !
 A man of peace, and yet a man of strife !
 Early he felt a persecuting rage,
 Yet liv'd and prosper'd, dy'd a good old age !
 His unaffected, solid piety,
 And patience, Blackmore !* those I leave to thee
 Shakespear, Ben Johnson, Dryden, all and one
 Of you, describe his wit ; his sense can none !
 His universal reading, learn'd society
 Of Virtuosos, claim as right, do ye !
 His knowledge in the laws pray imitate
 College of Justice, Ministers of State !
 His deep politick reach, that study ye ;
 But add his conscience, and his honestie ;
 He read those records where truth sacred lies,
 His view and faith of sacred mysteries
 Were great and strong, yet orthodox and good,
 He read, he thought, he pray'd and understood ;
 Whence be became truth's grave and strictest judge,
 Our teachers taught, they learn'd, without a grudge
 From his grand oracle of sense, to know
 Their failures, work and duty, when and how ;
 His penetrating soul could soon discern
 The things which Church and State did most concern.
 To gownmen all, who Caledonia grace,
 I sound th' alarm ; but pray ! in the first place
 Learn'd lawyers come, then next bring Levi's tribe,
 The one's best friend, the others greatest pride
 Is dead and gone ! plead his fame's justest right
 The one I do require ; for this indite

* From this reference to Blackmore, it would seem that at the time he was deemed a great poet in Scotland.

A solemn fast, ye sacred crew, when met
 In your assembly ; mourn your church's fate !
 Thou'st giv'n the alarm ; sit down, and say no more,
 My grieved muse ! in silence deep deplore
 The State and Church's fate : silence a crime
 In all, who reason speak, or can write rhyme,
 Shall be unpardon'd ; while the famous name
 Of SIR JAMES STEUART lasts in mighty fame.

LXXXI.

Upon the most lamentable Death of the
 Right Honourable Sir James Steuart
 of Good-trees, her Majesty's Ad-
 vocate, who departed this life,
 May 1, 1713, in the 78th
 year of his age.

Let Scotland mourn, the STATE and CHURCH have lost
 A pillar whereof they of late could boast
 None such in *Europe*, nay, for ages past
 They cannot shew a head so sound and fast.
 Profound his wisdom ! next to *Solomon*
 His equal none can condescend upon.
 Most entricat and nice affairs of STATE
 Were soon resolv'd by his unerring pate,
 Mysterious matters of the CHURCH, likewise
 'Twere cleared up as dazzling sun-shine rays.
 All puzzling matters of the law he could
 Tho' most confus'd and entricat unfold :
 But that which crowned all, his PIETY
 Unshaken steadfastness and Probity,

His perseverance in the way of GRACE,
And active diligence in ev'ry CACE
To prosecute the welfare of his NATION,
And CANDOR in so high a post or station,
Surpass all that can be express'd or said
His shinning TALENTS, not in floods uplaid ;
But vig'rously with much activity
Exerted were, ev'n to a PRODIGY.

When rash and fiery men at rights would run
Into the labyrinths that they should shun,
And by their zeal, or want of knowledge, screw
Things to a pitch, which after they might rue.
He instantly did them their error shew,
And back again he by the hand them drew.*
No weighty matter of the CHURCH or STATE,
Nor case of LAW, in any grand debate,
Without his COUNSEL, VOTE, or APPROBATION,
Have ever been transacted in the nation
For twenty years and more ; and all that while
By his advice, he never did beguile :
His judgment always solid was and sound,
And those who would not follow't, since have found
That they did err, and he was in the right ;
But to break off, his great character bright
Is so well known, and likewise well approv'd,
That all who knew him, him admir'd and lov'd.
And since his place can be supply'd by none,
His loss we never can too much bemoan.

* In these days when so many "rash and fiery men" "screw things to a pitch," the controul of such a man as Sir James Steuart is much wanted.

LXXXII.

On the much lamented Death of Sir
 James Stewart of Goodtrees, Her
 Majesty's Advocate, who de-
 parted this life May 1, 1713,
 in the 78th year of
 his age.

On the copy of the elegy communicated by Mr. David Haig, there is
 this MS. note,—“ His son, Sir James, died at Cultness, August 9,
 1727, Wednesday.”

Mourn northern parts of the *Great Britains* Isle,
 You've lost a cedar, was to you somewhat
 A strong supporter of your Church and State,
 In times of doubts and fears, by's skill and art,
 When cedars such do fall, shrubs may then expect,
 That violent storms will come them to deject.
 He was one sprung from an illustrious stem,
 Which did adorn their ancient royal name ;
 So active was his soul for her promotion,
 That *Luther's* zeal, *Justinian's* devotion,
 Did still attend him with such moderation,
 As requisit was for his pregnant station ;
 So that there are but few, here left behind,
 Accomplished with such candour of mind,
 Pious and just he was, gave all their due,
 His queen, his country, and his clients too.
 His virtuous wit, his zeal and pietie,
 Made Court and Church his suitors always be :

His love to learning, and delight in arts
 Quickned the vigour of his natural parts.
 To the last hour, that pen nor pincel can
 Paint the perfections of so rare a man :
 So lively as he was for contemplation
 Of profound faculties with contentation,
 Which from his sentences most sweet and calm,
 Did ever flow, like unto floods of balm,
 In such transcendant streams, by all renown'd,
 That he as with a garland is now crown'd :
 So that the glistring wings of lasting fame
 Shall to all ages eternize his name ;
 Like to a blazing star, throughout *Scotland*,
 While sun and moon in firmament do stand.
 May heavens preserve, to's hopeful progeny,
 An equal measure o's zeal and piety.

LXXXIII.

On the never enough to be lamented
 Death of the much honored Doctor
 Archibald Pitcarne, who de-
 parted this life the 23d
 of October 1713.

The following character of Pitcairn is from the pen of the author of the History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland :—“ He was the most celebrated physician in Scotland this age, and certainly a man of great skill, and nou of long experience. I am told he still spent three or four hours every morning in reading and writing, and some people talk that every day he did read a portion of the Scripture, though it seems he made ill use of it. He was a professed Deist, and by many alledged to be ane Atheist, though he has

frequently professed his belief of a God, and said he could not deny a Providence. However, he was a great mocker at religion, and ridiculer of it. He kept noe public society for worship, and on the Sabbath had his sett meetings for ridiculing of the Scriptures and sermons. He was a good humanist, and very curious in his choice of books and library. He gote a vast income, but spent it upon drinking, and was twice drunk every day. He was a sort of a poet. There goes a story of ane apparition he had frequently, which he ouned. He dyed not very rich; and for some years he was much declined in his business and health. Some say he had remorse at his death, but others that he continued to mock at religion and all that is seriouse. He was a Jacobite, violent; and was consulted anent the Pretender's health. He was a man of great learning, and was sometime Professor at Leyden, and till of late kept a great correspondence with learned men abroad." *Analecta*, Vol. II, p. 255.

The malice appearing on the face of this paragraph is palpable enough. Pitcairn was an adherent of the dethroned family. Wodrow was a supporter of the reigning one. The former was an Episcopalian, the latter a Presbyterian; hence the charge of Deism, and insinuation of Atheism. Pitcairn was a wit, Wodrow any thing but one; the physician was sprightly and playful, the clergyman dull and dismal.

Wodrow's *Analecta* have been presented to the Maitland Club by its munificent and amiable president, the Earl of Glasgow, and a more desirable contribution could hardly be found; although Wodrow was a poor creature, the minuteness with which he chronicled every atom of intelligence, whether true or false, has, from the paucity of authentic information, conferred an interest on the collection it otherwise would not have possessed. Strange to say, this venerable twaddler, and partial compiler—historian he cannot be called,—has been recently selected, to dignify with his veracious name one of the northern book clubs.

Dr. Pitcairn's daughter Janet married Alexander, fifth Earl of Kellie,* and was mother of the sixth and seventh Earls; she died at Drum-

* " We bear that on Tuesday last, October 12, 1731, the Right Honourable the Earl of Kelly was married to Miss Janet Pitcairn, daughter of the late learned and celebrated physician, and ornament to our country, Dr. Archibald Pitcairn."—*Cal. Mercury*.

June 1775. He had another daughter, Betty. In one of the volumes of broadsides belonging to the Faculty of Advocates, is an elegy upon the death of James the 7th, and on the back of the volume are the following lines in manuscript, with an explanation :—

“ A blithe cantie prize of sixteen years of age,
Did gett the picture of **THINK MIGHTIE SAGE.**”

“ **Think Mightie Sage**” is Robert Calder’s Anagram for King James the Eighth, whose picture, finely sew’d by Dr. Urquhart’s daughter, was rafled, and gain’d by Dr. Pitcairn’s daughter Betty, whom Calder calls “ a blithe cantie prize,” or the Anagram for Elizabeth Pitcairn.”

Pitcairn left no surviving male descendants : his heir of line, thro’ the Countess of Kelly, is Sir Ralph Anstruther, of Balcaskie, Bart. Lord Hailes thought very highly of Pitcairn’s Latin poems. A collection of his literary remains would be a valuable accession to the stores of Scottish literature.

Let muses mourn, and Physicians condole
The loss of him whom neither could controle,
In skilfulness of sciences and arts,
Because he was the scilfullest in these parts ;
Yea, from his youth he every day encreas’d
By’s great experience in Physick tread :
But now alace he is from us gone,
Who was the greatest in our *Caledon*.
For every thing that might him qualifie
Both for physick, verse, or chymistrie :
Whate’re the vulgar say, he was expert,
In all those sciences makes men perfect,
Both for this life, and that which is to come ;
Where he doth rest until the day of dome.
His liberalitie he had unto all trades ;
Should move them to condole, that he now fades
Who by his counsel and his care supported
Them in their straits, and nought from them extorted.
The poor ought likewise weep, he did supplie
In greatest time of their extremitie :

Wherefore his soul no doubt in Heaven doth rest,
In *Abraham's* bosom with other Saints most blest.

EPITAPH.

Here now he lyes, whom all now prize
For's wisdome, and those parts,
Are requestit to sympathie
Those are of loyal hearts.

LXXXIV.

Georgius Davidsonus, de morte Archibaldi Pitcarnii Scotti.

[From the original in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.]

Quando prisca fides, omnes et Apollinis artes
PITCARNO invenient, mi Volusene, parem?
Cui fuit incoctum generoso pectus honesto,
Quod solum credo posse placere Deis.
Solus in hoc ævo raris cessit amicis,
Quos et cana fides famaque novit anus.
Ille decus secli Medicis monumenta reliquit,
Queis artem magnus discat Apollo suam.
Gens inimica Poli fremuit, nam cuncta moventem
Æternum monstrant hæc monumenta Deum.
Plurima et invenit, docuitque inventa: quid illæ
Ingenii vires non potuere sui?
Quicquid habet tellus, vel picti regia coeli,
Judicio solers subdidit Ille suo.
Fas versum atque nefas, ubi tot perjuria terris
Incubuere, nemus migrat in Elysium,

Quo secura quies, quo munera juris et æqui,
Fallere vel falli nescia vita manet.
Maximus Huic Gramus, Makinius atque Locartus
Occurrunt, lætis numina magna locis.
O qui complexus, O gaudia quanta fuerunt !
Digna quidem superis gaudia digna Deis.
Felices animas ! si publica commoda spectes,
Nulla tulit tales bis duo terra Viros.
Cumque dies veniet, solio quæ reddet Iulum,
Ex patriam Scotis, et sua fana Deis,
Nil erit Elysiis nisi maxima gaudia campis,
Nulla remordebit bis duo cura Viros.
Da, Volusene, precor, tua carmina, solus amicum
PITCARNUM digne tu celebrare vales.
Tu celebrare vales illum, quem Dia Mathesis,
Et Natura Parens laudat ubique Virum.
Ille decus Phœbi, Phœbo qui digna locutus,
Attingit meritis Solis utramque domum.
Sparge pio cineri flores ; quem non capit orbis,
PITCARNUM ingentem nam capit urna Virum.
Ille Salus hominum, Scotorum Gloria, major
Invidia, Medicum Gloria prima fuit.
Da Volusene, precor, tua carmina culta ; Virorum
Maximum Ego parvis non tenuabo modis.



LXXXV.

**Upon the much to be lamented death
of Commissioner Kello, who
departed this life the 2d
of October 1716.**

[From the Original, communicated by Mr. David Haig of the Advocates' Library.]

Kello, or, as he was sometimes called, Cayley, was shot by a Mrs. Macfarlane,—the cause is altogether unknown,—the particulars of the murder will be found in the Appendix. The lady's escape and concealment furnished Sir Walter Scott with an incident in *Peveril of the Peak*.

Abimalech a champion bold and stout
Had by a woman all his brains dash'd out,
Th' ambitious youth did at a Crown aspire,
And thought to have the Castle set on fire,
But as he racklesly approach'd the door,
A woman who perhaps might be a whore,
A peice of milston droped ov'r the wall,
Which by mischance upon his pate did fall ;
Whereby the case of his proud brains was crushed,
His excit made, and usurpation hush'd.

And *Sisera* a man of great renown,
Who on the ground to sleep had laid him down,
Was by a female nailed to the ground,
And he a corps soon afterwards was found.

And *Olfernus* in am'rous fit,
His heart and life to *Judeth* did commit,

But he regardless of his life him slew,
And with a shabre off his head did hew.

These three great heros we have nam'd before,
With sev'ral others we might mention more,
By female hands dispatched were and slain,
Therefore let none impute it as a stain,
Unto the honoured Defunct that he fell
By female hands as some are pleased to tell,
Since many heros of first rate or size,
By woman have been slaughter'd by surprise ;
But let us all lament the honour'd squair,
Who by mischance fell in th' unhappy snare,
And was of life at unawars depriv'd,
Whether by chance or by a plot contriv'd ;
The caution's good, let every one take care
T' avoid the danger of the fatal snare.
He that in vertue's path abideth closs,
Can never be surpriz'd or put to loss ;
For tho' to dangers he may be expos'd,
And ev'n in midst of dangers throng inclos'd,
Nay, vanquished, or ev'n depriv'd of life,
Shot with a pistol, or stab'd with a knife,
His exite is not fatal, vertue will
Through death and dangers great support him still ;
From dismal accidents none can pretend
T' affirm, the patient made a fatal end ;
For vertuous men have oft been snatch'd away
By death, in several shapes surprisingly :
As doth the wicked, so the just oft fall
By sudden death, terrible to all.

LXXXVI.

**On the much to be lamented Death of
the much honoured Sir John
Riddel of that Ilk,
Knight=Baronet.**

[From an Original Broadside, communicated by Mr. David Haig of
the Advocates' Library.]

The exact period of the demise of Sir John Riddell has not been ascertained. He was alive in 1699, as he then married his fourth wife, Margaret Hepburn, Lady Rosehill; but he must have been dead in the year 1713, as his son Walter had then succeeded to his title and estate. One of Sir John's wives was a daughter of the laird of Swinton. The brother, Archibald, was ancestor of the Riddells of Granton. From him is descended John Riddell, Esq. Advocate, whose learned and able works on the Peerage, and other subjects, legal and historical, have deservedly attracted so much attention.

Ah cruel death ! it's time to give it o'er :
Now Charon's boat is fraughted with such store.
Of ponderous souls, scarce it can contain,
Without a rupture, a more numerous train ;
So many in the evening of this age.
Fall sacrifices to thy boundless rage.
If thou continue, thy empire may be
Confin'd to this declining century ;
Here's one was crown'd with honour and with years,
And slain by thee, did mount the higher spheres.
And in spight of thy cruelty doth claim,
The laurels of a never fading fame,

It doth surpass, our Herauldrie to trace,
Th' antiquity and grandure of his race.*
It may suffice, he was chief of the name
Of *Riddel*, and so ancient was his stem,
And honourable, scarce its parell
Is to be found, sure, none doth it excell.
And both his comely face and symmetrie
Most square, were suited to his pedigree,
And both his soul and all his actions were
Of the same size, most rare, and regulare.
He had a noble soul ; he did surpass,
The most of gentlemen in sence and grace,
And in facetiousness, but there were none,
In *Caledonia*, who had more renown
For charity to all, and tenderness
Towards his vassals, when e're in distress,
For constant uprightness, and above all,
For a most stedfast and tenacious zeal,
What tho' his zeal was groundless, and his creed,
Holy intention hallows still the dead ;
This 'cording to his motto, *Hope to Share*,
Made him to Foreign Nations to retire.
And now to share in all the glory gain'd,
For keeping still his conscience unstain'd,
An harvest is adjusted to his hope,
That infinitely surmounts each earthly crop.
Rye-Dale, and *Whitton*, sure, are of low price,
Compared with the Heav'nly *Paradise*.
Heav'ns had already bless'd him upon earth,
With those and ladies four, of noted worth,
And with a numerous and admired race.
(Which length of time, I hope, shall nev'r efface)
And after death do bless him with a share
Of Pleasures that are endless and sincere.

* The family of ~~Middell~~ is one of the most ancient in Scotland.

LXXXVII.

**On the Death of the Right Honourable
George Earl of Cromarty, Lord
Tarbat, &c. who departed this
life 27th August 1714, about
the 90th year of his age.**

[From a Broadside communicated by Mr. David Haig of the
Advocates' Library.]

Sir George M'Kenzie, the first Earl of Cromarty, was one of the most versatile statesmen of the versatile period in which he lived. He was originally a Lord of Session under the title of Lord Tarbat, but was deprived of his office on the 16th February 1664 in consequence of his interference in the matter of billeting, by which an attempt was made to exclude the all powerful Lauderdale from further political domination. Years elapsed before he could pacify that influential statesman; he was at last successful, and was appointed Lord Justice-General on the 16th October 1678, and on the 11th November following he was admitted a Privy Councillor. After this his rise was rapid. He received a Viscountcy from James II, and, 1st January 1703, an Earldom from Queen Anne.

His Lordship is accused, whilst holding the office of Lord Register, of falsifying the minutes of Parliament; a charge not improbable, considering that he was not troubled with many scruples of conscience, although the author of a religious treatise.

He was a writer of some celebrity in his day—but is now chiefly known to Scottish antiquaries by his treatise on the Gowry Conspiracy, Edinburgh, 1713, 8vo, in which he adopts the side of King James. He appears to have had in his possession the alleged mysterious papers found on the body of Lord Gowry. What subsequently became of them is unknown: they may yet lurk in some charter-chest, perhaps that of Royston, now the property of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. Lord Cromarty describes them as

consisting of “ two sheets, stichit in a bible book of near five inches long, and three broad ; full of magical spells and characters, which none can understand, but those who exercise that art.”

Mourn all ye loyalists in Britain’s isle,
 Since he is gone who was for a long while
 A true supporter both of Church and State,
 In prosperous and likewise adverse fate,
 This great Appollo of our Isle is dead,
 Therefore ye ought put on your sable weed :
 His eyes from which ye borrowed so much light,
 Death has at last shut up in darksome night,
 He who in every science was well known,
 In other countreys as well as his own ;
 Did to the world every where impart,
 Freely his skill of many noble art,
 No pincill can draw nor any coullour paint.
 Those perfections his genius did present,
 In him were all the parts of learning seen,
 And all the knowledge mortals can attain,
 Like Roman *Maro* lofty were his strains,
 Easie like *Ovid*, he flow’d without great pains,
 He all the beauties of their young could tell,
 In all their ways of speaking did excell,
 He by his skill still new discoverie show’d
 And how to improve them all his strength bestow’d,
 For which the world ought to his memory give,
 Long lasting praise that’s name and fame may live,
 Who to his pow’r was even Scotland’s friend ;
 And always strove its libertys to defend,
 Proving a patron always unto all ;
 To do the same whither great or small,
 His principells were of the primæve age,
 Which he did contribut on this stage,

In short by his our reaching, solid mind,
All arts and sciences were well defin'd.

EPITAPH.

Into this tomb a great one is enshrin'd,
Who was by Heaven undoubtly design'd
For doing good unto the Church and nation,
Whilst he liv'd here according to his station,
Untill that death deprived us of one
Who was a constant friend to Britan's throne,
Near nintie years, who then can cease to mourn ?
And with some British tears bedew his urn,
Strangers then drop, as you pass by, a tear,
Because the world his worth did much admire.

LXXXVIII.

On the never-enough lamented Death of
the Right Honourable John Murray,
Lord Bowhill, one of the Senators
of the College of Justice, who
departed this life upon
the 24th March 1714.

John Murray was the second son of Sir John Murray of Philiphaugh, and Ann, daughter of Sir Archibald Douglas of Cavers. He was admitted Advocate 4th February 1688, and elected Member for Selkirk in the Scottish Parliament from 1703 to 1707. He, after the Union, was sent to the British Parliament as Member for that county. He was appointed a Lord of Session in place of Lord Crosrig, and took his seat 7th of June 1707; and on the resignation of Lord Fountainhall, obtained that Judge's Justiciary gown, 1st June 1709. See Haig's Senators of the College of Justice, p. 485.

O ! thou my muse, that's now bedew'd with tears,
 Sob thou dire sighs, pierce Adamantine ears :
 For darlings of the muses now do mourn ;
 Their sable weeds with tears, they all adorn.
 Why ? pale fac'd death, on his wing'd steed did fly
 From the utter-gate of Eternity ?
 And hath our Senate-house bereav'd, of one,
 Who, for his vertue, might have fill'd a throne :
 Judicious, great, and pious Lord BOWHILL :
 His empty seat, upon the bench to fill
 Scarce any of our wits he's left behind,
 With such judicious, and a pious mind.
 O ! Senators, who sable-weeds put on,
 BOWHILL has scal'd the heavens to a throne ;
 And trumpets forth the Mediator's praise ;
 Where angels flee about, delight to gaze.
 Who did pronounce pointed decreets 'mongst you,
 With open face the Deity doth view,
 Justice doth cry, while equity doth moan,
 Of all my sons BOWHILL's my only one ;
 Who thro' the fogs, and mists rais'd at the law,
 The equal cause, in justice always saw ;
 And angell-like, who wisely cou'd repell
 Quirks of the law, foam'd up in *Bacchus*-cell.
 The sons of *Levi* cause thus Pulpits groan,
 While for the loss of thee BOWHILL, they moan :
 (No wonder ; for he, amongst great and small,
Jure Divino Presbyt'ry did call.)
 The Acts of Parliament, beyond the pole
 Did fill his heart, and his sublimer soul !
 And so, he always lov'd to punish crimes,
 In these profane, degenerating times.
 He caus'd Hell's brats find stroak of Justice hand,
 When they impanell'd for their crimes did stand.

The poor, whom he suprrted, now do mourn,
While friends prepare his body for its urn.

J oys on nimble wings, have taken flight ;
O now *Cimmerian* darkness vails our night.
H ow can heroick vertue joys have ?
N one like him now ! tho' he must down to grave.
M ay heavens fill his empty seat below,
U ntil *Rome's* cursed strength no pow'r can show.
R ight reason in his civil orb did move :
R eligion waft him to a seat above,
A nd all who live within our hemisphere,
Y e may bedew your eyes, and drop a tear.

LXXXIX.

On the much to be lamented Death of the
Reverend Doctor Gilbert Burnet,
Bishop of Salisbury, who
departed this life March
17th 1715, in the 73d
year of his age.

[From a Broadside in the Fountainhall Collection, now in the Advocates' Library.]

His Lordship has been praised or censured according to the political creed of the critic, the usual, and perhaps proper, fate of all violent partizans. He was alleged to have been desirous of altering the Episcopal ritual, and this assertion is supported by a very curious passage in the *Analecta* of the old twaddler Wodrow, if his authority can be relied on. Vol. II, p. 320.

•

Here is a loss to Church, State, and to all,
When such tall cedars and strong oaks do fall ;
When fathers smitten are, children may fear,
That dismal stroaks apparently draw near ;
Yea here behold a general loss is come,
When Reverend Gilbert Burnet is call'd home.
He early did begin truth to defend,
And so continued till his life did end,
When any did against the same contend.
Of all his churches his care was still great,
And bear much charges out of his own estate,
That by his labour they much good might gain,
And have no cause against him to complain.
His conversation grave and full of grace,
To all men harmless in whatever place.
His worthy writing he hath left behind,
Which gave much light to those that are yet blind.
For peace with all men he did still desire,
As far as might keep truth pure and entire ;
A faithful minister of Christ our Lord,
With diligence still labouring in God's word,
Which were the weapons he did use, whereby
Truth might defended be and verity.
He oft obtained, though some ill men design'd
Against him, that they might occasion find
Him to accuse, altho' his works were pure,
Which to all ages ever shall endure.

EPITAPH.

Under this tomb good Gilbert Burnet lies,
The death of whom makes many weeping eyes.
He laboured hard, and now his work is done,
That he may rest till resurrection.

When he shall rise, and with all saints ascend,
 To be with Christ world without end,
 Singing still praise to God for ever more,
 And to the Trinity glory therefore.

XC.

On the never enough to be lamented
 death of the Earl of Forquhar, who
 departed this life December the
 7th, 1715, the twenty-one
 year of his age.

[From the Original, communicated by Mr. David Haig of the Advocates' Library.]

In the first volume of the *Analecta Scotica*, Edin. Stevenson, 1834, p. 193. 8vo. will be found some interesting particulars relative to the death of Lord Forfar, who died of wounds received at the battle of Sheriffmuir.

Ah ! *Scotland*, Ah ! why are thy muses dumb ?
 Is there no Poet in thee can move his tongue ?
 In melancholy matter to bemoan
 The sad surprising woes of *Albion*,
 On woe upon another back doth roll,
 Utter destruction without controll ;
 Seems *Scotland* to invaid, nay over spread,
 And under foot our greatest pleasures trade ;
 Ye mournful muses, all come join with me,
 Assist me in my mournful melody ;
Homer awake, here's matter for thy pen,
Mournfull Melpomeny, assistance lend,

But if with grief so sure your hearts doth swell,
As thoughts can't conceive, nor tongue can tell,
Then let your wat'ry eyes as fountains flow,
Griv'd hearts half broken have been eased so,
Thus being eased, in one join hand in hand,
Lament the sad disasters of our land,
A dismal cloud o'respreads our horrizon,
Forquhar, that princely hopefull youth is gone,
A youth who's wisdom, valour, loyalty,
Shall famous make him to posterity,
A hopefull youth, dearly beloved by all,
Save a rebellious crew, who into thrall
Would have the land involved (whilst *Forquhar* brave,
Ere they prevail, doth chuse to dig his grave,)
Weep tears of blood, ye Rebels, when ye hear
The nation's loss of this quit cut off Peer.
Not by mischance of shot alone, but by
Your cruel aim'd at stroaks, whilst manfully,
For King and Countrys' cause he stands it out
And conqu'ring dies in giving you the rout.
Poor *Scotland's* cause is still your cry and boast
Whilst by your cruel hand *Scotland* hath lost
A pillar whereof she of late could boast.
Is righteous *Able* murder'd 'cause his good,
God shall revenge the cause his sakeless blood
Shall be requir'd at a curst Cain's hand ;
A fugitive he's be in foraign lands,

EPITAPH.

Here lyes a Princely Peer a *Douglas* bold,
Sprung of that root, which present and of old
Still is and hath been valiant in our land,
Yet who is able Death for to withstand.

May God preserve the princely *Douglas* left,
Least *Scotland* of its darling be bereft.

XCI.

Upon the exceeding much to be lamented
Death of the Illustrious Princess, Anne,
Duchess of Hamilton, who departed
this life the 16th of October 1716,
in the 86th year of her age.

[Communicated by Mr. David Haig.]

This lady was the eldest surviving daughter of James first Duke of Hamilton, and was born about the year 1636, (Anderson's Memoirs of House of Hamilton, p. 147.) She was Duchess of Hamilton in her own right, but upon her marriage with Lord William Douglas, he was created Duke of Hamilton for life, 12th October 1660. Her Grace resigned her titles in the hands of King William, 9th August 1696, in favour of her son, who became Duke of Hamilton, with the original precedence. He, as is well known, was killed unfortunately in a duel with Lord Mohun.

This noble Princess of immortal fame,
An ornament unto the Christian name ;
More virtues than we're able to express,
By constellations did her breast possess ;
Unbyass'd zeal, and decent modesty,
Prudence, patience, love and charity ;
Nay, spotless charity and fortitude.
Humility, and ev'ry thing that's good,
Adorn'd this most illustrious Princess's mind,
And in her nothing that is bad we find :

No dusk of vice her heavenly breath did taint,
Or passion unbecoming any Saint.
The main character of a Saint we find,
Illustrioushly shine in her noble mind ;
Ev'n charity in an extended sense,
In suff'ring long an unprovok'd offence,
Construing well of actions done amiss,
And lib'ral bounty to all in distress,
The widows, orphans, poor, and fatherless,
Her Grace's hand found ope for their relief,
And all she could, did to asswage their grief.
With all afflicted she did sympathize,
And from her hand they always found supplies ;
Heav'n blest her with a talent, and she did
Improve the same, and not her talent hid ;
Much earthly wealth this Princess did possess,
But share therein had all the fatherless
As she had access, and their case did know,
No needy soul did from her empty go.
She cloath'd the naked, and the hungry fed,
And made the hearts of helpless orphans glad.
And as the needy now adays are throng,
Heav'n for their sakes her life preserved long ;
Even much beyond the common term of years
That others live, leaving the world in tears,
At least so much thereof as knew her Grace,
And shar'd her bounty near her dwelling place,
That to them she some comfort might afford ;
But at the last, it now has pleas'd the LORD,
To take her home unto his place of glore,
Loaded with blessings of the starving poor,
Who in this world can have her help no more,
This debt to nature all 'of us' must pay,
And therefore ought prepare for such a day,

When earthly comforts can no comfort yield,
 Nor be against the darts of death a shield :
 Let us lament this Princess' loss, and strive,
 That where she is we may at last arrive
 To heav'ly mansions, and eternal joy,
 Where nothing doth disturb, nor cause annoy.

XCII.

On the much to be lamented death of
 Mr. Charles Dunbreck, Captain
 of the City Guard of Edin-
 burgh, &c. who died the
 31st of October 1717.

[From a Broadside belonging to Mr. David Haig.]

As the Town-Guard was formed in 1696, (See Kay's Edinburgh Portraits, Vol. II, p. 185,) it is not improbable that Dunbreck was the first Captain : the last Captain, Mr. James Burnet, died on the 24th August 1814.

In the Pennicuik MS. there is an Epitaph on " Captain Johnston, Commander of the City Guard of Edinburgh, a gentleman of monstrous bulk," which commences thus :—

" Death, to provyde the wormes an good Yule dinner,
 Barrels the beef of a gigantic sinner ;
 Of such a monstrous size, his flesh and blood
 Would serve ten cannibals a year for food."
 It ends,—
 " Oh death hath cut thee down with cruel rage,
 And kill'd the *greatest* captain of the age."

What means the warlike Mars thus to appear,
 And all Bellona's train surpriz'd with fear.

For sword and helmet banners all display'd,
In wonted brav'ry visages afraid.

And melancholly looks loudly declare
How deeply in this Hero's fate they share.

Just cause of grief : their valiant champion's gone,
The valiant Captain DUNBRECK alone.

Who understood, and practis'd in the field,
And never knew at any time to yield.

Besides his skill in militar affairs,
His conduct and his vertue both declares.

Th' inherent grandeur of his ancient race,
Whom probity and virtues rare do grace.

Valour and goodness may unite together ;
The one's not inconsistent with the other.

As did the Captain in his conduct shew,
To all who half of his conduct knew.

Kind Comerad, true friend, and all his life,
The best of husbands to a loving wife ;

With whom in peace he liv'd, in love did dy,
And is lamented universally.

Captain DUNBRECK in fame's record shall live,
Whilst springs their streams, and rocks their stones do give.

XCIII.

On the death of Mr. Brand, Student of
 Philosophy in the University of
 Edinburgh, who departed
 this life on the 10th
 December 1717,
 in the 17th
 year of
 his age.

By J. C. one of his Fellow Students.

The initial, J. C. may perhaps stand for John Callander of Craigforth, afterwards a well known Scotish antiquary, and who in his early years was a woorer of the muses. His poem on the Powers of Harmony, originally printed in 1762, and afterwards reprinted in 1788, has been much admired.

Brand was probably a son of Sir Alexander Brand of Brandsfield, Knight, a curious notice of whom occurs in the St. James' Evening Post, 14th September 1725. It is there stated, that he was one of the principal persons who erected the statue of King Charles in the Parliament Square, " and he hambly proposeth to erect that of his Most Sacred Majesty, King George, and the young Prince, William Augustus, at his own charge, for a decoration to a canal,—he designs to supply the King's Palace and the suburbs of that city with fresh water,—and for keeping it sweet and clean,—a work opposed by none of that kingdom." He was a keen Hanoverian, and as he says, in his verses to the Prince of Wales, on the anniversary of his birth-day, 1st March 1725, exposed himself to the anger of a " Jacobitish Lady," at a masquerade, where, as a harlequin, he danced, by singing, on drinking the King's health, the following:—

CHANSON A BOIRE.

A la santé de Roy, Bacchu,
 A la santé de Roy, Bacchu,
 J' atten le cu de verre,
 Tering, Ting, Ting, Tering, Ting.

As he was a major at the Revolution, he must have been rather an aged Harlequin.

Must natures vast profusion be in vain ?
 So soon must BRAND return to dust again,
 How sudden are our choicest hopes beguil'd
 He ne'er grows old who scorns to be a child.
 'Tis fatal to be ripe before the time,
 Tho' great indeed to shew so quick a prime.

In BRAND both art and nature did unite
 To make him lov'd, and render him complete ;
 More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date.
 Youth could no greater qualities bestow,
 Nor rip'ned age more full perfection show.
 Mature for heav'n, he shun'd a dull delay,
 Leapt o'er old age, and took the shortest way.

So shoots some generous plant his youthful head,
 With kindly show'rs and heav'ns indulgence fed :
 His prosperous growth declares that he's design'd
 By nature to excell his neighbouring kind ;
 But thro' abounding early Vigour weak,
 The body bends, the loaded tendrils break ;
 He sheds his blooming honours all around,
 And sinks with fatal plenty to the ground.

XCIV.

**Elias and Enoch. A Dialogue on
the Death of the Right Reverend
Alexander, late Lord Bishop
of Edinburgh.**

[From a copy formerly belonging to Bishop Jolly, and now in the
Diocesan Library, Edinburgh.]

Some account of this worthy Bishop will be found in the Appendix,
extracted from the funeral sermon preached on his demise, and
printed at Edinburgh 1720. 12mo.

Elias.—Enough, my soul, let's quit this cool retreat,
Of contemplation the delightful seat :
Let's hasten to the Court, and join the quire,
That sweetly raise the voice or tune the lyre ;
The crowded hall and solitary grove
Of my transported mind th' alternate pleasure prove.
But lo ! Good *Enoch* hither bends his pace ;
And more than common gladness guilds his face.

Enoch.—The pleasing rapture of your breast
Sits on the tincture of your cheeks confest,
Has some rich griping Usurer, when old,
Made restitution of his ill-got gold ;
Or Atheist turn'd devout with dying breath,
And sav'd his soul in the article of death,
From whence soe'er your joyful wonder flows,
Be pleas'd the grateful secret to disclose.

Enoch.—To make thi' agreeable, desir'd report,
With willing speed I left th' Olympick Court.
With humble gratitude I call to mind,
How that my self, the first of human kind,
Without submitting to the laws of fate,
God to these blissful regions did translate.
Next you from *Jordan's* flowry banks was torn,
And hither in a flaming chariot born.
Not more amazement fill'd th' Ætherial climes,
Nor joy, at either of those happy times,
Than *Rose* by's strange arrival has imprest
On ev'ry sympathetic heavenly breast.
Without one single guardian angel's aid,
He hath himself alone the journey made.
Satan in vain endeavour'd to controul
The rapid motion of the sprightly soul :
Swifter than blast of wind or beam of light,
It left the lagging devil out o' sight.

Elias.—Where were those bright inhabitants of heaven,
To whom departed Saints in Charge are giv'n,
That hover round the pious sick-man's bed,
And when the soul's out of the body fled,
Forthwith receive it on their azure wing,
And waft t' immortal bliss the little eager thing ?

Enoch.—Not the least sign of his approaching fate,
Had giv'n them warning on their charge to wait.
In perfect health, the good old man had gone,
To visit a sick brother of his own ;
And, as he breath'd his vows in ardent prayer,
And curling incense cleav'd the yielding air,
His soul all of a sudden mounts the skies,
Amidst the fragrant steams of its own sacrifice.

Elias.—Most pleasant is th' adventure you relate,
Nor less amazing than our common fate.
Say, what bright beauties deck'd that soul's fair face,
Which heav'n was please'd with such a boon to grace?
Who can God's goodness worthily proclaim?
He first gives merit, then rewards the same.

Enoch.—Heav'n seem'd to take unspeakable delight,
In show'ring blessings on this favourite.
I mention not those virtues, one may find,
Less eminent, in others of his kind:
Such as the sweet resentments that inspire
Th' indulgent husband, and the gentle sire;
Nor that majestick sweetness, that could move
At once our veneration, and our love;
Nor those peculiar talents he displaid,
E'er *Scotland's Sion* was in rubbish laid;
When *Perth, St. Andrews, Glasgow*, spoke his fame,
And *Elgin* and *Edinum* blest his name.

'Twas ardent love to God, and Charity
Towards the most invet'rate enemy;
A just abhorrence of successful crimes,
And steadiness to truth in dismal times;
The most submissive résignation still
To the disposal of *Jehovah's* will:
'Twas by such noble qualities he gain'd,
And in the love divine above each rival reign'd.

But still devotion in his soul bore sway,
And for the brisk excursion pav'd the way.
For, as the blest, incessant exercise
Of raptur'd angels in devotion lies;

So by it's aid, he, more than human grown,
 Had in th' angelick nature lost his own.
 And let's suppose an angel t' animate
 Some human creature's body, after fate ;
 As that frail union would dissolve with ease,
 Without a sudden wound, or slow disease :
 So did the venerable *Rose* expire,
 And to his native skies with joy retire.
 Now he's immers'd in pleasures all divine,
 And wreaths of glory round his temples twine.
 He for a while dispens'd with th' heavenly crown,
 And, for the church's good, deferr'd his own ;
 But that he knew (as happen'd in your case)
Elisha's double spirit would take place.

Both.—While pious men delight in fervent pray'r,
 And by repentance their misdeeds repair ;
 While heav'n is to relenting sinners kind,
 And charitable deeds, acceptance find ;
 While saints to virtue just applauses give,
 So long shall *Rose's* name, and praise and honour live.

XCV.

On the Right Honourable William
 Lord Strathnaber, who died
 13th July 1720,
 aged 32.

Lord Strathnaber was the only son of the marriage between John, 19th
 Earl of Sutherland, and Lady Helen Cochrane. His Lordship mar-
 ried Katharine, daughter of William Morrison, Esq. of Preston-

Grange, by whom he had William, who succeeded his grandfather in 1731, and became 20th Earl of Sutherland. He is the direct ancestor of the present Duke of Sutherland, the heir of line; but the male representation of the old Earls of Sutherland is in Sutherland of Forse, who, if Lord Mansfield's absurd notions as to male succession in ancient Scottish Earldoms were duly carried out, ought to be Earl of Sutherland.

Sing Muse (if grief allow) in softest lays,
Deceast Strathnaver's well deserved praise ;
He has so much himself, you need not trace
The shining glories of his ancient race ;
First own thyself for such a task unfit,
Then sing the beauties of so bright a wit ;
Sing his strong reason and his solid sense,
Finely expressed in smoothest eloquence ;
Sing modesty, that makes the difference
Betwixt mens real merit and pretence ;
Sing youth refined from vanity and rage,
Which shows that wisdom's not confin'd to age ;
His boundless knowledge also should be sung,
Which he dispens'd with an unerring tongue ;
Sing how from this such treasure he'd produce,
What could be wish'd for pleasure or for use.
His universal learning sing, and then,
How he not only studied books but men ;
His martial valour in a righteous cause,
His firm adherence to our ancient laws,—
His open heart sing, and his gen'rous mind,
Just to mens virtues, to their failures blind.
To these you likewise justly may annex,
The charming sweetness of the other sex.
In fine, his humble piety proclaim,
The best ingredient to embalm his name.

Consider, Muse, and name me, if you can,
So kind a friend, or so polite a man ;
His soul too great to be confin'd to clay,
Has broke it's prison, and has forc'd it's way.
Since now this wond'rous man no more does live,
What Reader's so hard-hearted but must grieve !
What must the loss be to the world, if all
That has been nam'd, unto the dust should fall !
But this of comfort does some prospect give,
He leaves a hopeful Representative ;
We see each of these noble qualities
Grow in the son, that in the father dies.
May heav'n on him his father's gifts entail,
May no disease, but old age make them fail.

XCVI.

On the never enough to be lamented
Death of that Vertuous and Wor-
thy Gentleman Capt. Geo.
Drummond, who dyed
at Edinburgh, Sep-
tember 26, 1720.

[Communicated by Mr. David Haig.]

Of Captain Drummond, the editor has been unable to obtain any information. He perhaps was related to George Drummond, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, one of the few civic rulers of whom the metropolis has reason to be proud.

How frail, how vain, momentainous man ?
His life a vapour, longest years a span.

P

No birth, health, wealth, strength, nor age,
 The grave's devouring hunger can asswage.
 And tho' kind heaven upon him did bestow
 Good store of blessings, that are here below,
 He always carried in such equal tide,
 No worldly riches made him swell with pride,
 Yet still the poor in time of need did find
 True tokenes of his charitable mind :
 When that their cry did reach his ear,
 He for their help was soon astire.
 To Town and Council then he would apply,
 And used all means for their recovery.
 For he was ever full of clemency,
 The poor, yea rich talk of his charity :
 When others had confin'd them in his hand,
 For their relief he boldly up did stand :
 So if he could their liberty procure,
 For his own dues they would not stay an hour.
 His soul too great to be confin'd to clay,
 Has broke its prison, and has forc'd its way.
 Since now this worthy man no more does live,
 What readers so hard-hearted but must grieve ?
 What must the loss be to the world, if all,
 That has been named, into the dust shold fall ?*
 To say no more this well affirme I can,
 He was an honest-hearted gentleman.†

* From these four lines being nearly the same as four lines at the end of the Elegy on Lord Strathnaver, the two productions are probably from the same pen, otherwise one of the "Poets" has taken very unwarrantable freedom with the other.

† From one or two circumstances noticed in the elegy, Drummond must have been for some time ruler either of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," or of the corresponding Fortalice in the Canongate.

XCVII.

On the never-enough to be lamented
Death of the Reverend Mr. William
Delape, Preacher of the Gospel,
who departed this life Octo-
ber 30, 1720, Aged 28
years.

[Communicated by Mr. David Haig.]

The reader will find at page 110 some notice of this amiable person, prefixed to the verses on his father's memory.

O great, eternal, high and mighty One,
Who doth command all flesh before thy throne,
Not at our times, nor seasons it must be,
But when thou'art pleas'd to give the high decree.
For thou art he who on us doth bestow
All temp'ral Blessings which are here below.
And as we prize them, so thou can allow
The use of them, and take them from us too.

O *Edinburgh* did thou behold and see
Thy mighty loss, and thy great misery,
Thou might condole thy scarr in floods of tears,
But thou'art regardless, and it seems not fears
Such mighty blows altho they're double thrown,
Such weighty stroaks, that enemies must own,
The Church hath lost a Pillar of renown.
For they do own his Learning great and rare,
His conversations and his walking square,

But who is he that can withstand the dart
 Of this cruel tyrant, when he doth attempt
 To give the fatal blow, 'tis sure none can
 Withstand the mighty Conqueror of Man.
 Not youth nor strength, no rank, yea, no degree ;
 But who must subject be to his decree.
 But happy he who from his dart is free ;
 He enjoys God with all felicity.
 Now he doth sing, from all his sins he's free,
 And he doth praise God to Eternity.

XCVIII.

**On the Deplorable Death of the Right
 Honourable John Lord Belhaven,
 who was lost at Sea, on the
 10th of November 1721.**

[Communicated by Mr. David Haig.]

John, the third Lord Belhaven, was the son of the celebrated opponent of the Union, and was not a little indebted to that circumstance for the popularity he possessed in Scotland. Having obtained the government of Barbadoes in 1721, he sailed for that island on board the Royal Anne, which was wrecked on the Stag-Rocks, near the Lizard Point, about midnight, on the 10th November, when all on board perished, excepting two men and a boy, who drifted ashore on pieces of the wreck.

This disastrous shipwreck was the subject of a ballad, now of exceedingly rare occurrence, in which the details of the lamentable fate of his Lordship are recorded with great minuteness. If we believe what is said there, the wreckers made a good harvest.

“ Stripping all without distinction,
 'Twas the custom of the coast.

One gentleman was drove on shore,
 'Bout whom they found a thousand pound ;
 Whose name's supposed to be Crosier,
 By writing in his pocket found.

Likewise, they say, the Lord Balhaven
 Having on a diamond ring ;
 His shirt, marked B, the floating ocean
 Did to the land his body bring."

The Lady Anne, daughter of Andrew Bruce, a shopkeeper in Edinburgh, is described, we hope by a poetical fiction, as having gone mad.

" Thus she raves, in sad distraction,
 In her bed with cords she's bound ;
 Crying night and day, my tender jewel,
 He is in the ocean drown'd."

His Lordship, by this marriage, had four sons, John, his successor, Andrew, James, and Robert. (Hamilton's Case for Hamilton of Wishaw.) This elegy is " written by Mr. Penniecuik."

Let Scotia's sons in sable weeds appear ;
 Sigh every soul, and drop a fun'ral tear,
 Belhaven's gone, the gallant *Scotish* Peer ;
 In doleful ditties sing his glorious name.
 Let grones be heard, loud as his matchless fame,
 Nature, turn'd gloomy fac'd forbears to smile,
 All cheeks are pale, and sorrow sinks the Isle.

When his immortal sire resign'd his breath,
 True Scotsmen felt the agonies of death ;
 (The faithful Patriot's memory shall stand,
 While there are men or honour in our land.)
 Yet they mixed words of comfort with their grone
 The Saint a relict leaves, his hopeful son ;
 But he's gone too, where shall we comfort have,
 Its buried with him in the watery grave.

Ah faithless Sea, thy cruelty deplore,
 Rich was the *Scotish* cargo which you bore,
 To waft with kindness to a foreign shore.
 Old as thyself was the dear hero's blood,
 Which thou extinguished with an impious flood.

Yet his surviving fame as far shall go
 As *Phœbus* shines, or thy proud waves can flow.
 Perfidious element ! must thy cold arms
 Hold him, and wash away his blooming charms.
 Ah traitor to thy trust, how durst you touch,
 Him who the *English* court admired so much,
 A greater loss than if you'd drown'd the *Dutch*.
 Ye ships, that on the dangerous seas do run,
 Hang out a mourning flag, and drop a gun.
 Like lightning fly unto *Barbadoes* Court,
 And tell the killing news,—The great *BELHAVEN*'s lost,
 That the New World may with the Old condole,
 A skilful statesman, and a gallant soul.
 Nor shall he want a tomb to tell his deeds,
 To this and all the ages that succeeds :
 His actions are engraved in ev'ry breast,
 When brass and marble fails, his fame will last.
 Each tongue's a trumpet, loudly to proclaim
 His merit, and his never dying name.

ANNEXA.

Old Sathan, *England's* friend, our foe,
 Contriv'd *BELHAVEN*'s overthrow,
 Lest the *Indians* should have broke
England's and ta'en a Scottish yoke,
 To *Scotland* only sent their pelf,
 Thinking all *Scotsmen* like himself.

XCIX.

**On the Death of Sir David Dalrymple
of Hailes, Bart.**

[Communicated by Mr. David Haig.]

The Elegy, which is in small 4to. bears the following title:—

SCOTLAND'S Tears.

**An ELEGY, lamenting the death of the Honourable Sir
DAVID DALRYMPLE of Hailes, Knight Baronet, late
Lord Advocate for Scotland, &c. who died at London
December 3, 1721.**

*Nam nox nulla diem, neque noctem auro secuta est,
Quæ non audieret mistos vagitibus ægris
Ploratus mortis comites & funeris atri.*

Luc.

**EDINBURGH ; Printed and Sold by Alexander David-
son, at his Shop in the Parliament-house. 1721.**

Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes was the youngest son of the great Viscount of Stairs. He was admitted an Advocate 3d Nov. 1688, and was successively Solicitor-General and Lord Advocate. He sat in the British Parliament from 1707 to the period of his death in 1721. He was created a Baronet 8th March 1700, and he married 4th April 1691, Janet, daughter of Sir James Rochead of Inverleith, and widow of Alexander Murray of Melgund. According to the authority of Robert Mylne, he was the author of “ Times Bargains tried by Rules of Equity and Principles of the Civil Law. London printed ; Edinburgh, reprinted for William Dickie, bookseller ;

and sold by him and by William Brown, bookseller in the Parliament Close, and by the most of booksellers in town, 12mo. p. 36. [No date.]

There is a copy in the Advocates' Library, B B B, 6, 11, which formerly belonged to Mylne, who has written on the title, " by Sir David Dalrymple."

His eldest son, Sir James, by his wife Lady Christian Hamilton, youngest daughter of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington, was the father of Sir David Dalrymple, better known by the title of Lord Hailes, whose services to the historical literature of this country can never be too highly appreciated. His *Annals of Scotland* and *Additional Case for the Countess of Sutherland*, are invaluable; and it certainly says little for Lord Mansfield, that he was unable to appreciate the merit of the latter production, and that he should have tossed it aside with the contempt he is said to have done. The noble Lord has recently had justice done to his remarks by John Riddell, Esq. who, in his valuable work on *Peerage and Consistorial law*, has most triumphantly established the utter worthlessness of his Lordship's opinions on *Peerage* matters.

SCOTLAND'S TEARS, &c.

*Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
Versatur urna; serius, ocyus
Sors exitura, et nos in aeternum
Exilium impositura cymboe.*

Hor.

— *Tu pater & patricie numen
Infundis lumen studiis, & cedere nescis
Graecorum ingensis.* —

Complaints like ours thro' *Tyber's* Vales did fly,
When *Rome's* bright star, wise *Seneca* did die.
Like him by all men lov'd, by all admir'd,
Our age's greatest lawyer is expir'd.

We'll grateful tributes bring unto his hearse,
And sing his praise in high immortal verse.

O ! could I like *Thamyrus* raise the song,
Which gain'd the *Pythick* prize, and charm'd the liss'ning
throng.

Caliope hath not her aid deny'd
I'll sing as when the brave Lord* *Basil* dy'd,
In *Nyth's* proud fatal floods did valour drown ;
And now we've lost the glory of the Gown.
From House of Commons, at Command of *Jove*,
Angels translate him to the Peers above.
With *Lockhart* and *Mackenzie* he'll conspire
To help the angels notes, and raise the Anthems higher.
Had he been there, when angels did rebel,
His counsel might the traitors sav'd from hell,
Created with free-will, as man below,
(Th' Eternal's edict had decreed it so,)
They'd power to stand, or choose perpetual wo.

When *Eve* new dropt from her Creator's hand,
With honour fraught, fit for her wide command,
Fair, universal Queen, and *Adam's* bride,
Dazzling with regal pomp and wedding pride,
Unto the Vassal serpent bow'd her ear ;
For ignorant of fraud, was void of fear.
Had our wise advocate been there, no doubt,
With arguments he'd render'd Satan mute ;
And from our parents hand preserv'd the damning fruit.
Such was his rapt'rous strains of eloquence,
His elevated thoughts, and nervous sense,
He charm'd the judge in camp of gowned war,
In manly words he brighten'd up the bar.
Like great *Boetius* knew the liberal arts,
Like him of noble blood, and noble parts.

* The Author's Pastoral on Lord Basil Hamilton's Death.

Such was the force of his luxuriant wit,
Like *Cicero* he spoke, like him he wrote.
Solid and just, and strong his notions were,
His language full of beauty, full of fire ;
Copious and fertile was his labouring brain,
Still plotting to do good, nor were his plots in vain.
The vig'rous morals of his speech were true,
And still he gave th'ill natur'd world it's due.
A pure and pleasant taste of life he had,
Always jocose, and never was he sad.
All men must own, this character is true,
He ev'ry thing except ill nature knew.
Good nature was congenial to his blood,
Not his rare cordial, but his common food.
He did not taste it seldom, as a feast,
It smil'd upon his brow, and lasted in his breast.
Good nature always thro' his actions ran,
His Character, *The wise good natur'd Man.*
In ev'ry state of life and ev'ry where,
Serene, and all his words were *debonair*.
Nature and fortune lib'ral were to him,
Designing he the heights of fame shou'd climb ;
A Friend to virtue, and to vice a foe,
His life and learning wrought it's overthrow :
The oracle of law, as was his sire,
Whom this and future ages shall admire ;
His country's honour, and a lasting hope,
She lean'd upon him, as her safest prop.
But ah ! our Patriot to the grave is gone,
Whose shoulders did support a tott'ring throne ;
Yet with his matchless pen contriv'd a way,
To save the warriours, who had lost the day,
Counsell'd the sovereign to a clement sway.

All Day his country's care was his delight,
 And harmless mirth his mistress, when 'twas night.
 No sullen cares disturb'd his easy mind,
 His judgment deep, his thoughts were unconfin'd.
 In *Britain's* senate, where the patriot sat,
 A faithful servant to the king and state.
 His wisdom overturn'd impending ills,
 And sav'd his country from oppressive bills.
 His prudence put the Parliament on courses,
 To serve the king, and save the people's purses.
 Thus excellent he was, but now he's gone,
 The darling of the people and the throne ;
 And we with floods of tears the loss bemone.
 Who can forbear to mourn ? Let all combine,
England with *Scotland* in the duty join :
 With sighs and tears let us lament his fate,
 Our guardian, and the pillar of the state.

While the fix'd stars of heav'n preserve their place,
 And *Phebus* runs his round, and shows his face ;
 While show'rs descend, and vapours upwards fly,
 And day and night succeed alternately ;
 While *Luna's* empire, or the sea remains,
 And mother earth sends forth her flow'rs and grains ;
 While rapid *Spey* rolls proudly thro' the north,
 While *Don* and *Tay* shall scaley flocks bring forth ;
 While *Nethen's* streams incorporate with *Clyde*,
 And *Tweed* thro' *Tweeddale* hills doth softly glide ;
 While learning hath a lover, truth a friend,
 And government a law 'mongst men's maintain'd,
 The image of **SIR DAVID**'s mind shall last
 In every heart, and all believe him blest.

In solemn pomp of grief surround his tomb,
 Weep for his death, and weep for *Scotia's* doom.
 With grateful voices sing his praise aloud,
 The man so wond'rous wise, the man so wond'rous good.

May ever greens and roses shade his tomb ;
 Hither let ev'ry pious pilgrim come,
 With reverence bow, devoutly kiss the shrine
 Where lies the ashes of the man *divine*.
 Phenix *Arabia's* bird, forsake the East,
 Your citron groves on's marble build your nest,
 Shake on his dust the silver morning dew :
 For he a phenix was, as well as you.

C.

The Shepherd's Tears, a Pastoral sacred
 to the Memory of that excellent
 gentleman, William Nisbet
 of Birleton, Esq. who
 dyed 20th of October
 1722.

[From the Penicuik MSS. in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.]

In the notice of the death of Nisbet in the Journals of the day, it is said that he died at Restalrig, "deservedly regretted by his equals for his generous good nature and engaging deportment, and no less so by his inferiors, for his affability and kindness, and a ready hand to the necessities of the indigent." He was buried in the Greyfriars Church yard.

ADONIS. MELINDOR.

Omnis eodem cogimur : omnium
 Versatur urna ; serius, ocyus :
 Sors exitura, & nos in eternum
 Exilium impositura cymbee.

HOR. CAR : Lib. 11. Ode III.

Adonis.—Why weeps Melindor in the sullen grove,
 Throws by his crook, forsakes his fleecy drove,
 Brusht with bleer winds, and perishing with cold,
 Whilst only prowling wolves possess the fold ;
 Why such unusual murmurs from the floods,
 And savage boars triumphing in the woods ;
 The herbage wither'd, which was wont to bloom,
 And nature sick, puts on a dreary gloom.
 Pale look Melindor's cheeks, no dimpling smile—
 Ah bodeing omens of a ruin'd isle,
 Rise, rise, Melindor, from the blasted oak.

But there Melindor sigh'd, and thus he spoke,
 Whilst owls and batts around the grove did throng,
 Listening unto the melancholy song.

Melindor.—No wonder earth her head in sables shrouds,
 And Phoebus blush and sneake behind the clowds ;
 That flinty rocks reverberat our groans,
 And blasted beeches shake their naked bones ;
 That every shepherd's face a blackness wear,
 And Heaven contracts her brow and drops a funeral tear ;
 That rivers backward to their channel run,
 For universall natur's out of tune.
 Confusion seizes on our earthly ball,
 To tell the doleful tale of Strephon's fall.

Could I, like Sandie, sing in lofty layes,
My oaten reed should burst with Strephon's praise :
He, next to Pan, had every shepherd's love,
'Twas Strephon's name that consecrat the grove ;
Each thing he did was with uncommon grace,
Had shepherd's plainness, and a prince's face,—
No haughty air e'er dwelt upon his brow,
Short were his words, and sweet as morning dew,
Still cheerfull as the morning lark was he,
And humble as the lowly cypress tree,—
Let ev'ry swain pay homage to his grave,
From us he should a grateful tribute have.
Upon that sacred spot we'll laurells plant,
Feed them with tears, they shall not moysture want,—
There ev'ry morning kneel, devoutly pray,
And as we sing our plaints, we'll loudly say
A wyld disorder reigns thro' all the plains ;
We've lost the best and bravest of our swains.
Rich was the swain in aikers and in flocks,
Lord of the lowly plains, and these exalted rocks.
He py'pd the live long day devoid of care,
Free as our thoughts, and unconfin'd as air.
The like indulgent heaven did blessings rain,
To help the sickly and the aged swain.
Loyal to Pan—but ah ! he crackt his clay
Upon his Prince's coronation day.
A wild disorder reigns through all the plains,
We've lost the best, the bravest of our swains.

CL.

The Melancholy Muse, an Elegy,
 occasioned by the death of that
 learn'd Divine and eminent Poet,
 Mr. Robert Calder, late
 Preacher of the Gospel at
 Penhorn, who died
 28th May 1723.

[From the Pennicurk MS.]

This Elegy has been printed, and there is a copy belonging to Mr. David Haig. The poet mourned was a zealous Episcopalian, and generally reputed to be the author of the well-known "Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence."

— *Fuit hæc sapientia quondam
 Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis.*

Ah is the matchless man the charmer dead?
 Are his bold flights and manly fancies fled?
 O ! Calder, constant cordiall to our hearts,
 Couldst thou have legacy'd thy noble parts,
 Which brought up learning to the highest pitch,
 No man I'm sure hade ever dy'd more rich,
 Could I confirme thy sense, as men doe pelfe
 I'd gladly be executor myselfe.
 But oh I wish in vain ; thy wits retyr'd
 Which tryumph'd ore our hearts and all admir'd.
 Great school divyne by the learned word rever'd ;
 In every science thy bright parts appear'd,

Thomist and *Scotist*, and *Duns Scotus* too

Wer bableing schoolboys when compar'd to you.

Deep was your judgement, and your fancy clear,

Your conversation was the choicest cheer.

The most phlegmatique drousie man e'er liv'd

Charm'd with your strange surprising tales reviv'd

Tales so surprising, natural, and fyne,

Each man preferr'd them to the richest wyne.

When e'er you spoke then sorrow fled away,

Good humour did prevail and all turn'd gay,

The old forgote their age, and spritely turn'd,

Men sunk in debt grew blyth, no longer mourn'd ;

Never did *Circes* herbs more hurt mankind

Then your sweet words did rectify the mind ;

You gladden'd every soul, charmed every sense,

With rare poetick flights, and boundless eloquence.

Thy every word did life and joy impart,

They danc'd thro' ev'ry vein and tickled ev'ry heart ;

Words that did with poetick number shine,

A charming poet and a deep divine.

With learn'd polemick works you've fully shown

You were a second *Athanasius* grown.

When mad enthusiastic prophets rose

Your quill did their vain heresies oppose

And like sharp *Juvenal* with keenest rage

You lash'd the modish follies of the age.

Our souls are seized with a damp of greif,

Horror hangs o'er the active springs of life,

Since thou art gone, thou dear good-natur'd man,

We'll sing thy elegie like dying swan,

Wee hang our heads, and beat our labouring breast,

Farewell then matchless poet, matchless priest.

CII.

*An Epitaph for my dear Friend
John Mitchell.*

[From *Lugubres Cantus*, part II. Edin. 1719, 8vo.]

John Mitchell died at Edinburgh January 5, 1719, aged 19. He was a brother of Joseph Mitchell, who, according to the *Biographia Dramatica*, was the son of a stone-cutter. Joseph afterwards became an author of some little note, and besides poems, collected into two volumes, in 1729, 8vo, wrote an opera entitled the *Highland Fair*, or *Union of the Clans*, 8vo. 1731, with a frontispiece designed by Hogarth.

The demise of John was the occasion of many verses from his pen, and from that of John Callender, Esq. of Craigforth, who was deeply attached to the deceased, and these, under the patronage of the Athenian Society in Edinburgh, were published under the following title:—" *Lugubres Cantus. Poems on several grave and important subjects, chiefly occasioned by the death of the late ingenious youth John Mitchell; In two parts, with a General Preface, by appointment of an Athenian Society in Edinburgh. London, Printed for J. M'Euen in Edinburgh, and for T. Cox, near the Royal Exchange. London, 1719.*" 8vo. The first part consists of the verses by Joseph Mitchell, and the second, of those by Mr. Callander. Prefixed to each part are commendatory poems by " R. Boyd, A. Philips, E. Young, C. Cunningham," and others.

There is prefixed an engraving by Clerk and Pine, representing *Parnassus*, with *Apollo* and the *Muses* in great tribulation for the death, it is presumed, of the " ingenious youth." As the volume is scarce, this account of it may not be unacceptable.

Who knew the youth interred here,
And can refuse to shed a tear?
Such was his worth, our loss is such
We cannot love, nor grieve too much.

Q

Admir'd by all, as unenvy'd
He liv'd, and sore lamented dy'd.

Tho' few his years, his generous soul
Before he reach'd the fatal goal
Mature for Heav'n, its native clime,
Spurn'd at old age, and left slow time.
Ye virtues, loves, and graces weep,
And round his urn your vigils keep ;
When will ye such a vot'ry find ?
Or we so good and true a friend.

CIII.

**On the much to be lamented death of
Mr. James Webster, &c.**

[From a scarce collection of Poems on the death of Mr. Webster.
Edin. 1720, 12mo.]

The present Elegy has been selected—not because it is the best, but because it is the shortest, from the volume, which although bearing the title of "Threnodia," contains besides the principal funeral poem which consists of twenty close printed pages in 12mo, "other three all done by different hands, none know of another."

Mr. James Webster was one of the ministers of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, and died May 17, 1720. He was much ridiculed for his peculiar tenets, and for his singular style of preaching. There is a "godlie ballad," "To the tune of Lillebolero Bullen a la'," in the Advocates' Library, which commences thus—

Great Meldrum is gone, let Webster succeed,
A rare expounder of Scripture and creed,
Who's learning is nonsense, who's temper is bad,
It's predestination that makes him so mad.

Take some notes of Webster's *evangells*.

And God made man on purpose to damn him
By a fixed decree, and weall it becam him.
By algebra he makes it appear to be true,
Three deills and a half possest ev'rie sow.
With prude and great passion he is ow'r master'd,
Nor has he yet satisfied for his own bastard.
But for all these crymes he now is exculpat,
For zeal against King and Prelats in pulpite," &c.

It seems he wore a leaden cap on his head, which afforded a capital theme for the Jacobites to enlarge upon. See *Scottish Pasquils*.

In a sermon by him preached in the Tolbooth Kirk on Sabbath the 7th March 1714, and printed 1720, 12mo, on "The two great promises of the Covenant of Grace, and its foundation unfolded," he undoubtedly expresses himself in a very odd manner—he says, "Christ dyes and makes a Testament, and leaves the Father to be Tutor and Curator to the poor orphans, and leaves the Holy Ghost to be executor, and leaves all he has to the bairns of the house." Of course he means the New Testament, but this homely method of arresting the attention of his auditors is very much in the style of the specimens contained in the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, and shews that the allegations in that work as to the ordinary manner of addressing congregations by the Calvinistic clergy of the time was not much, if at all, exaggerated.

Hath cruel *Atropos*, with fatal knife,
Cut off the thread of such a blessful life ?
Hath death thus snach'd, oh most afflictive doom,
The blessed Webster from his gospel loom ?
Where such a golden web of grace he wrought,
As captivated each auditor's thought :
Each thread was wrought so closs, so superfine :
His stile was pure, his eloquence divine ;
His strain so high, and yet so gospeliz'd.
The learn'd were charm'd and yet the lambs were pleas'd.
What holy charm like this, at once inchants
The heads of Rabbis and the heads of Saints ?

For every sentence dropt, did streight bequeath,
A field of fancy, and a feast of faith :
His Web so evangelick warp and woft.
Disgrac'd the weavers base, of legal stuft :
For from his balmy lips, when ever op't,
The marrow of the gospel always drop't.
This heavenly zealot, for the gospel scheme,
Taught without fear, and argu'd without shame,
He hammered Antichristian *Dagons* down,
And brake *Arminius* and *Socinus* crown :
He dash'd the *Antinomian* Pate ; altho'
This burning, shining light was nicknam'd so,
By these, who ignorantly durst defame
The ancient gospel as a novel scheme ;
He did expose their subtilized lies,
Who cloud, with legal shade, the gospel skies :
His fiery zeal 'gainst error all did flash,
And burn'd up Anti-Evangelick trash,
If zeal some times did speak in angry fashion,
The holy cause declar'd it holy passion :
And hence his meekned soul to all did yield,
When sin or error were not on the field.
While heterodox divines, his zeal provockt,
His sword in all erronours blood was sockt :
His doctrine pure divine did run a cross,
To all *Baxterian* dregs, *Simsonian* dross,
'Gainst which he did his zealous process form,
And rais'd a hopeful Ecclesiastick storm :
His error dashing zeal, if backed more,
Had turn'd erroneous teachers to the door.
But since he fought enough, kind heaven at last,
Reserv'd him not to see the counter blast :
From earth while on't, he suffered not to fail
Micajah's courage, or *Elijah's* zeal.

His prayers short, substantial, unconfin'd,
With holy divine rhetorick interlin'd,
Touch'd every heart, and ravish'd every mind.
His learned tongue was still the gospel bell,
Which rang the joyful sound in spite of hell:
The toal to some was sweet to others snell.
Free *Thinkers* do the God of heaven blaspheme;
But this free speaker glorified his name.
He cloak'd the crimes of neither prince nor priest:
But made with open mouth a cleanly breast.
His mouth did trumpet forth the times sad ev'l's,
Which brought on him the spite of men and dev'l's:
He alighting flattery, feud and threatnings great:
Stood out the tempest, both of Church and State;
And keeping conscience pure, that constant feast:
Let no ambiguous oath disturb his breast;
'Gainst all assaults, untainted he abode.
While doubtful if it clash'd with th' oath of God;
Left by the children of the church, his mother,
'Mong many brethren, was an eye-sore brother.
On earth much slighted, like his **Lord**, but then,
When of him earth was weary, heaven was fain.
He tho' oppos'd, maling'd and much envy'd,
Liv'd without stain, and without sickness dy'd;
So much aloft his soul did heavenward soar;
The carcase could not hold it any more;
While glorious angels in triumphant way;
His holy soul to glory did convey:
Heaven order'd angels of the Church to gather,
Angels of earth to bear his body thither,
That these might hear him say, ' Farewel I'm now
' A member of a better church than you,
' The General Assembly of the blest,
' Is now my home, when thus from you dismist;

' This church I find triumphant in her head,
' While yours I found, but militant indeed :
' 'Mong you some times I fought for truth beat down ;
' But now my head wears the victorious crown :
' There's here no jars, no jangling, no sin,
' Nor yet false brethren, unawarse brought in :
' Here's no temptations, black nor spotted clothes ;
' No altercations about Civil oaths :
' No snell logomachy doth here take place ;
' No strife of words, no doubt of sovereign grace :
' I see, I hear, I smell, I teast, I reach
' The free, the absolute grace I once did preach.'
Thus all that had his mournful hearse in trust,
Might draw such doctrine from his happy dust :
Earth render'd up his undeserved prey,
Heaven claim'd the right, and bore the prize away.
Let *Edinburgh* lament, lament the loss
Of such a powerful preacher of the Cross,
Ah ! is he gone, the church, the city wants
A man of God, a darling of the saints,
A miracle of zeal, a sign, a wonder,
A messenger of joy, a son of thunder.
Ye little flock, so widow like without him,
Which prest his pulpit once, and throng'd about him,
Lament his death, on hollow sounding lyres ;
Anoint his funeral pile with brinnish tears :
If rocky senseless hearts refuse to weep,
Invite ye hosts, which mournful measures keep :
Come, come bright sun, fair moon and lofty stars,
Put on your mourning suit, which light debars ;
Since such a splendid star as this, hath gone
To higher orbs, and dimn'd our horizon.
Ye cludy vapors, drop down tears of grief ;
When these are spent, send more for their relief.

Ye liquid water, which surround the main,
 Exalted on high, by *Phebus* fiery train,
 Drop down again, and help our eyes to mourn,
 Till floods of sorrow overwhelm his urn :
 But ah ! my muse, it self drown'd in the deep,
 Can wade no more : Therefore I stop and weep.

CIV.

**Mushett reviv'd, or ane Elegie on the
 deplorable Death of Mrs. Elizabeth
 Murray, sister to Sir William Mur-
 ray of Newton, barbarously mur-
 dered by her husband Thomas
 Kincaid of Gogarmains,**
 29th March 1723.

Pennicuik does not appear to advantage in this laboured effusion, in which he aspires to soar higher than his muse would carry him. The assassination by Mushett of his wife was yet fresh in the memory of the public, when Kincaid of Gogarmains, a cadet of the old family of Kincaid of that Ilk, in emulation of this celebrated murderer, thought fit to kill his wife. He was enabled to escape to Holland with the view of proceeding to the East Indies. He appears to have been deranged, at least this was the excuse set up for him. More than a century before, the name of Kincaid had come before the world, by the atrocious murder of Kincaid of Warriston by his wife, a profligate wanton. See Mr. C. K. Sharpe's privately printed work on the subject. Edin. 1827, small 4to.

“ The huy and cry of heaven pursues him at the
 Heils fresh from the fact.”

CHAUCER.

As these are fatall tymes when nature sighs,
And noxious reeks from earth eclips the skys.
She speaks to men with pestilential breath,
Conveys her poison, and triumphs in death,
For punishment of sin, as heaven permits,
She sullen grows, and takes her peevish fits.
She shows a gloomy discontented mind,
And glutts the grave with spoils of humane kind.
As venome of the asp with tumour swell,
And turgid grows, and ripens into hell,
Then villainy its impious hands shall reer,
In querpo strutt, and Satans livery wear,
And this we by a sad experience know,
We feel its effects by a weighty blow.
Mens principles and practices contend,
The devil's empire for to recommend.
It's hard to tell, the tymes now's so accurs'd,
If our opinions or our deeds are worst.
In broad day light men act what heretofore,
In dead of night their conscience would abhore.
And women ravisht on the King's high way,
And every man his neighbour doe betray.
Falsehood and fraud grow rank in this our soil,
And pulses with a hellish fever boil.
The mentioning our crymes makes nature start,
They'd cloak ane infidell and pearce his heart.
Religion's fled, and truth is now no more,
Christians commit what pagans would abhore.
Earth's faithless grown, this leads me to relate
Harmless Eliza, thy untimely fate.
Thow falls by thy own husband's impious hands,
That joyn'd thee to himself in marriage bands.
All virtues most untainted fill thy heart,
Thow kept alivethe flame, abhor'd the wanton's part.

This flame, alace, thy sad and dismal fate,
Wedded to him that every man did hate.
Rigid and false, perfidious still in strife
With thee, who know the character of a wife.
Obey'd thro' duty, that curst idiot, strove
Meekly, and with the utmost stretch to love.
Tho' he a nature's miscreant was, and nature's blott,
And fitt for marriage lyes, a gelded Sott.
Eliza thou was virtuous from thy youth,
High born, well bred, and spoke the native truth.
To that unnatural wretch ner'e gave offence,
Thy thoughts, words, acts, plain full of innocence.
To tell the tyger's age I'le forbear,
That would from the most savage force a tear.
Thy death Eliza must not be exprest,
It with convulsions cleaves my labouring breast.
A christian's heart would start at every word,
And break in pieces like the monster's sword.
O providence, nature and sense complain,
If vice triumph, then virtue works in vain.
Shall hellish hands smoaking with impious lust,
Be rais'd to the destruction of the just.
Hath heaven no flames to burn the wretches head,
Hath it no thunderbolt to strike him dead,
Swimming in blood must the poor Lady lye,
And he a cursed fiend have feet to fly.
But providence is just, and we are blind,
When we think heav'n severe, then heav'n most kind.
Murmures be husht ! are not the virtuous blest ?
There is another life,—ther's ane eternall rest.
Tho' villany in earth triumphant reigns,
It leads to horror and eternal chains.
Virtue sprouts up in the other syde the grave,
There ane eternall spring the virtues have.

Tho' vice triumphs and villany doth crow,
 Yet still sin works the sinners overthrow.
 Sin shakes the conscience, doth its peace controll,
 And with unceasing horrors fills the soul.
 All evills and devills in the conscience dwell,
 In the other world they've not so great a hell.
 The sinner still undone by sin, O then
 Lett us beg grace, acquit ourselves like men.
 Man may become a new and noble creature,
 For grace allays the stormes and appetites of nature ;
 Renounce a peevish world, and all its pelf,
 And make a generous conquest of yourself.
 Then death in whatsomever shape it comes,
 Will waft us sweetly to our heavenly homes.
 Rise in the strength of faith and run the race,
 Till Jesus shew his reconcil'd face,
 And you feel blossomes of the heavenly grace.
 Lord sett us free from passions furious strife
 And all the stormes of a tempestuous life,
 And these which fell on this most virtuous wife ;
 And draw thy wrathfull sword with vengeance keen
 To slay such villains as Kincaid and Skeen.*

EPITAPH.

Here lyes a lady in her prime of age
 Found reeking in her gore,
 Slain by her husband's hellish rage ;
 Her death all men deplore.

* Ensigne Hugh Skeen, engaged in the plott. MS. note.

CV.

The Cryes of the Clan, occasion'd by the
Death of the high and potent Prince,
his Grace John Duke of Athole,
sometime Commissioner to the
Parliament and Church of
Scotland, Principal Secre-
tary of State, and Knight
of the most noble order
of the Thistle, who
dyed 12th Novem-
ber 1724.

This Elegy by Pennicuik probably appeared in the shape of a broad-side, but no printed copy has been found.

The subject of this lament was John first Duke of Athol, Secretary of State in the reign of William III. High Commissioner to the Parliament of Scotland, and Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews. He was twice married; first to Lady Catherine, daughter of William and Anne, Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, by whom he had four sons and one daughter, and secondly to Mary, daughter of William Lord Ross, by whom he had two sons and one daughter. He was the father of John Marquess of Tullibardine, slain before Mons in 1709: an elegy on whom will be found at page 178, and of William Marquess of Tullibardine, who was attainted for his adherence to the Pretender, and who died in the Tower.

A manly fierceness dwelt on ev'ry brow,
But fears and frouns supplant that fierceness now.
Scoto-Brigantes feel the mighty blow,
And wildly roam o're heath and hills of snow,

Gigantick armes now drops the keen claeomore,
Own their defeat who ne'r could yeeld before.
Grief spreads her terrors thro' their iron bonds,
Whilst hollow rocks reverberat their groans ;
So mourn the faithfull vassals of the wood,
By nature taught to honour princely blood.
When the bold Lyon dyes, their native king,
Their howlings make the vocal forest ring.
The melancholy news of Athole's death,
Their great chieftain he's resign'd his breath,
Makes them in numerous shoals like spiders goe,
Tune their bagpipes and trumps with sounds of woe ;
Their cryes and strains excessive grief betray,
They throw their pistols and their plaids away :
So mourn the Eagle's followers when he's gone,
Dropping their pinions on the vacant throne,
And wound their bosomes with hudge grief opprest,
Scattering their plumage on the sovereign nest.
Oft did the August, the sacred *Sandrehim*,
Set at his feet and safety find in him,
Throw ev'ry Levit's heart strong joy did run
To see their highland heroe on the throne.
When first the gospell dawn arose a starr
To pylot eastern sages from afarr,
St. Andrews starr shin'd on a highland breast,
To guid the *Western* church as you the *east*,
When mother church began to spread her light
To *Ult'ra Thule* overspread with might,
When by a sovereign call to stear the helm,
With steady hand he managed this realm.
Let Scotsmen drope their tears upon his shrine,
Whose mem'ry shall in lasting annals shine.

CVI.

The faithfull Shepherd, a funeral poem
to the memory of that pious and
learn'd pastor the Reverend Mr.
Thomas Paterson, Minister
of the Gospel at St. Cuth-
bert's, who dropt mor-
tality Sabbath 22d
May 1726.

Some few lines of these verses by Pennicuik, are vigorous, and the character of the reverend gentleman is very forcibly drawn. Lucky it was for him that he lived in other times, as a preacher who did not "waste his lungs in froth and foam," who was free from "cant," was well acquainted with "books" and shew'd "good nature was ally'd to grace," would now a-days have been veto'd to a dead certainty.

Jesus, the faithful Shepherd of the flock,
Hath built his fold upon a solid rock,
Storms, and the gates of Hell shall never shake,
Tho' like the ark yow'd think it water weak,
Toss'd on the waves, or like the burning bush,
Expos'd to furious flames around it rush,
It's strength is great, and hid from humane eyes,
For the foundation-stone's above the skies.
'Tis true the under shepherds of the flock
Are men, and dye, and drop the past'ral crook,
Their labours do survive them when they're dead,
They sow'd, and Jesus fructifies the seed,
By which the sheep on wholesome herbage feed.

Wee mourn a pastor dropt unto his rest,
 Who many gifts and ev'ry grace possest,
 And sacred love flam'd in the prophet's breast.
 Loud cries like ours were spread in *Ramaah's* vale,
 When *Samuel* dy'd, and ev'ry face grew pale.
 Our gospel *Samuel*, our *Elijah's* gone,
 T' augment the choir surround th' Eternal's throne.
 The venerable man who preach'd soe long,
 And charm'd his audience with the Gospel song,
 In favour with his God, by men admir'd,
 Our churches faithful Prophet is expir'd,
 Just tribute to his memory we'll pay,
 Whilst angels shall approve of all wee say.
 His life was all a sermon, all a pray'r,
 Shin'd like a *Moses* in the Gospel chayr,
 Ev'n sones of *Belial*, void of sense and grace,
 Receiv'd correction when they saw his face.
 'Twas awful, full of beauty and of love,
 And did a lecture to the wicked prove.
 He did not waste his lungs in froath and foam,
 With heart and brains he press'd the conscience home.
 No trifling tales with cant dropt from his mouth,
 In manly words he stated solemn truth,
 Was well acquaint with books and mankind too,
 Of learning had an universal view,
 Knew all the senseless jargon of the schools,
 And by his life and sermons prov'd them fools,
 For he join'd truth with peace, and walk'd by gospel rules,
 His reasoning was deep, yet very clear,
 Gave knowledge to the soul, and charm'd the ear.
 A pleasant temper 'mongst his gifts took place,
 And shew'd good nature was ally'd to grace.
 He liv'd in peace, and hated broils and din,
 He never had a quarrel save with sin ;

But when the wicked pled for what will damn us,
O then he was an unbelieving Thomas.

CVII.

On the much to be lamented Death of the
Right Honourable the Lord Pan-
caitland, one of the Senators of
the College of Justice, who
departed this Life,
May 30, 1729.

This gentleman was the second son of Robert Hamilton, Lord Presmennan, a Judge of the Court of Session. The elder brother John married the grand-daughter of the first Lord Belhaven, and under the patent of creation succeeded to the title and estates. He was the great opposer of the Union, as previously noticed.

His brother James Hamilton passed Writer to the Signet 19th February 1683. On the 8th of November 1712, he was appointed an ordinary Lord of Session and a Lord of Justiciary. He had a charter under the Great Seal of the lands and barony of Pencaitland, in the county of Haddington, dated 3d July 1696, and upon his elevation to the Bench, assumed the title of Lord Pencaitland. He married Catherine, daughter of Denholm of Westshields, and by her had three sons and five daughters. His grand-daughter Mary, the only daughter of his eldest son John, having married William Nisbet of Dirleton, 2d February 1747, carried the estate of Pencaitland into that family.

Empress of Islse, who rules the rolling Forth,
Thou fairest *Phylad* of the frigid North,
What means this ruefull clap and midnight cry,
That shakes the corners of the cloudy sky ?
Why does thy heart heave in declining age,
And every fibre feel a frantick rage ?
Because no sorrow seems to equal mine,
Nor Saint surpass the Son I here resign ;

Who was the country's darling—poors refuge,
A learned lawyer, and impartial judge,
Whose moderation, publick peace procur'd,
And drew confession from the most obdur'd :
Survey with pleasure the choice client's cause,
Who liv'd adequate to the divine laws,
By whom was threatening injuries supprest,
And wrongs received wittily redressed.
A friend to those who were so to the State,
And foe to such as had declar'd their hate.
The same a second brother to the great
Belhaven—who ere he silenc'd was by fate,
Had sung his country's sorrows, at a time
When threatening tempest made his tongue divine.
Witness, ye Gods, how he repell'd the proud,
Outv'y'd the vain, and higher powers withstood.
An action worthy such a patriot's pains,
Told to his honour, in all after reigns ;
So he who bore the hand and pen for good,
Full of his virtues, as he flow'd in's blood,
Rose by his reason, and acquired applause,
By being conscious of his country's cause.
Nor was his voice e're heard to varnish crimes,
A vice too common in thir corrupt times ;
Who to the Sovereign of eternal spheres,
Sings sacred anthems with seraphick airs.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Pancaitland, who the Muses paint
As one intirely careful and content,
Whose frailer body's fortifi'd in soul,
And rais'd above the reach of human toil.

Edinburgh, printed by William Adams, 1729.



APPENDIX.

I.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF SIR ALEXANDER FRASER OF DOORES, KNIGHT AND BARONET.*

[From the Sermon preached at his funeral by John Mensies, Professor of Divinity in Aberdene. Edin. 1681.]

You expect, I know, before I close, that something be spoken of the honourable person, whose funerals we now celebrate. And here I confess were a large field, were I fitted or disposed for a panegyrick: Nor is there want of great precedents in such cases from *Nazianzen*, *Ambrose*, and many others, both ancient and modern. Nor can it be denied, but that the doing justice to the memory of deserving persons, may excite the living to trace the footsteps of the virtues of the dead. Yet, I not being accustomed to such discourses, and having a thorough aversion of what may savour of flattery, I hope therefore I shall be the more easily excused, if I be the more sparing on this head.

Though this worthy gentleman did live much of his time abroad, out of his native country, yet the fame both of his honour and merit, did overspread these three kingdoms, yea, and did reach to other nations also. The antiquity of his honourable family of *Doors* is beyond dispute. The Stock whereof was, an immediat son of the Great *Thane of Cowy and Doors*, (for so I understand he was designed) upwards

* See Elegies on Sir Alexander Fraser, pages 13 and 16.

of three hundred years ago, at the same time that another son of the same Great *Thane*, married the noble heretrix of *Philorth*. The estate possess'd by the *Thane* was very vast about these *Grampian Mountains*: and of him, and of the great Lord *Fraiser* in the south, two families of the same name, of so great antiquity, that it is hard to account, which did come of the other; yet of these two, many noble families of this kingdom acknowledge themselves to be descended, and therefore have the *Fraisers* arms quartered with their own. But I confess, I am not herald enough to dilate upon this subject.

Should any say to me with him in the poet,
Et Genus, et Proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi
Vix ea nostra voco —

Though none, I hope, will deny a due esteem to an honourable descent, unless he be of a levelling principle: Yea, the Holy Scripture speaks honourably of the sons of nobles, *Eccles.* 10, 17. Yet I have this to add, that besides this gentleman's honourable descent, he was a man of eminent personal worth and merit: whereof take this one instance among many, that when this family of *Doores* had lately suffered an eclipse, as ancient houses have their vicissitudes, he by his virtue and industry recovered it from a collapsed condition. He might, without all peradventure, have made comfortable purchases in the pleasant places of *England*; yet such was his love to his native country, and to this ancient seat of his ancestors, that he choosed rather to make an achievement here. And now, having provided his other worthy and well-deserving children of riper years, hath transmitted this old heretage of his progenitors, with all its dignities, to his hopeful son here present, who by the mother, (a lady of great virtue,) is descended of the honourable name of *Caries* in *England*, a family which bears as noble marks of honour and ancient pedigree as most of the noblest families in that kingdom. This his youngest son, he sent hither to be educated, and who, I trust, by the mercy of God, shall inherit many of the virtues of his predecessors. So that he had both the dignity of an honourable descent, and likewise (which in conjunction with the former, I believe will be highly esteemed by all) of a just and virtuous acquisition.

This may seem much; yet I see an ocean before me, on which I dare hardly adventure: But one thing I cannot let passe, his unstained loyalty to his Sovereign, in times of great trouble and temptation. He

was forty years and upwards a courtier, in the reign of two Kings, and beheld with sorrowful eyes, the most dismal convulsions which ever these kingdoms did suffer; yet was he never stained with a blot of disloyalty.

He was educated a scholar at *Aberdeen*, the time when his family fell low. And after he had spent some years in his youth over seas, in pursuance of his studies, and had been graduated Doctor of Medicine at *Piémont*, he was so much noticed in the Court of *England* at his return, for his learning and skill in that excellent Faculty which he did profess, that in the year 1639, he was chosen Physician in Ordinary to King *Charles the First* of glorious memory, and served his Majesty faithfully in peace and war, both in his profession and other eminent services, until the evils of the time encreasing, he was by special order from his Majesty, sent to attend the Prince then in *Flanders*, with whom he continued doing many considerable services, until our dread Sovereign who now reigns, and whom Almighty God long preserve, came to *Scotland* in the year 1650.

And his Majesty again departing beyond seas, the confusions of the times still prevailing, he was among the first who repaired to his Majesty, leaving family and employment (which he might have had very considerable) esteemed it his greatest honour and advantage to suffer hardships in serving his Prince. In consideration of his constant fidelity and loyalty, and exposing of himself to many hazards in his Prince's service, it pleased his gracious Majesty, at his happy Restauration, to settle him as principal Physician, to have the care and inspection of his royal person. In this great trust he continued until his death; and so great was the confidence his Majesty had both of his skill and faithfulness, that he would not readily take physick without him. Amongst the many marks of his Prince's favour, the honour of Baronet was conferred upon him, besides the places and preferments settled on his lady and children. Nay, so gracious a Prince did he serve, that his favour did not expire with the life of his faithful servant; and therefore gave order to transmit his remains in one of his royal ships unto *Scotland*, to be buried in the sepulchre of his fathers.

It would take a volume to recount all the offices of kindness he did to his country-men by his friendship, by his skill in medicine, and when occasion did require, by his purse also. A man he was of great generosity, integrity, and a most faithful and fast friend. These things could not but purchase to him admirable repute. Hence it was, that

when within these few years he made a visit to his native country, and lived some months here at *Doeres*, a great confluence of persons of eminent quality resorted hither to pay their respects to him, all whom he entertained nobly; and yet disdained not to give his most judicious consultations to multitudes of diseased persons, who also flocked to him from all quarters, for cure of obstinate maladies, which had given defiance to the skill of other physicians, all which he did *gratis*; nor did his country-men more rejoice in his converse among them, in that little interval, then he was longed for again at Court, as was manifest by many letters he receiv'd at the time, from great persons at Court, and by his gracious reception from his Sovereign at his return.

Had any of the divines who attended him in his sickness been performing this last office to him, I doubt not but they could have given an account of his religious deportment at death; all who knew him here will witness to his temperance and sobriety: his constant adherence to the *Protestant religion* was manifest to all. It was by his charity and supply, with the concurrence of his servants, thorow his direction, and the influence, assistance, and considerable expence of a most deserving friend and relation of his, that the pious work of the Bridge of *Dy* (towards which a sum of money was mortified by a reverend minister, though that without the assistance foresaid could never have done it) was promoted and brought to the finishing cubit. And it is by his means that this old place and church (where his fathers did worship God) is now repaired, or rather re-bullded. There is one instance more of his piety, which if I should forget, I should be unjust to his memory. He was pleased to favour me with some letters in reference to his beloved son: and I must declare, that so far as I remember, he never did omit in any of them to request that his son might be religiously educated in the fear of the Lord, solemnly protesting *he would rather have him good than great*. These were his own expressions, whereof I found myself often obliged to put his hopeful son in remembrance.

Yet notwithstanding all these good and excellent things, he had no immunity from death, the common lot of all mankind. *Your fathers where are they?* Zec. 1, 5. *And do the Prophets*, though persons of eminent sanctity, *live for ever?* It's true, it pleased Almighty God to prolong his dayes to some above the seventieth year of his age; so that on this account, as it is said, *Job 5, 26. The Lord brought him*

to his grave in a full age, as a shock of corn comes in, in his season. What shall I now add ? His Majesty has indeed lost a faithful servant and subject ; his native country has lost a deserving patriot ; his faculty hath lost an eminent artist ; his lady and children have lost a dear and loving husband and father ; his familiars have lost a noble and faithful friend : but I must correct all with the word of the Father, *Non amisimus, sed premisimus* ; he is not lost, he is only gone before, we must go to him, and not he return to us. What therefore remains ? but that we pass the time of our sojourning here in the fear of the Lord ; and be instant in praying with the Psalmist, *So teach us, Lord, to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.* Amen.

II.

REMARKS ON THE SACRA POEMATA RAMSÆI.

[In a letter addressed to the Publisher of the Weekly Magazine,
April 2, 1722.]*

SIR,—If we are rightly informed, the deservedly admired Milton did not conceive the design of composing that inimitable poem of *Paradise Lost* till about 1639 ; and it is even said he did not put hand to it sooner than 1650. This performance always has been, and will continue to be admired for its many excellencies, and greatly valued for this, that the author had been thought to have attempted a subject for his poem never before touched by any. I must, however, do honour to a countryman of our own, who ventured several years before Milton an attempt of this kind. This was Mr. Andrew Ramsay, whose *Sacra Poemata*, were published at Edinburgh in 1638. This gentleman was Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh from 1620 to 1630, and one of the Ministers of that city. This is all I have learned of him. This work of his consists of four books : the first treats of the Creation ; the second of the Happy Condition of Man before the

* See Epitaph on Lord Abbotshall, p. 63.

Fall ; the third of the Fall ; and the fourth and last of the Redemption of Man. I would recommend the perusal of Mr. Ramsay's poems to your readers of taste ; and I will venture to say they will find, that the great genius Milton owes many of his descriptions and speeches in the *Paradise Lost* to the *Sacra Poemata* of Ramsay. It would take up too much room in any of your weekly papers, to insert all the citations from each, wherein the two poets have hit upon the same descriptions, similes, and machinery ; I shall therefore confine myself to a few of them at present. Mr. Ramsay, in the invocation at the beginning of his poem, has the two following lines :—

*Non mihi Pegasides curæ, non præses Apollo
Pegasidum ; nil Cirrha juvat, nil numina vana.*

MILTON.

*Following above th' Olympian hill I soar
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.*

Mr. RAMSAY describing Light.

— *Tum lucis et umbrae
Alternat pater imperium, noctemque diemque ;
Sic fugiente die piceis premissa quadrigis
Incubuit palens tenebroso vespera amictu, &c.
Alma dies sine sole, &c.*

MILTON.

— *And forthwith light, &c.
To journey thro' the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud ; for yet the sun
Was not.*

Again RAMSAY.

*Ipse suis favet inceptis, et limine in ipso
Applaudit nascenti operi, &c.*

MILTON.

*Nor past uncelebrated nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, &c.*

The purposes of the Almighty to create man is so much alike described by both poets, that one can scarcely doubt that Milton has read

Mr. Ramsay's performance, and has the following lines in view in book V. 1. 499. of *Paradise Lost*.

*Sed quo spectat hæc Dædala texta,
Tanta et moris opus? Quidnam promovimus istis?
Cum mare, cum tellus nobis, neque regia cali,
Farrea dona ferunt, thuris operentur acerra;
Ergo hominum cælestè genus fingamus;
Non prona terram spectat, &c.*

And the speech which Ramsay puts into the Creator's mouth to the newly created man, giving him dominion over all things created, and the prohibition of touching the forbidden fruit, is equally similar to what Milton gives, book V. line 520.

Ramsay concludes his first book with a description of the Almighty surrounded by the heavenly host, who admire his works, and salute him with a plaudit of approbation; many such are to be met with through the *Paradise Lost*.

I suppose by this time, Mr. Printer, you will think that I have arrogated too much room in your collection, and the adorers of Milton will certainly think that I am but a very superficial critic; but I must beg those gentlemen's pardon, by declaring, no man can admire the divine Milton more than I do; nor do I pretend to equal Mr. Ramsay's performance to the *Paradise Lost*, but only to make Mr. Ramsay better known to his countrymen.

Yours, &c.

March 8.

III.

BAILLIE THOMAS ROBERTSON.*

After the sheet containing the Elegy on this person had been sent to press, the Coltness Papers were circulated amongst the members of the Maitland Club; and as this valuable and important work must be inac-

* See Elegy, p. 60.

cessible to many of our readers, the following extract relative to the Baillie and his buildings may be acceptable:—

“ Walter's (Stewart) eldest daughter was married to John Robeson, Dean of Guild of Edinburgh, and Brewer. She lived in great felicity and had many children, but after her death their family was ruined by that remarkable fyre and burning in the Parliament Closes, anno 1700. There all Baillie Thomas Robeson's wealth had been laid out in sumptuous houses, and from these buildings he is designed on his vain-glorious monument yet standing in Greysfriars church, Urbis Edinæ ornator si non conditor; yet in one night and a day, all was consumed and his family ruined, and this John Robeson among his other children brought to poverty. This burning was by the populace called a remarkable judgement, because Baillie Robeson in his office as youngest magistrate, it fell to his share to attend the execution of the sentence of the Restoration Parliament, in ignominiously burning the Nationall Covenants at the publict Cross of Edinburgh by the hands of the common executioner; and it was remarked that this man's high sumptuous tenements were burnt, and none else; and the fyre stoped at the place of execution. Men are ready from events to read judgements as they affect, and find out judgements for their neighbours faults, but never remind judicial strokes for their own or their friends sin and transgressions, yet some judicious folke thought there was something singular in this stroke upon his family; and upon this his son Henry, who was ane advocate, and lost his patrimony of 3,000 lib, studied divinity, and was minister of the gospel in Oldhamstocks in East-Lothian. To conclude the digression, this was perhaps the greatest conflagration could have happened in any city, by the vast hight of houses, for the highest pinicle was called Babylon, being backward fifteen storeys high from the foundation, and all was ane immense heap of combustible matter upon a small foundation, and made a prodigious blaze. The Dean of Guild, by his losses, was much impoverished, and was made one of the Captains of the City Guard, and at last was put as pensioner upon the City's charity, his family scattered, and his male issue had no succession. Anna, his eldest daughter, married to Mr. James Spence of Kirktown, Writer in Edinburgh, has two sons Ministers, and two daughters married to Ministers of the Gospel.”*

Thomas Robertson of Lochbank, was the owner of several houses

and shops in the Parliament Closs, besides considerable heritable subjects in the Exchange, and other places in Edinburgh. He was probably a son of the Baillie—if so, he was equally unfortunate with the rest of the family, as he got into difficulties, and conveyed his estate real and personal, to a trustee for his creditors, who offered his heritage to public sale on the 27th of April 1698. A copy of the printed articles,* supposed to be unique, containing a detailed account of the different subjects, is in possession of the writer. It is very curious, and gives the size of each house, the number of rooms, the rent, and the occupier's name. The first tenement entered by the Scale Stair, and on the first floor, a house of six rooms and a cellar, was rented by the relict of William Law, goldsmith, and James Robertson, for £62 Scots. This was the mother of the great financier, Law. It appears from this document, that the Faculty of Advocates kept their library in the first floor of a house in the Exchange Stair, and paid £240 Scots per annum as rent. Lord Mersington occupied the fifth storey of a tenement in the Scale Stair, consisting of eight fire rooms and a garret, and paid £200 Scots of rent. Lord Crossrig, another Judge, occupied the third storey of a tenement in the easter turnpike of a back land in the Meal Market, consisting of thirteen fire rooms, two garrets, and two cellars, at a rent of £300 Scots.

IV.

GILBERT RAMSAY.†

From the recently printed *Memoirs of Locheill*, there are some reasons to suppose that the Elegies on him, and on the Tutor of Pitcur, were written by Mr. Philip or Phillips of Almeriecross,‡ the author of a Poem still, it is presumed, in MS. entitled the “*Grameis*,” written

* The well-known antiquary, James Anderson, the publisher of the *Diplomata Scotiae*, was the agent employed to conduct the sale.

† See *Elegy on him*, page 72.

‡ By the marriage of the heiress of Almeriecross, this estate was carried into the family of Grahame of Morphie.

in Latin, in imitation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*. It is in celebration of the exploits of Lord Viscount Dundee.

In the *Memoirs of Locheill*,* the following particulars occur as to the death of Ramsey :—

“ He was a young gentleman bred to the law, which having stydied att Leyden with great application, he, about the same time that the King left England, past his tryalls, and was admitted advocate, with the general applause of that learned faculty. The confusions that followed made him quitt the bar, where it was reported he would soone become eminent, and joyn my Lord Dundie, whom he attended in quality of a volunteer with great cheerfulness. After that general had made his disposition, and while they waited his orders to engadge, the gallant Earl of Dumfermline calling for some spirits, and filling a dram with his own hand, drank, ‘ A health to the King, and success to his armes.’ And when it came in course to Mr. Ramsey, he took the glass in his hand, and addressing himself to his Lordship, ‘ I assure you, my Lord,’ said he, ‘ that this day we shall have a glorious victory over the King’s enemies, but I shall not have the pleasure of seeing it.’ And having thus spoke, he pledged the health, and drank his glass.

“ The gentlemen who were nixt him observing ane unusewal flush and disorder in his countenance, which they had not formerly taken notice of, enquired seriously into the reason of his expressing himself so. He answered frankly, that he had a dream that morning immediately before he awaked, wherein not only the action itself, with every thing that was to happen remarkable about it, but also the order of the troops on both sides, were fully represented to him ; and that there was not a person of any note to fall there, but he saw their wounds bleeding ; that every circumstance that had hitherto happened was a confirmation of what he saw before in his sleep, and that he was now fully convinced that the remaining part would come to pass in the same manner. The Lord Dunfermline, and the gentlemen on both hands joyned their endeavours to prevail on him not to engage, but he was obstinate, and said that he was determined to acquitt himself of a duty which he thought indispensably incumbent on him, seeing his Majesty was deserted by those who ought by their offices to have served him ; adding that he could meet death without the least apprehension, and that he had related his dream merely on account of

* P. 280.

its novelty. Soon after this the army began to move, and Mr. Ramsay, being one of those sixteen that followed my Lord Dundie, fell by Mr. Drummond's right hand, where he was first posted."

A notice of the death of Haliburton, with part of the verses on his death by Mr. Philip, occurs p. 270.

V.

EPITAPH OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.*

[As a set off to the *Kirk* Epitaph on his Grace—the following from a manuscript in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates—may perhaps be admitted into the Appendix, although not presenting a favourable picture of the Presbyterian Champion.]

Pluto did froune, Proserpina did smyle,
At hell to hear the claps of old Argyle.
Pluto cry'd loud lett, no gates opened be,
If he come in I'm sure he'll cuckold me.
The Queen replys with three great sighs and groans,
No fear my Lord, for he hath bruis'd his stones.
Pluto reply'd, I fear he will rebell,
Says Proserpine, for that I cannot tell,
For to rebell we know it is his kynd.
In stocks and chains then he shall be confyn'd.
We have in hell prisoners secure enough,
Castles more strong than that of Edinburgh.
What roume, says Pluto, shall we put him in?
Rebellion and lust wer er'e his greatest sin.
We'l thrust him in the warmest place of hell,
His prude, and greed, and leecherie to quell.
To pryd, to greed, to lust he was right clever,
Let Cerberus alone to gnaw his liver.
Non him lament, peers, barons, nor yet boors,
For he went hence in the armes of his whoors.
He dy'd the death quwhich is not due or common
Unto his house, but by a lecherous woman.

* See Elegy p. 148.

VI.

INSCRIPTION FOR JOHN EARL OF STAIRS, HIS BURIAL
PLACE AT KIRKLISTON CHURCH.*

[From Peanecuik's MSS. The Stair family were never very popular. The first Viscount's Lady was generally reputed in the lower orders to be a witch. It was her daughter whose lamentable marriage formed the subject of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, perhaps the most touching of all Scott's romances.]

Stope, passenger, but shed no tear,
A Pontius Pilate lyeth here,
Whose lineage, life, and present state,
If you'll have patience I'll relate.
A brat of an unbury'd bitch,
Gote by Belzebub on a witch,
Whose malice oft was crack'd at home,
With the curst cubs of her own womb.
Bred up in treachery and trick,
By Crook Craig Dady,† and Old Nick,
In which he hath such progress made,
That he outstript both Devil and Dade.
He mock'd at murthering a single man,
So heroe like he kill'd a clan.‡
Tho' they were innocent no matter,
The compliment to hell the better.
But these things being below his station,
First he betray'd, then sold his nation.§

* See *Elegies*, pp. 152-154.

† The great Lawyer and first Viscount of Stairs, whose head was said by the Jacobits to be awry.

‡ An allusion to the horrid massacre of Glencoe.

§ He chiefly brought about the Union.

To all that's ill he gave his voice,
And now runs post to get his price.
O passenger get off with speed,
For seldom does the Devil lye dead.
Fly off if you your safety prize,
For Legions haunt where here he lies.

VII.

LETTER TO JAMES ANDERSON, ESQ. CONTAINING A
SINGULAR CHARGE OF JUDICIAL CORRUPTION
AGAINST LORD FOUNTAINHALL.*

[This document occurs amongst the Anderson Papers in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, and has been printed for the singularity of the charge,—for, bad as the other judges might be, Lord Fountainhall is usually, and we are satisfied, justly excepted from the list of the corrupt. The idea of getting Anderson to pit Lord Pollok against Lord Fountainhall is excellent.]

Sir,

I understand that Mr. David Lauder, who is my adversary's friend, has, by his influence, occasioned his father, the Lord Fountainhall, to allow the advocation to pass, tho' after the Sheriff's sentence, (however, I know the Sheriffs will plead their own prerogative), now 'tis to be advised again to-morrow, which is Saturday, and on Tuesday to come in before the Lord Pollock, to whom, and Mr. Duncan Forbes, I hope, Sir, you'll be pleased to speak, that this dismal affair may have ane end. My expences will amount to near six or 7 pd. st. tho' the Sheriffs in their interloquitor has allowed me but 15 pd. Scots; therefore, I hope Sir, you'll represent my case to my Lord Pollock, for I am afraid Fountainhall and his son, being my adversarie's friends, in a manner may bring me to unnecessary troubles and expences. Sir, your diligence in this obliges me to subscribe myself doubly your obedt.

* See page 188.

humble Servant. (Signed) HECTOR M'NEALL. Duddingston,
March 1, 1717. (Addressed) To Mr. James Anderson, Post Master
General of Scotland, Edinburgh.

VIII.

MURDER OF COMMISSIONER CAYLEY.*

[As this murder was one of the most inexplicable that ever happened in Scotland, and as Sir Walter Scott has alluded to an incident that occurred to the murderer after her escape, in his romance of *Peveril*, (Works, Vol. xxviii, p. 70,) the particulars collected here together will not be deemed void of interest. It is proper to mention, that the popular belief seems to have been, that Kello had attempted to violate the lady, and that in defence of her chastity she had shot the "gallant gay Lothario." In a "ninth" set of lines, which may be found amongst the MSS. in the Advocates Library, but which are too coarse for insertion here, this is assumed throughout. It is very doubtful if the lady had so good an excuse; but the reader can judge for himself.

The account given by Sir Walter in his notes shall be first inserted—then the printed precognition, which is exceedingly rare—the only copy presently known being that belonging to C. K. Sharpe, Esq. who, with his usual kindness, has allowed it to be reprinted—then some extracts from the public journals; next, a letter to Colonel Patrick Vans† of Barnbarrock, from William M'Dowal, brother of the Laird of Freuch; and lastly, some verses from a MS. recently purchased at the sale of the library of George Chalmers, Esq. the author of *Caledonia*.

It may be observed, that Sir Walter was mistaken in asserting that Cayley came down as a Commissioner on the forfeited estates;—he was one of the Commissioners of the Customs, and received his ap-

* See Elegy, page 202. Another copy has since turned up in the library of George Chalmers, Esq.

† Colonel Vans' second wife was Freuch's daughter.

‡ See Beaton's Political Index, Vol. ii, p. 133.

pointment on the 20th December 1714, amongst with William Culliford and Humphrey Brent, Esquires.]

1.—SIR WALTER SCOTT'S ACCOUNT.

“ She was a young woman of extreme beauty, who had been married to an old man, a writer, named Macfarlane. Her situation, and perhaps her manners, gave courage to some who desired to be accounted her suitors. Among them were a young Englishman, named Cayley, who was a Commissioner of Government upon the estates forfeited in the Rebellion 1715. In 1716, Mr. Cayley visited this lady in her lodgings, when they quarrelled, either on account of his having offered her some violence, or as another account said, because she reproached him with having boasted of former favours. It ended in her seizing upon a pair of pistols, which lay loaded in a closet, her husband intending to take them with him on a journey. The gallant Commissioner approached with an air of drollery, saying,—“ What, Madam, do you intend to performe comedy?” “ You shall find it a tragedy,” answered the lady, and fired both pistols, by which Commissioner Cayley fell dead.

She fled and remained concealed for a certain time. Her claim of refuge in Swinton House I do not know—it arose probably from some of the indescribable genealogical filaments which connect Scottish families. A very small cause would even at any time have been a reason for interfering between an individual and the law.

Whatever were the circumstances of Mrs. Macfarlane's case, it is certain that she returned and lived and died in Edinburgh, without being brought to trial. Indeed, considering the times, there was no great wonder; for to one strong party, the death of an English Commissioner was not a circumstance to require much apology. The Swintons, however, would not be of that opinion, the family being of Presbyterian and Whig principles.”*

* Vol. xxviii, p. 93.

2.—A COPY OF THE PRECOGNITION TAKEN IN PRESENCE OF SIR JAMES STEWART, HIS MAJESTY'S SOLICITOR, AND ARCHIBALD MACAULAY, ONE OF THE PRESENT BAILIES OF EDINBURGH, IN THE CASE OF MRS. MACKFARLAIN, AND THE DECEAST MR. CAYLEY. WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS IN MRS. MURRAY'S VINDICATION. HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF THE PUBLICK. PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1716. SMALL 4TO.

THE PREFACE.

The town has been already entertained with several different accounts of the tragical story which happened on Tuesday the 2d of October last, between the deceast Mr. Cayley and Mrs. Mackfarlain. People have also endeavoured from probabilities and conjectures, to find out the motives that could induce a woman, so contrary to the nature of her sex, to murder a gentleman with so many circumstances of cruelty; which matter seems still to be pretty much in the dark, and in all appearance must remain so, since Mr. Cayley's death prevents the publick's receiving any certain information of that affair, but what proceeds from Mrs. Mackfarlain herself.

She was sensible that the deed she had committed was almost without a precedent, and nothing but a notion that she had done it in defence of her chastity could induce the virtuous of either sex to think of her without horror and detestation. This was therefore the colouring she and her friends have endeavoured with so much pains to put upon it; and as this lady in every part of the business seems to have stuck at nothing to carry her point, a circumstantiate story was artfully contrived, importing, that Mr. Walter Murray's wife had invited her to drink tea at her house the Saturday preceding, and that after having thus entised her into Mr. Cayley's company, she locked the door and left her exposed for the space of two hours to his rude attacks upon her chastity, vainly imagining to have supported her own reputation at the expense of that of another, who has for so many

years maintained the character of a virtuous woman, without the least imputation.

Mrs. Murray might reasonably expect from the part she has hitherto acted in the world, that no body would believe her capable of so abominable an action, at least without a greater authority than Mrs. Macfarlain's assertion, which she hopes will not be much regarded in this case, by those who are acquainted with both their characters. There is however no other foundation for this malicious story, which reflects so highly on Mrs. Murray's honour and virtue, which after a full enquiry into that matter, and after a judicial examination of herself, her daughter, her servant, and her neighbours, is proved to be so very calumnious and false, that Mrs. Macfarlain was not so much as within Mrs. Murray's door that day, as will appear from the Precognition hereunto adjoined, which Mrs. Murray has thought fit to publish in her own vindication.

The reader will be pleased likewise to observe, from the Precognition, that Mrs. Macfarlain received a present of a hare from Mr. Cayley on the Munday thereafter, for which she return'd him thanks and her service, and was visited by Mrs. Murray on the Tuesday: Neither of which could have happen'd, if Mrs. Macfarlain had been ill used the Saturday before by Mr. Cayley with Mrs. Murray's knowledge or consent, and much more, if it had been by her contrivance, as has been so falsely and maliciously reported.

As to some facts upon which a good deal of stress has been laid, with very little reason; such as, her denying Mr. Cayley was at home to Mr. Macfarlain, when he really was; and a noise that was heard in her house several hours after Mr. Cayley and she were gone out of town. She does not think it worth while to take any notice of them; since, as to the first, a gentleman always has the privilege of being deny'd at home when he gives orders for it, which he did that day; and for the second particular, it is of no manner of importance.

It is not Mrs. Murray's intention, by anything she has offered to the publick, to load Mrs. Macfarlain further than was necessary in her own vindication; and to dissipate these false and malicious reports, which have been so injurious to her.

Having therefore justify'd her innocence, she gives nothing to her resentment; but begs leave to observe, that the attack Mrs. Macfarlain has made upon her reputation, is equally malicious with the one she made upon Mr. Cayley's life; tho', she thanks God, it has not proved

so successful. Mrs. Murray, however, can freely forgive her for it; and will no longer detain the reader with any observation of her's; but recommend to his perusal the precognitions hereunto annexed.

PRECOGNITION I.

EDINBURGH, OCTOBER 25, 1716.

The which day, in presence of Archbald Macauly one of the present Magistrates of the City of Edinburgh, and the Right Honourable Sir James Stewart, his Majesty's Sollicitor; compeared Magdalen Keill, spouse to Walter Murray, merchant in Edinburgh, who being examined by them in presence of Cornelius Cayley, brother to the deceast Captain Cayley, one of the Commissioners of the Customs, and several others, judicially declares, that the said Captain Cayley having been abroad late on Friday the 28th of September last, the declarant went out to her shop before the defunct got out of bed on the Saturday morning, and about nine a'clock the defunct sent for the declarant, who having come down and drank some tea, she returned to her shop, where she remained till one a clock mid-day; that she then came down and dined with the defunct; that having returned to her shop a little after two a clock, Mr. Mackfarlain about four a clock came to the shop, and asked the declarant if she had seen his wife, who he said was abroad, and at the same time asked if the defunct was gone out of town; to which the declarant answered, You know he always goes out in the morning. And further declares, that to the best of her knowledge, Mrs. Mackfarlain was not in the declarant's house all that day, and that she did not see her that day but in her own house, where the declarant went up to her betwixt eleven and twelve before noon, where she stay'd only a very little, and Mr. Mackfarlain going out while the declarant was there, she followed him so soon, that she overtook him at the foot of the stair; and declares, that she went out of town in coach with the defunct to his house in the country, about five a clock at night, and that she did not see Mrs. Mackfarlain till the Tuesday thereafter about mid-day, the declarant having heard that Mrs. Mackfarlain had been twice calling for her on the Monday before, when she was in the country, and that Mrs. Mackfarlain did not say any thing to the declarant in relation to the defunct, except that she told her that the defunct had sent her an hare on the Munday before. The declarant

further says, that the reason why she gave so an ambiguous answer to Mr. Macfarlain, when he on the Saturday asked at her if Mr. Cayley had gone out of town, was because the defunct had chid her at dinner for having told Colonel Guest's servant in the forenoon that he was not out of town. Declares, when she went to the shop on the Saturday afternoon, she left her daughter in her house. And this is the truth.

MAGDALEN KEILL.

ARCHBALD MACAULAY, Baillie.

Elizabeth Murray, daughter to Walter Murray, Merchant in Edinburgh, being examined *ut intus*, declares, tha' she went to her father's shop on the Saturday the 29th day of September last, about two a Clock in the Afternoon, having been at home the whole forenoon, and that she remained in the said shop till a little before three, that a gentlewoman calling for her mother at the shop, she came down to the house, and sent up her mother to her, and that the declarant remained in the house from that time till about four a clock, that she went out with a young gentlewoman a comrade, before which time the servant-maid, who was gone abroad for barley and other necessaries, was returned to the house. And declares, that all that day, neither before nor after noon, did she see or hear of Mrs. Macfarlain's being in the house, nor does she believe she was there for that day; and declares, that after, or about five a clock, the declarant went to the country with the defunct and her mother, and this she declares to be truth.

ELIZABETH MURRAY.

ARCH. MACAULAY, Baillie.

Anne Mackairter servitrix to the said Walter Murray within designed, being examined *ut intus*, declares, that on Saturday the 29th of September last, she was in her master's both forenoon and afternoon, except some few short errands that she went after dinner, she left her mistress and the defunct in the house; and that when she returned from the second errand, which might have been about a quarter of an hour, she found her mistress' daughter and a comrade in the house, the defunct being at home; but her mistress having gone to the shop, that about four a clock her mistress' daughter having gone abroad with her comrade, the defunct sent the declarant for some pickles,

saying he would look to the house till her return; and that accordingly she went, and as she passed the shop told her mistress, that it would be proper for her to go down to the house, seeing there was no body there but the defunct; and that when she returned, she found the defunct with her mistress in the kitchen, which was in less than half an hour. And declares, that all that day, either before or after noon, Mrs. Macfarlain was not in her master's house to her knowledge, or as she believes; and that the defunct, her mistress and her daughter, went to the country that night about five a clock at night, and her mistress did not return till the Tuesday thereafter. And this is the truth, and declares she cannot write. And further declares, that betwixt nine and ten a clock at night, when there was no body in the house save the declarant and children, who were in bed, a servant of Mr. Barclay's came up stairs, and asked what was the reason of the noise they heard below stairs, she desired the servant to come, and see there was no noise in the house, but the noise was from above. And this is the truth.

ARCH. MACAULAY, Baillie.

Adam Barclay, Turner in Edinburgh, being examined *ut ^{intus} supra* judicially, declares, that he lodges in the house immediately below Walter Murray, merchant, and that he was at home on Saturday the 29th of September last, and that he was within doors all forenoon, and did not hear any noise from above stairs all that day. Elizabeth Arbuthnet his spouse, being also examined, declares that she was not at home till after seven a clock that night; about or betwixt seven and eight a clock that night, she heard a noise, and sent her servant to enquire at Mrs. Murray's what was the reason of the noise; and the servant having gone up stairs, returned and told, that Mrs. Murray and her daughter were gone out to the Inch, and there was nobody in their house but the servant maid and the children going to bed.

ADAM BARCLAY.

ELIZABETH ARBURTHNET.

ARCH. MACAULAY, Baillie.

Margaret Sutor and Mary Grieve, Servants to the above Declarants, being examined *ut supra*, adhere to the above declaration, and this they declare to be truth; and Margaret Sutor declares she cannot write.

MARY GRIEVE.

ARCH. MACAULAY, Baillie.

William Murray one of the Keepers of the Parliament-House, being examined *ut supra*, declares, that he lodges on the same plat with the said Walter Murray, being the immediate next door to him, and was at home from one a clock mid-day of the 29th of September last, and declares he heard no noise that whole afternoon in the house of the said Walter Murray, and this is the truth.

WILLIAM MURRAY.

ARCH. MACAULAY, Baillie.

PRECOGNITION II.

EDINBURGH, 1st NOVEMBER, 1716.

The which day, in presence of Archibald Mackaulay, one of the present Baillies of Edinburgh, and Sir James Steuart His Majesty's Solicitor, Cornelius Cayley, brother to the deceast Captain Cayley, and several other gentlemen, compeared personally Elizabeth Arbuthnet, spouse to Adam Barclay, being re-examined judicially, declares, that upon Saturday the twenty-ninth of September last, about three a clock in the afternoon, she met Mrs. Mackfarlain coming down her own stairs, as the declarant was going up; declares, that after she had gone up a pair of stairs further, she looked over the open window, where she saw Mrs. Mackfarlain shake down her cloaths at the little shops at the entry, where she saw her with her face downward the close, but did not know whether she went down or up the close; nor did she see her go either of these ways. Declares, that to the best of her knowledge she came out of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh after eight a clock at night, and went home a little thereafter; and hearing a noise from above, she asked her servant what was the matter, and her servants told her, they had heard such a noise for two hours before; whereupon she sent her servant to see, and enquire after the same at Mr. Murray's; and this is truth.

ELIZ. ARBUTHNOT.

ARCH. MACAULAY, Baillie.

Mary Grieve, servitrix to the above declarant, being re-examined *ut supra*, judicially declares, that on the twenty-ninth of September last, when her mistress came home (as she has above declared) they heard a noise, as the declarant believed, to have been in Mrs. Murray's; and the above declarant asking about the noise, the declarant answer-

ed, she had heard such a noise for two hours before; declares the candle was lighted before she heard the noise begin, and that the noise continued for the whole space of two hours, from the time it began, to the time her mistress went to bed; and this is the truth.

MARY GRIEVE.

ARCH. MACKAULAY, Baillie.

Basil Dawson, late servant to the deceast Captain Cayley, being examined *ut interro*, judicially declares, that on Monday the first day of October last, the deceast Captain Cayley sent in the declarant from his chamber to Mrs. Mackfarlain's at Edinburgh with an hare, and desired the declarant to give it her with his service; and accordingly the declarant carried the hare up to Mrs. Mackfarlain's, and delivered the same to Mary her servant, declares he saw the servant go and acquaint her mistress thereof, and saw Mr. Mackfarlain and his spouse at their room door, and heard Mrs. Mackfarlain return her service to Captain Cayley, and thanks for the said hare, and this is the truth.

BASIL DAWSON.

ARCH. MACKAULAY, Baillie.

3.—EXTRACT FROM MERCURIUS POLITICUS, BEING
MONTHLY OBSERVATIONS ON THE AFFAIRS OF
GREAT BRITAIN, WITH THE MOST MATERIAL OC-
CURRENCES IN EUROPE, FOR THE MONTH OF OC-
TOBER 1716, BY A LOVER OF OLD ENGLAND. 8vo.
LONDON.

PERSONS OF NOTE DEAD THIS MONTH.

We have very few persons of any note whose exit comes within this month; but the vacaney is very unhappily supplied by a very strange account of the death of one, viz. Mr. Cayley, one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, who has been very unfortunately kill'd, —they do not say murther'd, tho' we must declare it in our opinion a murther, nay, a double murther; first of his person, and then of his reputation. The story being full of very strange incidents, and well worth making publick, we shall give first the account which has been

publish'd to the world, and then a particular account of the whole, as it is come to our hands by a letter from a private, but impartial hand in Scotland, and which has never yet been made publick.

The public accounts are as follow:—" That Mr. Cayley having found means, as has been said, to ingratiate himself into the lady's acquaintance, on Tuesday the 2d of October, when Mr. Macfarlane was abroad, he went at three in the afternoon, and ask'd for Mrs. Macfarlane, the maid shew'd him into a room, and told her lady, who being a little indispos'd, and undress'd, put herself into some better order, and came to hear what he had to say. At first he made an apology for his last rudeness, and seem'd to ask her pardon for it; but soon after, knowing there was but one maid in the house, and one other gone abroad, both which, 'tis said, he had secured by giving them money, he made a second violent attempt upon her chastity, and met with the same resistance; and the lady being now more highly provok'd, flew passionately from him into another room, where there was a case of pistols, she returned with one of them in a moment, and presented it at him, bidding him give over his purpose and be gone; at which he said, What, Madam, d'ye design to act a comedy? but she reply'd, he would find it a tragedy if he did not retire. Notwithstanding which he attempted again to embrace her; at which, being arm'd with a noble resolution to defend her honour, she let fly one of the pistols at him, at which, as she herself says, he attempted to draw his sword, but she prevented him; for fetching the other pistol, she shot him thro' the breast, a little below the left pap, of which wound he immediately dropt down dead. This dispute was so close, that Mr. Caley's shirt was burnt at the sleeves, with the fire of one of the pistols, and his cravat, and the breast of his shirt with the fire of the other. Mr. Macfarlane having been sought for, came home about five a clock, who surpriz'd and astonish'd at the sad accident which had happen'd in his family, went immediately and took advice of some of his friends what to do in the affair, who all advis'd him to convey his wife away privately, to prevent her lying in goal (she being three or four months gone with child,) till a precognition should be taken of the matter, and it should appear in its true light; accordingly she walk'd down the High Street, followed by her husband at a little distance, and now absconds.

The thing continued a profound secret to all, except those concern'd in the house, till past ten at night, when Mr. Macfarlane, hav-

ing provided a safe retreat for his wife, return'd, and gave orders for discovering it to the Magistrates, who went and view'd the body of the deceas'd, and secur'd the house and maid, and all else who may become evidence of the fact; and yesterday the Magistrates sat upon it, and took a precognition of the whole affair, from the depositions of the servants and others who could give any light into it.

" The deposition of the maid-servant, taken before the Lord Provost and Bailliff, in the presence of Col. Ghast, Mr. Brent, one of the Commissioners of the Customs, and others, sets forth, that at the time aforesaid, John Cayley, Esq. one of the Commissioners of the Customs, came to her master's lodging, and the declarant gave him access, and conducted him to the room where he now lies; declares, when he came to the lodging there was no person therein except Mrs. Macfarlane, her mistress, Barbara Martine, her servant, who a very little after he came in went out; and about the hour of four of the clock, the declarant heard a shot, and in a very little thereafter, she heard another shot, as she thought, of a pistol; and immediately thereafter, Mrs. Macfarlane, her mistress, came from her room, and told the declarant that Mr. Caley had been rude with her, and offered to force her, whereupon she had taken occasion to shoot him, and earnestly begg'd the declarant might go and call upon her husband, which the declarant did accordingly, by going to the window on the stair head; declares, it was above an hour before Mr. Macfarlane could be found, when he came home, met with his spouse in the kitchen; declares, she heard Mrs. Macfarlane say to her husband that she had revenged herself upon that villain, but cannot be positive as to the other expressions; declares, that Mrs. Macfarlane being sitting in a little closet when Mr. Caley came in, she went to another room, and put on clean linen, and thereafter went to Mr. Caley; and declares, about four of the clock, after the declarant had heard the shot, and Mrs. Macfarlane came out from the room where she had been with Mr. Caley, she saw her linnens abused, and much ruffled, as also her gown abused after the same manner; declares, about four of the clock at night, when the declarant heard the shot, she came from the kitchen to the dining-room, where she met her mistress, and saw, from the room where Mr. Cayley was, and now lies dead, some smoak, and saw a little glance of his corp, and did not see the corp farther till about six at night, that the other servant and the declarant came together to the room, where she saw Mr. Caley lying a corp on the

floor; and that Mr. Macfarlane and his spouse left the house about or before six at night; declares that no person was allowed, or went to the bed or room where the corp was found, until such time as my Lord Provost and Baillie Mac-Aulay were called for, and came to the room with several other gentlemen, which was about ten at night. And this is the truth. (Signed) MARY LIDDEL. JOHN CAMPBELL.

The same circumstances are confirm'd by the other maid-servant and the clerks of Mr. Macfarlane, one of which adds, that when Mr. Macfarlane came in, his wife took him by the sleeve, and walked with him to the dining-room, desiring the declarant to follow, and saying, that she wished she had another witness; and then coming with her husband to the room where the corp lay, Come, and I will shew you what I have done to that wretch, or villain, that hath been making an attempt upon my chastity; and Mr. Macfarlane, seeing the corp, sigh'd and said, O woman what have you done! and desired she might make off with herself, which she did; and he followed thereafter. Mr. Caley is own'd by the same advices to have been a very fine gentleman, and much respected by every one, and his death, as well as the manner of it, to be much regretted. Mrs. Macfarlane is a young lady about nineteen or twenty years of age, and much admired for her beauty, and will now be as much celebrated for this rare, but too violent instance of defending her chastity. She is the daughter of Colonel Charles Straiton, a gentleman of great honour, and granddaughter, by her mother, of Sir Andrew Forrester.

Here follows a letter, dated from Edinburgh, on the same subject, which is sent by an unknown hand, and which also, without any personal note of ours, we commit to the publick; every one may judge as their reason and charity guides them; we desire neither to have part in the reflections on the dead or on the living:—

SIR,—In obedience to your importunity in the case of the murther, as you call it, of Mr. Cayley, I have been diligent in my endeavours to inform myself impartially of this unfortunate gentleman's end. It is not possible to give you a fuller account of the facts, than is contained in the precognition of the Magistrates, and the depositions of the witnesses, to which I cannot do better than refer you. What I can say, therefore, in the thing, for your satisfaction, must be the observation of impartial people here upon the circumstances, in which I must join my thoughts to those who think the tale does not tell well in the woman's behalf, and that several ways; and that she had not

only had no sufficient cause for this bloody action, but that much less has she for murthering the gentleman's fame after his death, who has all his life had a quite differing character. It is thought, if she falls into the hands of justice, she will ill defend herself this way, the strictness of our laws in such cases also consider'd. However, as you desire me to speak my thoughts impartially, I shall do so without any design to wrong the woman any more than the man; to which end I shall take the tale as it is published in your printed news, and as is said in publick to be told; if that be told wrong, then I crave you will amend it. First, it is said, that at one other house in Edinburgh, where this gentleman first met the lady, he offered to be rude to her, and yet it says again, that coming afterwards to her own house, she admitted him to visit her, and came into the room to him; here, they who object against the conduct of the lady say, that if he was rude to her before, why had she not called for help, Mrs. Murray, and several others being, as is said, but in the next room to them; and why had she not made it known to Mrs. Murray thereafter; and how else shall we know that it is so, seeing she afterwards admitted him to be in a room alone, which, had she been afraid of rudeness, she would not have done; again, when he came to visit her, and she heard he was in the room, why did she not send him a civil message that she was indisposed and could not be spoken with; or why, seeing she would speak with him, did she not order one of her servants, for she had two with her in the house, to stay in the room, or to come in if she called; and did she not stay with him an hour alone, and call for no help, tho' her two women were near hand?

On the other hand, one of the witnesses swears, That being in a closet when Mr. Caley came into her house, she went into another room and put on clean linnen, and thereafter went to him: Why she should put on clean linnen to go to a man she had such a horror for, as a virtuous woman would have for a man that attempted her chastity, is yet doubtful; and whereas the servant swears, That her linnen was very much abused: That expression signifies something which I care not to speak out otherwise than this, that she ought to have called out for help much sooner, and long before she committed the murther. There are other things to be observed anent her discovering it to her husband, (viz.) her words, "That she had revenged herself of the villain;" neither the laws of God or man allowing any to be instruments of their own revenge.

Again, it seems, that she went from him into another room to fetch pistols, so that if he had been rude to her before, it is evident he did not detain her, or offer to go from her any more than she offer'd to call for assistance; and as she was gone from him, she might have called officers, and seized on him for a ravishment, in which case her evidence had been good against him. On the contrair, thus to kill the gentleman, and then say he attempted her chastity, without offering the least circumstance to support the allegation. It seems but a mean thing to prove it upon, neither would it pass in our Courts; wherefore many think, that as she has been far wrong in doing this cruel thing, she is very right on her own side to fly from justice. I omit going farther in my observes on this, till time gives us a clearer light, but wish Mrs. Murray also may be examined by the Magistrates, to know if what is alledged in compass of her knowledge, be true.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

J. Y.

4.—LETTER TO COL. PATRICK VANS OF BARNBAR-
ROCH, FROM WILLIAM M'DOWALL, ESQ.

EDINBURGH, 4TH OCTOBER 1716.

SIR,—I doubt not you had account, or will soon have, of that tragedy acted by Mrs. M'Farland, a wryter's wyfe, (who is a great toast here) upon Commissioner Cayley; it is matter of much discourse here, and creates such various speculations, as I can hardly offer you anything but matter of fact, which was, that upon Tuesday last, he came to her lodging, after three o'clock, where he had often been at cards and tea. She did not appear till she had changed all her cloaths in clean dress, to her very smock; then she came into a sort of drawing-room, and from that conveyed him into her own bed-chamber. After some conversation there, she left him in it, went out to a closet which lay att some distance from the chamber: She brought in a pair of charg'd pistols, which belonged to Mr. Cayley himself, which Mr. M'Farland her husband had borrowed from him some days before, when he was about to ryde to the country: What furder expressions were on either syde I know not, but she fired one pistol, which only made a slight wound on the shakle-bone of his left hand,

and slanted down through the floor, which I saw. The other she fired in aslant on his right breast, so as the bullet pierced his heart, and stuck about his left shoulder-blade behind. She went into the closet, laid by the pistols, he having presently fallen dead on the floor. She locked the door of her room upon the dead body, sent a servant for her husband, who was in a change house with company, being about four afternoon: He came and gave her what money he had in the house, and conducted her away; and after he also had absented himself for about a day, he appeared, and afterwards declared before the Lords of Justiciary he knew nothing about it till she sent for him, though some imagine it was a contrivance betwixt them, Mr. Cayley, it seems, having been so foolish as to tell above his bottle, and in coffy-houses, what favours he had from Mrs. M'Farland; and her husband having expressed his jealousy and inclination of revenge, some say, the lady once said to her husband she would execute it herself. Some say she was also exasperated by his taking up with some other mistresse about the same tyme; but it is not doubted, but they had been perfectly familiar for more as a year past, and frequently he had her and her husband att his country lodgeing for several days together; and some say had bestowed upwards of 200 guineas since their acquaintance in fine presents upon her. I saw his corps after he was clear-cloath'd, and saw his blood, where he lay on the floor for twenty-four hours after he dyed, just as he fell; so as it was a difficulty to streight him; so much for both matter of fact and speculation. If your transactions of this nature, in your younger days, were again to be repeated, this example wold possibly afford ground of caution, as it will, no doubt, do to such as are yet hott in these pursuits.

Dear Sir, Adieu.*

5.—VERSES ON THE MURDER OF MR. CAYLEY, FROM
MSS. FORMERLY BELONGING TO GEORGE CHALMERS,
ESQ.

1.

Must M'Farlane dye? Shame to the natione,
Because she spotless kept her reputation;
Our heroine must not dye for shame,
Who kills in self defence, bears not the blame.

* Mr. M'Dowall's niece was the second wife of Colonel Vans.

No christian laws can fix the guilt upon her,
 Who slew the ravisher to save her honour ;
 And Caylie might have tam'd that dear bought passion
 Till he went home, where horns are more in fashion.
 The fam'd Lucretia sullied much her fame,
 Who stab'd her self when Tarquin should been slain.
 Whereas our heroine, better far,
 Soon cutt the thread of that uncivil warr,
 To lead the English, that for their sweet lives,
 They no more struggle to debauch our wives;
 And that so base an act, and vile communion,
 Is not an article of Brittain's union.

2.

This hero brave,
 Within this grave,
 When he design'd to try her,
 The heroine shott
 Him on the spot,
 Incens'd with rage and ire.
 The heroine shott,
 Two balls he gott,
 For two he was to give her.
 His stay'd without,
 Ther is no doubt,
 But her's went through his liver.

3.

'Twixt Lucrece and Macfarlane are great odds,
 Tho' both their faults occasion'd were by codds,
 M'Farlane wiser, rather chus'd to kill
 The lew'd usurper, than yeeld to his will ;
 But fool Lucretia, tho' just in her prime,
 Herself did murder for another's crime.

In after ages both shall have a name,
 The one for courage, the other for her fame.
 But after all tis very hard to tell
 Which did the fool, or which the guilty fell.
 Both heroines did equal courage shew,
 That stab'd her self, and this did kill her foe.

IX.

SOME ACCOUNT OF ALEXANDER ROSE, LATE LORD
BISHOP OF EDINBURGH.*

[Taken from a Funeral Sermon, on occasion of his death, by a Presbyter of the Church, Edinburgh, 1720. Bishop Rose, of the family of Kilravock, was son of Alexander Rose, Prior of Monimusk. He was originally Bishop of Moray, from whence he was translated to Edinburgh in 1687. He died at his sister's house in the Canongate, and was buried at Restalrig.]

It remains now that I apply the whole that has been said from my text, to the mournful occasion of paying our last respects to the sacred memory of our late Lord Bishop; the character of whose virtues will give life to all that I have said. Permit me then to refresh your memories, and do what honour I can to his; tho' I must own, his great and good portraiture deserves to be drawn by a more eminent and skilful pen. But I shall attempt it, not in a strained and artful way, but in his own sincere, plain and unaffected manner, I am conscious that the draught which I have made of him is rude and imperfect; but such as it is, it sets out many things, most worthy to be imitated.

He was a clear instance of many noble virtues, and both a discreet and zealous stickler in promoting them.

He was a person of good understanding, without haughty opinions and conceit of his own knowledge. He was of a temper very sedate and calm, free to hear, and patient to consider; he was not rash or precipitant in his determinations, but maturely deliberated, before he pronounced his opinion; and in weighty matters consulted his brethren, in imitation of the celebrated St. Cyprian, and Theophylact, in 2 Cor. 10. Apostol. Can. 34.

He was a person of true tenderness of conscience during the whole course of his life, and this he evidenced, in refusing to gratify the ambitious desires of a certain Prince, who tempted him with large prof-

* See Elegy, page 220.

fers, if he would engage in his measures. No, no, this generous and loyal subject scorned the solicitation, as contrary to his duty, and the principles of the Church, that condemns resistance of Kings, and whose arms are only Prayers and Tears. It is his great glory and honour, that in a most degenerate age, he shewed his close adherence to the doctrine of the gospel, in choosing to partake of a suffering, rather than a sinful condition by dishonourable compliances. Thus he was sincere and plain hearted in his speeches and professions; gentle and affable in his conversation, which was graced with a noble aspect and a lively mien, and seasoned with pleasant and useful discourses, that could not fail of charming the hearers, and attracting their attention.

He studied the knowledge of men, and the times as well as books, which rendered him capable of serving the State as well as the Church. He was affable and accessible, particularly to strangers, whom he entertained with great civility. He was indefatigable in dispatch of a multitude of affairs; for the care of the whole Church lay upon his shoulders: He underwent this fatigue, and laborious task with cheerfulness: but no doubt it wasted his spirits, and shortened his days. He like a skilful pilot governed the Church in the roughest storms. He was dextrous in penning pointed and elegant epistles, that declared the judicious and accurate taste of that noble and great genius: in them you might easily discover the polite stile, and bright strokes of the christian gentleman and scholar.

A humility and modest deportment did shine with a peculiar lustre in all the parts of his life. His method of reproving * was so tender and gentle, that (unless in some heinous crimes) he seemed rather to exhort than rebuke, and yet with such majesty as became his Episcopal dignity, and did impress terror upon the offender. His own great candor disposed him to put the best constructions, and to judge the most favourably of all persons and things; for he † well knew, that virtue and purity might be blenished, and men's actions misrepresented by malice, envy, or ill-will. The most innocent person, the most sublime piety, the tallest reputation, and the greatest goodness, cannot always defend themselves against the venom of a serpentine tongue.

He was singularly happy in an even temper, not violently transported, but only duly affected with whatever happened; no prosperous acci-

* Apost. Const. l. 2, cap. 5, and 9, l. 7. cap. 19.

† Apost. Const. l. 2, cap. 6.

dents could overjoy, nor cross events unmeasurably disturb him. In the midst of sickness, imprisonment and pinching circumstances, he was patient and resigned. He past over many injuries; was ready to forgive the greatest, even in those who had robbed him of his pittance, he was ready to do all good offices, even to those who had used himself very ill.

His merit advanced him to the Episcopal dignity, being educated in the famous University of Oxford, in Balliol College, and afterwards advanced to the Professor of Divinity's chair, first in Glasgow, then in St. Andrews, where he taught with great perspicuity and success. He was well versed in all the polite parts of learning. He was consecrated Bishop of Murray, and from thence translated to the See of Edinburgh. He had not only the accomplishments of a gentleman, but so universal were his parts, that they were proportioned to every thing: And tho' his spirit was made up of smoothness and gentleness, yet he could bear with the harshness and roughness of the schools; for he was so well versed in their subtleties and distinctions, that upon all occasions he could make them serve his purpose; and this appeared when he presided among us with great dexterity, prudence, and moderation. Such was his able skill in primitive literature and casuistical divinity, that he was a rare conductor of souls, and knew how to counsel and advise, to solve difficulties, determine cases, and quiet consciences. Thus, this wise person shall shine * as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, for ever and ever, because he turned many to righteousness.

But his religion and virtue was the crown of all other accomplishments. A perpetual display of the beauties of religion that shined eminently in him, made his life and conversation a powerful sermon; for example, has a greater influence than precept, tho' he was not wanting in successfully labouring in word and doctrine; and so was worthy of double honour. He was known in his profession, unspotted in his life; so that his very enemies could not but own, that he was a good man, and had a good name, that is more precious than ointment. He was active and laborious in his charge, bold and resolute in opposing seducers, and daring to rebuke and look vice in the face, tho' never so potent and illustrious: These were his robes and maces, his escutcheons and high titles of honour; these he valued beyond all worldly

* Dan. 12, 3.

interest and grandeur. His religion was pure and undefiled. An air of piety, and a spirit of true devotion appeared in his performing of divine worship, in which he was serious, fervent and frequent. He often celebrated the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; was upon all occasions, sometime above six times in a forenoon, ready to administer confirmation. He was pathetick in his exhortations to the sick. He, by his example and advice, promoted the liturgy of the church, that is now used over all the kingdom. As for the devotion of his heart, when he appeared among you in publick worship, how easily might you observe a spirit greatly and piously affected? how fervent in holy desires? how affectionate in praises and thanksgivings? He was generous and charitable beyond example, so that he freely communicated of his own morsel for the relief of the miserable. He was so remarkably temperate and abstemious from meat and sensual delight; and so far from indulging the body, that he burdened it with more severity than his friends thought it could well bear. In him the poor have lost their relief, the distressed their advocate, the clergy their guide, his domesticks and relations a father; but the greatest loss is to the Church and State. Methinks I already see a great many perplex'd by their doubts, sinking under their wants and misfortunes; who knew before where to apply for counsel in their difficulties, for support in their pressures, for redress in their grievances. Tho' our high priest Aaron is taken from us as a punishment for our sins, and of whom the world was not worthy; yet I hope, that God will, upon our sincere penitence, visit us in mercy, and make Aaron's rod blossom, and bring forth Priests to the Lord, whose lips may preserve knowledge to the people. In the present afflicted posture of our affairs, we have the greatest reason to pray and hope, that the Divine Providence would vouchsafe to send other good, learned, and able labourers in his vineyard that is trodden down by foxes and wild boars, to follow his pious steps, and carry on the same good work; so that in God's own good time, our Sion may be delivered from the hands of its enemies, and phoenix like, rise out of its fire and ashes, more glorious and beautiful; or like gold tried in the furnace, more pure and refined; that we may laud and magnify his glorious Majesty in the beauty of holiness, for his wonderful works towards us the children of men.

In the mean time, I fervently wish and pray, that our pious bishop's counsels, may be followed, in relation to unity and peace, which he continually urged as the bond of perfection, and the pillar of the

church, not to be shaken without its utter ruin in those parts. May we all then be stedfast and constant unto the end, that we may attain a crown of glory.

A life thus regularly conducted, a soul thus piously framed, with a full dependence on God, and a true faith in our Redeemer, might bid defiance to the worst of temporal evils, and to death it self. He had some warnings and alarms about the desolation of his frail tabernacle, from many fits of sickness. At length, it pleased the Almighty to transport him into bless. Now, alas! (who can refrain from dropping a tear;) his silver locks, that were graceful, are laid in the dust; now, the beautiful and odoriferous rose (that adorn'd the mitre, and was the greatest ornament of our church,) is dropt into the grave, and mingled with the earth. Tho his exit was sudden, yet not unexpected, or unprovided by surprize. For a well spent life is a preparation, that makes death never too soon to a good christian, who has (like him) his lamp trimmed and flaming with the oil of charity and good works, that will administer an abundant entrance into the mansions of glory, thro' the merits of Jesus Christ.

X.

INSCRIPTIONS IN THE FAMILY AISLE IN ABERCORN CHURCH, UPON THOMAS DALYELL OF THE BINNS, AND HIS LADY, JANET BRUCE.*

[Printed as relative to the parents of General Dalyell, on whom the elegy occurs at page 38.]

Mrs. Dalyell, according to Crawford, page 133, was a natural daughter of Edward, first Lord Bruce of Kinloss; but in the first edition of Douglas, p. 236, she is represented as "first daughter" of the marriage between Lord Bruce and Magdalen Clerk, daughter of

* Above the former are the arms of Dalyell, and of the latter the arms of Bruce.

Alexander Clerk of Balbirnie. In the new edition by Wood she is omitted altogether, and Lord Bruce and his Lady are stated to have had only one daughter, Christian, born 28th December 1595, who married, 10th April 1608, William second Earl of Devonshire.* If Janet was 61 years of age in 1634, she must have been born in 1573.

1.

NON MIHI

SED ALIIS.

What was Mortall of Thomas
 Dalyell of Binnes lyeth here.
 He was descended of the aunc-
 ient race of the Lo^s of Dalyell
 Now Earles of Carnwath. Hee left
 Successours of his Virte-
 ous Fortunes a Sonne and a Daw
 -ghter maried to Williame
 Drummond of Rickertoune.
 After 69 yeeres Pilgramage
 On Earthe, He was removed
 To his rest in Heaven The
 10 Day of Februarie
 Anno 1642

* She is described, in a letter from the Earl and Countess of Arun-
 del to the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lodge's Illustrations, III, 851, (4to
 Edition), as "a pretty red-headed wench." Her fortune was £7000,
 which was increased by the King to £10,000, a large fortune for
 those days. The lady seems to have been forced upon the gentleman,
 who, perhaps, had no taste for red hair, as he refused the offer in the
 first instance, but was reconciled to it by his father telling him, that as
 Lord Bruce of Kinloss was well favoured by the Queen, his son's re-
 fusal would make him the worse by £100,000. She was, when mar-
 ried, only four months beyond twelve years of age.

2.

Here [Rest the Reli]ques
of Janet Bruce Wyfe to Thomas
Dalyell of Binns, who when
She had lived 61 years changed
This transitorie lyfe with that
Blessed and Eternal. the 1 Dec
ember Anno 1634

Within the closure of this narrow grave
Lye all those graces a good wyfe could have
Bot on this marble they shall not be read
For then the Living Envye would the Dead

T. D. Maritus Moerens. P.



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